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WITH

## RECOLLECTIONS

OF

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AND

## other Turf Celebrities

BY

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AND

# THE PADDOCK.

BY

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REVISED AND RE-EDITED.

WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AND WOOD.

LONDON:
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BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD AND CO.

TO

WILLIAM COOK RUSSELL, Esq.,

OF DONCASTER,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

The Author.

# PREFACE.

A PORTION of the following work, which the Author has here endeavoured to blend, with a very large amount of new matter, into a Turf manual, recently appeared, under two distinct titles, in *The Sporting Review*. It has been his wish to make it as little as possible a mere invoice of men, horses, or races; and hence, even at the risk of disturbing the context, he has often gladly turned aside to pick up "a bit of character" by the way. With the secret lore of veterinary surgeons and book-makers he has not presumed to meddle. He has simply written of the Turf as he has known it for some years past, not through the feverish medium of the betting, but as its leading features have been brought to his mind by an occasional stroll on to a racecourse on a crack afternoon, through the boxes at Tattersall's, or among the paddocks of a stud-farm. Although he has taken the utmost pains to avoid them, by seeking the best available means of information, he cannot but fear that, having to deal with times and scenes in so many of which he bore no part, he may have

fallen into error on some few points of detail; and he pleads guilty to having converted a very celebrated chestnut hunter into a "grey" one. Having thus taken his "preliminary canter," it only remains for him to thank those who have so kindly favoured him with their advice and aid during its "preparation," and to start his little volume on its race for life.

LONDON,
*May Morning*, 1856.

# PREFACE

TO

# THE SECOND EDITION.

THE sale of a two-thousand edition in something under three months, and at a season of the year when hunting and racing men are in anything but a reading mood, is the Author's best excuse for courting Fortune a second time. Twelve of the chapters have been carefully revised, while that on the Breeding of Hunters has not only undergone the process, but has been enlarged by upwards of twenty pages. Thanks to the kindness of several hunting men, a majority of whom were only known to him by name, he has been corrected on three or four points in the latter, where the memories of his original informants had been at fault, and furnished to boot with several new facts and incidents within their own immediate knowledge. Hence (seeing that he has also called Mr. Herring junior's pencil to his aid) he trusts that it can no longer be urged against his book, as it has been hitherto, that the hunting-field has had by no

means its due share of notice; and he confidently indulges the hope that in this, its race for the Derby, it may show at least a 7lbs. improvement over its Two Thousand form.

*August 1st*, 1856.

# PREFACE

TO

# THE HUNTING EDITION.

ALTHOUGH the Author does not scruple to admit that his hunting experiences have been very much confined to watching the cubs at play near the earths on a summer's evening; taking notes of hunters at crack meets, much after the same fashion as he was wont to do in "Turf Pencillings;" and seeing, by dint of short cuts, a goodly number of foxes pulled down in the woodlands, he is not altogether sure that this is not an advantage to his readers in more ways than one. Beckford, Delmè Radcliffe, Apperley, Smith, Vyner, Grantley Berkeley, "Scrutator," "Cecil," "Harry Hieover," "Gelert," "Jorrocks," and John Mills have written so much and so well on the science of the sport, that he has been obliged to try and hold his own line, and confine himself to its gossip. Hence he has added some ninety fresh pages on hunters, and the packs of "Auld Lang Syne," to the present edition, for the

closing chapter of which he is indebted to the renowned Dick Christian, the droppings of whose sage lips he has reported pretty nearly word for word. He may remark, at parting, that his book has now reached its final limits *as far as length is concerned;* and he regrets that, being a maiden author, he was not in a position to treat the hunting part of it as fully in his earlier editions as he has done at this third and last time of asking. The best answer he can give to those epistolary critics who complain of his too great "concentration," is that he hopes in due time to concentrate his energies on a companion sporting work.

*February, 18th, 1857.*

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# THE POST

AND

# THE PADDOCK.

## CHAPTER I.

### TURF HISTORY.

"And pray, what is a gentleman without his recreations?"
*Old Song.*

IF we swell the crowd which blocks up the Strand in front of *The Life* office, whenever a St. Leger or Derby telegraph is due, into about four millions, we shall not be overstating the number of those to whom "Tattersall's" is the Shibboleth, and whose best sporting affections are bound up in "Ruff." It is not to the United Kingdom merely that we have to look for this mighty host of turfites. The roving Briton needs no law, even by the Black Sea wave, to remind him that the "*fortuitus* cespes" is never to be despised. Wherever he sets foot, it is at once brought into play, either for cricket or horse-racing. More than a century ago, the Jamaica meetings figured with especial honour in the "Racing Calendar;" and natives who have long since tutored themselves into the belief, that British batters run about in the sun expressly to catch the fever, have alike ceased to wonder at the vigour with which our officers "set-

to" on their Arabs beneath the rock of Gibraltar or the minarets of Calcutta. The races, paper hunts, and steeple-chases on the Tchernaya and at Shumla, will be engraven on the retinas of Cossack, Turk, and Sardinian for many a year to come; and even when the horrors of the first winter before Sebastopol were barely over, officers were writing home about nominations for the Grand Military at Leamington. Both our Jockey Club and Tattersall's are reproduced at the Antipodes, whose race-courses, pastern-deep in the erica, the heath, the wild strawberry, the rich-scented dwarf-acacia, and all the countless varieties of the world of flowers, contrast strangely with the "hard-going," which breaks down the West Australians and the Wild Dayrells of the old country. The abstract fame of our race-horses is also rife in hemispheres where "Ruff" is still unknown. On this point we have the positive assurance of a Transatlantic Rambler, that the only artifice by which he could disperse an *extempore* procession of street boys, and pacify a Brazilian landlord, on whose shaggy pony he had been compelled to confer a racing tail in his travels, was, by assuring him in his most polished Portuguese, that it was now, in all its bearings, "the exact image of the Flying Dutchman—the finest horse in England."

The wonderful success of their St. Leger colts has given Irishmen a still stronger bias towards the turf than they had even in the days when Harkaway was the champion of Goodwood and the Curragh. Still steeple-chasing nestles nearest their hearts; and the remembrance of Brunette and Abd-el-Kader will be green when Faugh-a-Ballagh, The Baron, and Knight of St. George are forgotten. Scotland's pride has been occasionally awakened by the victories of "the tartan;" but racing feeling in her has waxed fainter and fainter, since Mr. Ramsay died and Lord Eglinton retired. The finest modern races in its calendar

are those between General Chassé and Inheritor at Ayr, and Lanercost and Beeswing, twice in one afternoon, at Kelso. Still, even then the plaided and snooded spectators were anything but demonstrative: the real current of their sporting being sets towards "A Graham" and the slips, and Philip, Chanticleer, and Zohrab sink into historical insignificance by the side of Waterloo, Gilbertfield, and Hughie Graham.

Seven or eight of the English counties seem to care as little about race-horses as they do for griffins; and perhaps the most genuine Olympic taste is to be found among the quoit-loving Cumbrians, in whose Carlisle race-festivals wrestling plays a very prominent part. Although their style is so widely different to that of the Cornish men, who still hurl their traditionary scorn at Devonshire, in the ballad, which tells that

> "Abraham Cann is not the man
> To wrestle with Polkinghorne;"

they are not one whit less enthusiastic in the praises of Weightman, Chapman, Jackson of Kinneyside, and the other "Belted Wills" of their ring; and, in fact, it is only when the afternoon is pretty far spent, and his enraptured backers have borne off the prize-belted victor to the booth which he specially deigns to honour, that the starting-bell tinkles out its summons. The Northumbrian "black diamonds" have always enjoyed most being above ground, in a clean face and shirt, when X. Y. Z., Beeswing, or some other local star, required the stimulus of their gruff voices "in t'coop;" and it would have been as judicious a step to abuse Edwin Forrest's acting before a "Bowery boy," as to breathe a word against "t'ould mare's" fame, when one of them was within earshot. The crowd which attends Manchester Races is something past belief; but they seem to go much more because it is the conventional mode of passing the Whitsun-

tide week, than from any constitutional interest in race-horses. Before there was a railway from Liverpool to Aintree, the very mud-carts used to be pressed into the service for the day, and sixpence there and sixpence back was the tariff. A fiddler and twelve or thirteen mates, male and female, were squeezed into that narrow compass. On one occasion (1843), we were passing along the footpath, when a troop of these Bacchanals sturdily refused to alight at the entrance of Liverpool; but in an instant the linch-pin was drawn, and they were all shot out. Their fiddler, nothing daunted, rallied them like another Tyrtæus, and the dancing went on merrily in the dusty road, till the next vehicle rudely broke the ring. We doubt whether one of them had looked at a race that day.

A blood-horse, on the contrary, has always been the idol of Yorkshiremen, who were the first to chronicle his deeds; and attendance on his race-course levees is an honest broad-bottomed custom which they will never resign. Before the South Yorkshire line was opened, the Sheffielders, man and boy, thought nothing, year after year, of walking through the night to Doncaster, taking up a good position next the rails, which they never quitted from ten to five, and then walking the eighteen miles home again; and till within the last four years, a Devonshire man used always to make a St. Leger pilgrimage both ways on foot; and accounted for this strange whim on the grounds that his "grandmother was Yorkshire." They do not care so much to come if it is an open race, but love best to see a Derby winner stripped to hold his own. One very glorious occasion, when there was a remarkable crush, "the hardware youths," on their return to the station, rushed pell-mell at the carriages, and said "they did not care where they went, as long as they went somewhere." Accordingly they wandered

to all parts of the compass; some got to Wakefield, others travelled unconcernedly off towards London, and some astounded the natives of "Old Ebor" that evening with their marvellous recitals of the Yorkshire triumph of the day. Still the West Riding does not raise men of the late Michael Brunton stamp, with heads like a stud-book, and ready, like him, with an offer, then and there, to back his opinion at "six to four" on a legal point, when he chanced to differ with the Richmond bench, or the clerk to the magistrates during his mayoralty. It is in the North and East Ridings that the racing taste of the county is most especially apparent. Little oval country courses, dotted with white posts, and approached by wide rustic gates, through which generation after generation of county families—who vied with each other in importing the best blood, and toasted a perfect bede-roll of winners, from Buckhunter to Catton—have driven proudly in their day, open on you by the wayside in nooks where you least expect them. A bitted, curvetting blood-yearling meets you there still: but a sheeted regiment of racers, with their saddle-bags on their backs, and their tiny grooms at their heads, marching in Indian file, on their way to a meeting, is a sight which is rare in these railway days. The inns all along the Great North Road, where, twenty years ago, the postillions had to sleep, spur on heel, when a great division, or the Twelfth of August was at hand, and the ostler muttered "Horses on" in his dreams, are nearly all merged into farm-houses; but racing recollections will hover about them, albeit the bar-snuggery has become a cheese-room, and Herring's St. Leger winners, which once adorned their walls, are dispersed into all lands. These were the texts on which the jolly landlord discoursed without any bidding, to favoured groups by the hour, till the mail bugle was heard in the distance, and the guard and the coachman bustled in,

to deliver themselves of the news, and receive "something hot" in exchange. "What's won?" was invariably the first question from April to November; and Boniface as invariably remarked to the company, "I told you so." For racing news, and, in fact, for every other kind, guards were at that date as good as a telegraph. Only in 1843, a quiet clerical friend remarked to us, that he could get no rest all night in one of the Lancashire mails, because the guard would roar out "THE CURE," in reply to some speaker, at nearly every house they passed. He looked seriously into this mystic and somewhat personal password in the morning, and found that a colt of the name had just won the Champagne Stakes; but even the satisfaction of knowing that sixty miles of querists had been put out of pain, did not atone for being deprived of his night's rest.

As Mr. Orton has been unable to trace the accounts of York races further back than 1709, we may presume to fix that as the year of turf memory. Under Henry II.'s auspices, the fame of Epsom faintly dawned, while Smithfield became resonant with the hoarse yells of both spectators and jockeys, as "the hackneys and charging horses" ran their matches of an afternoon. Before Henry VIII.'s, or rather James I.'s reign, races were not placed on a regular footing. Turks, Arabs, and Barbs then began to scatter their image over the land; but their luckless juniors found themselves in a rough world, if we are to judge from the volume of maxims which a horse-breaker of the Elizabethan age published in Norfolk. "If a horse does not stand still or hezitates," he observes, "then al rate him with a terrible *voyce*, and beate him yourself with a good sticke, upon the head, between the ears; then stick him in the spurring place, iii or iiii times together, with one legge after another, as fast as your legges might walk; your legges must go like two bouching betles."

Other racing sovereigns had not sent their studs farther north than Newmarket; but Queen Anne, who, as Dean Swift wrote to Stella, "drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod," was a firm supporter of York. Although her Pepper and Mustard both failed to win back the gold cup which she gave to be run for by six-year-olds (12st. each), in four-mile heats, her Star was successful, after running sixteen miles, for a 14*l.* Plate, the very afternoon before she died; the Lord Chamberlain politely finishing second with Merlin for the "Ten Guinea Stakes." One hundred and fifty-six carriages were counted on Rawcliffe Ings that day; and Lord Fauconberg's coach-and-six formed only one out of thirty such equipages, when the meeting was removed to Knavesmire. Balancing the respective merits of these princely turnouts, was long the chosen pastime of the Tykes between the heats. This high-born company must have been much more easily pleased than their descendants; as, although one "Monsieur Dominique, musician," gave "a purse of guineas for hunters," and extended their 1750 meeting from Monday to Saturday, there were only fifteen races, including heats, and only twenty-eight horses to run for them.

We do not care to inquire with Southey whether hyænas really "prowled over what is now Doncaster race-ground, and green lizards, huge as crocodiles, with long necks and short tails, took their pleasure on Potterie Carr;" nor to make nearly as crab-like running to the days when Robin Hood roamed with his merry gang of outlaws through the dells of Barnsdale, and looked in at Roche Abbey to taste the Hatfield eels with the jolly abbot; nor to peep in fancy under the cowls of the Cistercian friars, as they stealthily move down Baxter Gate. We simply like to think of those grave old card-parties, which "The Doctor" loved one hundred years ago; of the

joyous old bells, which seemed to ring in his ear, "*Daniel Dove, bring Deborah home,*" when he drew on his small-clothes on his wedding morning; and of the grand organ, "*whosh pipes,*" as its foreign maker observed, "*were made for to speak*" by one of our greatest English composers, and which was apostrophized by the excited curate in his sermon on its opening Sunday, as, "*thou divine box of sounds.*" Nor would we forget the right jolly Corporation going down to Potterie Carr (where Flying Childers was nearly drowned in his foalhood) to see four-mile races between galloways from 12 to 2, and then returning to the platters and tankards of the Mansion House, for a misty ten hours' discussion on the winners and the Pretender. This worshipful body had begun to takes its pleasure with its friends and faithful burgesses on the Town Moor towards the close of the sixteenth century; and had even built a stand there; but disputes ran so high, and were so often settled by an appeal to the rapier, that it was finally agreed, "for the preventynge of sutes, quarrells, murders, and bloodshed, that may ensue by the continyinninge of the same race, the standes and stoopes shall be pulled upp, and imploid to some better purpose." This fell decree continued in force until 1703, when the racing spirit of the Corporation once more rose within them. They forgot how their great-grandfathers "did swear that oath at Doncaster," and began to subscribe four guineas annually to a Revival Plate. No return-lists are extant, which tell the results of this daring experiment before 1728. Even in 1751 the meeting only consisted of three days, with a solitary race on each. A new Grand Stand arose some seven-and-twenty years later, under the auspices of the Marquis of Rockingham, who won the first St. Leger; the cry of the Corporation harriers began to be heard in the land, and their merry proprietors rode stoutly at their

sterns, or "ate in dreams the custards of the day," till they found themselves saddled with a debt of 99,700*l.* Their estate at Rossington, whose partridge and pheasant preserves had year after year been laid under contribution for the Mansion House kitchen-range, which was rarely allowed to cool, fetched nearly that sum at the hammer; and their less toothsome and more business-like successors have turned these sporting propensities to better account, and make an annual seven or eight per cent. out of a 25,000*l.* race-course outlay.

Although its general history is wrapped in much obscurity, the turf had made no small advance when one Reginald Heber published the first number of the *Racing Calendar*, in 1751. The preface, which is in itself a literary curiosity, announces "the sacred estimation" in which the publisher holds "my munificent and voluntary subscribers;" and further, promises the most lucid details of cocking matches, "where and who were the losers of them." The races in Hyde Park had long been done away. Sir Philip Neil, and his four Flemish mares, which were fed with Rhenish wine and cheese-cakes on one of those gala days, were forgotten. Snipes, unconscious of General Oglethorpe's fowling-piece, were still drinking in the marshes on the present site of Conduit-street. Wild fowl were almost tempted to linger at evening among the bulrushes of the willow-walk of Pimlico. Islington still gloried in its mineral water and its custards. Roystering benchers had ceased to lose dice between the boards of the Middle Temple floor; and Mrs. Hudson, of Covent Garden, had not yet devised her "stabling for one hundred noblemen and their horses." The apprentice lads chased ducks on the Moor-le-field ponds all Sunday morning; and then paid pennies to the old women as they came out of church, to tell them where the text was, that they might have wherewithal to answer their church-going masters at dinner;

and the short, sharp bark of the fox still broke on the ear of the waggoner, as he drove his lumbering wain at midnight past Kensington Gardens, and stopped for a draught at the Half-way House bowl.

Two or three were still living at Newmarket, who could remember how the Court hurried back to London at the news of the Rye House Plot; and how Nell Gwynne held her infant out of the window, as her royal lover passed down the Palace Gardens to his stables, and threatened to drop him if he was not made a duke on the spot. Although he had, both by word and gesture, roasted little Sir Christopher Wren for thinking that the apartments at his Hunting Palace at Newmarket were quite high enough, there were none at Whitehall that he loved better. One day His Majesty might be "seen among the elms of St. James's Park, chatting with Dryden about poetry," and on the next, "his arm was on Tom Durfey's shoulder, and he would be taking a second to his 'Phyllida, Phyllida,' or 'To horse, my brave boys of Newmarket! to horse!'" The races had not degenerated since the Merrie Monarch and his minstrel crew crossed that threshold for the last time. A writer of Queen Anne's reign speaks of "the great concourse of nobility and gentry on the Heath, all biting one another as much as possible;" and draws no very flattering contrast between them and the horse-coursers in Smithfield.

When Heber commenced his labours, the sport at Newmarket principally consisted of 50*l.* subscription plates, and matches over the beacon. The Rev. Mr. Goodricke and John Hutchinson, the Malton trainer, had not as yet made the match which brought two-year-old racing into vogue. Ancaster, Gower, and Patmore, were names of renown in its lists; and "Old Q.," who had then hardly seen seven-and-twenty summers, and was able to go to scale at ten stone with his racing saddle, had already established

his fame as one of the best gentleman-riders of the day, by his perpetual matches with Mr. Duncombe. "Brown-and-black cap first" was the Judge's report in the Second Spring of 1757, when he rode a match against the Duke of Hamilton; but he could not draw his weight to half-a-pound, and was disqualified accordingly. It is difficult to conceive how one who always "set-to" so well, conformed so readily to his flippant era, and could, when he was only forty-two, be found writing to George Selwyn at Paris, and assuring him that "I like the muff you have sent me much better than if it had been *tigré*, or any other glaring colour." Muff or no muff, he stood manfully by his brother-sportsman in the Regency business, and lost his office as Groom of the Bedchamber in consequence—a slight for which a man with so many friends cared but little. He scarcely missed one York Meeting for half a century, and did not wholly quit the turf for his bow-window in Piccadilly (where Lord Campbell, when a law student, used to behold him with awe), till he was verging on eighty, having then owned race-horses for about sixty years; and he now rests not many paces from Tom Durfey, and Beau Brummell's poor relations, in a vault beneath the communion-table of St. James's Church.

The North was the Marquis of Rockingham's especial battle-ground; and in 1759 his chestnut, Whistlejacket (J. Singleton), defeated Brutus in a 2000 guineas match over four miles, at York. Another seven years' cycle brings us to the death of Brutus's jockey, Thomas Jackson, who was (as his tombstone remarks) "bred up at Black Hambleton, and crowned with glory at Newmarket;" and the commencement of Singleton's triumphs on the six-year-old Bay Malton, for whom, in spite of Lord Rockingham's offer to give 7lbs., no competitor could be found either over the Flat or the Six Mile Course. Eclipse was then only an obscure three-year-old, in the hands of a

City meat salesman; and Bay Malton had quite lost his form, when this king of the chestnuts came out for his two seasons, 1769-70. The establishment of the St. Leger, Derby, and Oaks in 1776-80, was coëval with the short and brilliant career of Highflyer, at whose christening feast Charles James Fox "assisted" with as much vivacity as he did in after years, at the house-warming of the banker-poet of St. James's Place. Dress, gambling politics, and horse-racing, all fought for absolute dominion over as kind a heart as ever beat. He was a macaroni of the first water, and not only rejoiced in red-heeled shoes, but undertook a journey from Lyons to Paris with the Earl of Carlisle, for the express purpose of buying waistcoats, which formed their sole theme there and back. The Sçavoir-Vivre Club would have been as nothing without him, and he was the first to propose that every man they ruined should be allowed a 50*l.* annuity, on condition that he never took up a dice-box in it again, and thus caused the club "to play against their own money." He was, too, a heavy better, and a constant visitor at Newmarket, where his portly frame was ever to be seen on his hack, tearing wildly past the Judge's chair, close up with the leading horses; and until the late Mr. Clark defended a disputed decision by the remark that he "ought by rights to have placed a tall gentleman, in a white macintosh, first," Lord George Bentinck keenly pursued the precedent. Colonel Hanger had not long ceased to be the bully of its coffee-room, about whose portals it was his wont to lounge, with a ratan, which in grim playfulness he christened "THE INFANT," when Sam Chifney, senior, took his rank among the first jockeys of the day. Sam wot as little as they did, when he saw a pale, sharp-featured stable lad of Mr. Vernon's try his weight (3st. 13lbs.) for Wolf, in the May of 1783, that he was the Frank Buckle for whom Fate destined "all the good things at Newmarket" and elsewhere during the

next half-century, and whose very whip would become a coveted race-prize among the German Barons. The Prince of Wales only enlivened Newmarket with his presence and his practical jokes for a brief space, but his love of the turf ended only with life. His Escape and Selim troubles, added to the thoughtless manner in which he compromised himself with the Duke of Bedford, about the "first call" of Chifney, were recollections quite bitter enough to make him adhere to his '91 vow, that he would set foot on its heath no more; and even the famous North and South Matches, between Hambletonian and Diamond, and Filho da Puta and Sir Joshua, did not tempt him down. Hambletonian, the greatest of the four, ceded the championship of the North to his stable companion Cockfighter, and the name of "Darlington" began to be one of dread to owners with the new century, and his Haphazard, who set Sir Solomon, Cockfighter, Chance, and every other horse north of the Trent at defiance for four seasons. The racing spirit of the Tykes flourished apace as the century rolled on; and even Sydney Smith, who was flung so often over his horse's head into an adjacent parish that he began to consider it "a great proof of liberality in a county, where every one can ride as soon as they are born, that they tolerated him at all," fulminated in vain from the Malton pulpit, in 1809, "against horse racing and coursing, before the archbishop and sporting clergy of the diocese." The most noted equestrian feats of his *Edinburgh Review* chief, Jeffrey, seem to have come off in this neighbourhood. He may or may not have ridden "Peter the Cruel," but it is written of him in his friend's Life, how he mounted his "little jackass" in the garden at Foston-le-Clay; and, furthermore, when he went in for Malton, some one-and-twenty years after this sermon, he is careful to note how he "was helped up about eleven o'clock on to the dorsal ridge of a tall prancing steed, decorated with orange

ribbons, and held by attendants in the borough liveries." We know not how he behaved on such occasions, but we never walk down Rotten Row during the season without feeling it a mercy that the master-spirits of our land, who will persist in riding, are still spared to us year after year; and deciding that as a body the bishops ride a great deal better than the great laymen, and sit much firmer and shorter in the stirrup.

Epsom had already conferred that *prestige* on Sir Peter Teazle and John Bull which waxed stronger and stronger in their stud days. Sir Charles Bunbury confirmed the popular belief that he was the best judge of a racehorse out, by winning both Derby and Oaks with Eleanor. The Fitzwilliam "green" achieved its second St. Leger with Orvile; and even Sancho's and Staveley's success could not prevent the decay of the Mellish fortunes, nor postpone the farewell carnival which he gave to royalty in what had been his own, but was then merely his borrowed, house at Blythe. The matches of Sancho and Pavilion were the talk of clubs, coffee-rooms, and alehouses for weeks, and were perhaps still more heavily betted on than that between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur; while the luck of the Duke of Grafton with the Waxy, of Lord Jersey with the Phantom, of Lord Egremont with the Whalebone, of Lord Exeter with the Sultan, and of Mr. Watt with the Blacklock and Dick Andrews blood, are still proudly dwelt on by breeders. The Squire of Riddlesworth was fated to draw very few of the Emilius prizes for himself; but his memorable connexion with the brothers Chifney in the Sam, Sailor, and Shoveller days, had done enough for his name. The rapid rise and fall of these brothers, when Shillelah dealt them a reeling blow, and Emilius sent no more Priams to the rescue; Pierse's St. Leger victories with "the Bedale horses," and the still more wizard-like career of Mr. Petre, on the same ground,

under the auspices of John and William Scott; Sir Mark Wood's rare brace of mares, one of whom bore part in an Ascot Cup race of little less interest than Zinganee's; and Lord Westminster's Cup monopoly with Touchstone, are all proud landmarks in turf history, until Lord George flung aside the flimsy mask of "Mr. Bowe," and avowed himself the owner of Grey Momus and Crucifix.

The Bentinck era comprises the seasons of 1839-45, when the hoister of the "sky-blue and white cap" banner ruled the destinies of his much-loved turf with all the genius and energy of a Napoleon. Even Westminster Hall acknowledged the polished skill with which he welded together all the links of evidence in the Running Rein case; and considering how often (unless rumour is a sad liar) five and six-year-olds were broken twice, that they may bear a hand in two and three-year-old races, it was well that he then arose in his might to give such knavish times a wrench. During one of those years, he had forty horses in Kent's hands; and a notion that the stock of his Bay Middleton must take the turf by storm, led him into playing a deep game with them, which would have ruined half a dozen less clever turfites thrice over. Farintosh had no less than 33 engagements in the 1842 calendar, for which the forfeits alone amounted to 2590*l.*, and his loss in stakes and expenses on this colt must have reached 3000*l.* No man had a more eagle eye to catch the precise instant when every horse was on the move, as he walked by their side, flag in hand, at the starting-post; but his riding practice hardly corresponded with his precepts. He was ordered to be fined for not being ready, when he rode his Cup Course match at Goodwood in 1844 against Lord Maidstone on Larry McHale; and many a jockey-boy grinned derisively when he saw him making all the running, and shaking and punishing his roarer Captain Cook right furiously, long after the

colt had hung out distress signals. The maxim of "*Cave de resignationibus*," which an ancient head of a college was wont to impress on all his departing B.A.'s, loses none of its point in turf matters; and hence the troubled sea of politics brought him even less rest than the constant ebb and flow of the odds at Tattersall's. Mr. Disraeli has placed on record, in his memorable "blue ribbon of the turf" passage, how he gave a "splendid groan" in Bellamy's, when he realized the bitterness of his defeat on his cherished West Indian motion, and the Derby triumph of his still more cherished Surplice in the colours of another.

Few modern racing men have been able to keep up a regular series of turf successes, year after year, with the most carefully chosen blood, to say nothing of cast-offs. Still, however unlucky a man may be, if he does not suddenly come to a resolution to part with his stud, there is certain to be some hidden yearling or two-year-old in it, who would have retrieved his luck. Surplice would have compensated Lord George for many a defeat; Kingston was not fated to carry the "purple and orange cap" of Colonel Peel; Gemma di Vergy might have enabled "Mr. Hope" to hope on; the Duke of Richmond sold Wild Dayrell back to Mr. Popham; and the Marquis of Exeter had all but parted with Stockwell and his whole stud at the Northampton meeting of his St. Leger year. Phryne and Barbelle together have been the fruitful mothers of upwards of sixty thousand pounds, in sales and stakes, to the Eglinton and Cawston stud racing accounts; but perhaps no stable ever produced so many good runners in one season, as Sir Joseph Hawley's in 1851. Three out of the four bore part with Clincher, in the clearance which the "cherry jacket" made of race after race at Doncaster on the Cup day in Newminster's year; and "B. Green" kept well to the fore with "his dauntless three"—Beverlac, Flatcatcher, and

Assault (the latter of whom was tried to be the best) —throughout their two-year-old season in 1847. One of the strangest gleams of luck visited Lord Glasgow, when he swept away five matches and a forfeit on the '52 Houghton Saturday. Lord Exeter also sent an express to Burleigh in 1843, and brought Reversion from his Burleigh paddock, who, fat and unprepared as he was, contrived to break down Tedworth for an 810*l.* stake, before they had reached Choak-Jade; and not a man was at Doncaster in 1849, who does not remember how Semi-franc was equally hastily summoned from the Easby straw-yard, the moment it was ascertained that Belus could hardly move a leg, and how, after bolting all over the course, he "lost the cripple," who hobbled home in the course of the afternoon, long before they got to the Neatherd's house. When Chatham and Attila bade each other defiance, at four years old and the A.F. post, the betting was merely on the point which would break down first; and the crowd and the pair were luckily put out of pain, by a compromise in the presence of the starter.

For actual excitement during a race, we never saw anything equal the deciding heat for the Voltigeur St. Leger, as the crowd pressed on to the course from the bend, and left to all appearance scarcely a four-yard space for the horses. Poor Bobby Hill's state of mind was wondrous to mark. He had been dreadfully put out, because some of the crowd had ironically advised him to put some brandy into the water which he had brought for his horse from Middleham; and even gone so far as to allude to the honoured cow which had been specially put into the Turf Tavern box, to air it over-night. Burning for revenge, he had stationed himself close by the judge's chair, to hear his doom, and even then his admiring friends would not let him alone. "*He's beat, Mr. Hill,*" said one of them, as the vast crowd closed in behind the twain

from the distance, and the roar of a hundred and fifty thousand iron lungs rent the air. "*Is 'er beat?—is 'er beat?*" retorted the little man, skipping frantically upwards, to obtain a good line of sight;—"*Ye maun't tell me—ye maun't tell me; I know him better—Job's a coming!*" Sure enough, Job was coming; and then Bobby's yell of "*I, that's right! Which wins now? Oh, my horse! my horse!*" might have been heard to Bawtry, as he dashed through the crowd, butting his way like a bull, to get to his favourite's head. Voltigeur-spotted handkerchiefs were waving everywhere; hats were recklessly flung away into mid-air, as if their owners intended to trust to a natural growth or a wig for life; and it was all poor Leadbitter could do to keep order among the countless enthusiasts, who would try to wipe some of the sweat off the winner with their handkerchiefs, and keep it as a toilet memento.

After the Dutchman's defeat on the Friday, the scene was quite different. The crowd seemed to be paralysed, and utterly unable to believe that such a giant had fallen at last; his backers wandered about, as pale and silent as marble statues, and Marlow stood near the weighing-house in a flood of tears, with Lord Eglinton, as pale as ashes himself, kindly trying to soothe him. The pace at which The Dutchman, after getting his pull, fairly flew over the hill, was such as we have never seen, either before or since; and the only animal that ever seemed to us to go so fast was Officious, in the early part of an Ascot Vase race. The Richmond men became quite alive, as evening drew on, to the greatness of their victory. Such a strange night of jollity was never witnessed in Doncaster before, and the inns were overflowing to the very kitchens. Strolling into one of the latter about midnight, we espied a large group of grave clothiers; one or two of them smoking pipes, to which the monster cigar at the Exhibition seemed a trifle in length;

while others, with eyes solemnly fixed ceiling-wards, insisted on waltzing with the cook and the other domestics. We are bound to state that the former seemed by no means to dislike this pleasing recognition of the close of her labours. "You're going to bed, aren't you?" we said to an enthusiastic double-event Richmond man; but—"Go to bed indeed! You aren't half a man! Who'd go to bed when Voltigeur's won the Leger and the Cup?" was the scornful reply. At Chester they have hardly this bed option; and he was a lucky fellow at one time who did not object to being bodkin, or taking his turn between the sheets on alternate nights. A visitor once vowed to us that he slept with his head on his great coat and a door-mat in the passage for three entire nights; and we quite believe him.

Much as was said and written about the Dutchman and Voltigeur, we are inclined to fancy that neither of them, in their best day, were so high-class as Teddington and West Australian; but still, it is worthy of notice that these four, and Virago, Stockwell, who was taken out of training long before he was on the wane, and Fandango, were foaled in seven successive seasons.

We have thus traced the shifting Turf drama through all its varied phases, up to the ever memorable era of Wild Dayrell—"the right horse in the right place at last." Hunting men may sneer at him and his class as being, one and all, in the condition of the Frenchman's purchase, "who had three legs var good, but de oder not *qu-uite* so good;" commercial men may be scandalized at the strange union of odds and Consols which so often salutes their ears on 'Change, when one of "The Baron's" horses is in the betting, and ponder in private over Boz's query, whether horses are really "made more lively by being scratched;" John Bright may oppose the Queen's Plates in supply, and express his supreme pain and

disgust when the House adjourns in honour of the Derby; and even Stewards in high places may not give the most carefully weighed decisions in the world; —but, despite of all its imperfections, racing is the only sport which acts like a loadstone on the masses and furnishes the never-failing nucleus of an English holiday.

NOTE.—The following is the Newmarket song, or rather recitative, of Tom Durfey's, alluded to above:—

"To Horse, brave boys of Newmarket! to Horse!
You'll lose the Match by long delaying;
The Gelding just now was led over the Course;
I think the Devil's in you for staying.
Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters;
Bets may recover all lost at the Groom Porters;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,
Take the odds, and then you'll be rich.

"For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride,
And hold a thousand pounds of his side, Sir;
Dragon would scower it, but Dragon grows old;
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
As lately he could:
Age, Age, does injure the Speed, Sir.

"Now, now, now they come on, and see,
See the Horse lead the way still;
Three lengths before at the turning of the Lands,
Five hundred pounds upon the Brown Bay still;
Plague on the Devil! I fear I have lost,
For the Dog, the *Blew Bonnet* has run it,
Plague light upon it!
The wrong side of the Post;
Odzounds! was ever such Fortune?"

*Pills for Purging Melancholy*, 1699.

It was with reference to this production that a critic of the period remarked,—"You don't half know our friend Tom; he'll write a deal worse than that yet."

## CHAPTER II.

### TRAINERS AND JOCKEYS.

"There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until, on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse."—*Bracebridge Hall.*

AS a trainer and judge of the horse, John Hutchinson, the breeder of Hambletonian, held the very highest place among his brother Yorkshiremen in the eighteenth century. His first venture on Miss Western for "The Guineas" at Hambleton, when he was only fifteen, included every halfpenny he possessed in the world; and when he had led his chestnut charge home, and counted and jingled his winnings in his hat for minutes, he tossed the whole of it on to the corn-bin, and exclaimed—"There, thank God I shall never want money again!" Early betting success is happily a reed, which pierces a young man's hand, if he leans against it; but in this case the ejaculation proved prophetic, and when he died at three score and ten, in the November of 1806, he left a very large fortune behind him. Lord Grosvenor and Mr. Peregrine Wentworth were his earliest employers, and his own best horses were trained on Langton Wold, except during three of the summer months, when they changed the venue to Hambleton. Among the other well-known Northern trainers of the period were Isaac Cape, of Tupgill; Hoyle, of Ashgill; Christopher Jackson, the trainer of Matchem, and John Pratt of Askrigg's horses; Scaife, who played the same good part by the Rockingham and Fitz-

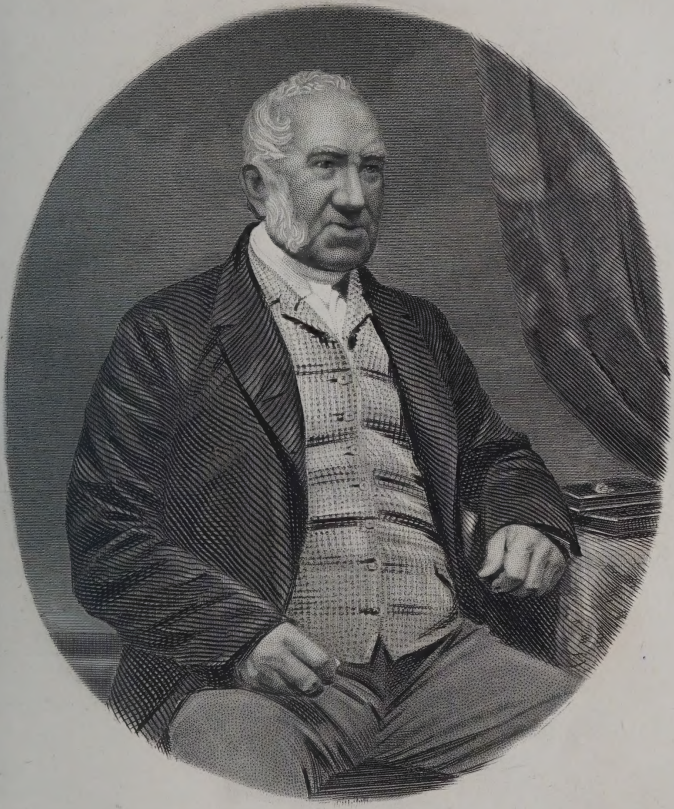
william studs; George Searle, the genius of Sledmere; Tessyman, the steerer of Euryalus and the tutor of Cavendish and Windleston; Michael Mason, of Hambleton House; John Lowther, alias "Black Jack," of Bramham Moor; Charles Dawson, of Silvio Hall, who was well called "The famous old Jockey;" Earl Strathmore's John Lonsdale; and William Collisson, who latterly managed for Mr. James Croft of Middleham.

This last-named trainer, who did so much in conjunction with Harry Edwards (to whose care the horses were confided for a short time after his death) for the "white and red sleeves" of Lord Glasgow, died in 1828; and Collisson was killed shortly before by a fall from a colt he was breaking for him. John and William Scott were brought up in his stables; and when Mr. Houldsworth bought Filho da Puta, after the St. Leger of 1815, he recommended him to transplant the brothers, as trainer and rider, to the pleasant glades of Sherwood Forest. Croft was for many years a sad invalid, which prevented him from taking in one-third of the horses which were pressed on him, and he did not even live to see his forty-second birthday. His great Belle-Isle contemporary and senior, William Pierse, lived till 1839, and his span would in all probability have been lengthened far beyond 75 years if he had not had a dose of colchicum sent him neat by the carelessness of a dispenser. Robson, the veritable Emperor of Newmarket trainers, did not die till 1838, but he had then retired ten years from the profession, and his retirement had been marked by the presentation of a splendid piece of subscription plate from the first turfites of the day. Robinson, the late Joe Rogers, Starling, and a host of other Newmarket celebrities, were brought up in his stables, and he led seven Derby winners, including Waxy, Whalebone, Whisker, and Emilius, back to scale, besides ten Oaks winners.

He was considered so *facile princeps* in his art, that his example was not only potent enough to alter the barbarous training hours at Newmarket, but also to shame not a few out of the "perpetual motion" system to which their charges had hitherto been doomed. His father, who trained Highflyer, came originally from the North to the Valley, or rather Eight-mile Bottom (now sacred to University hack races), where he trained for the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Shafto, &c., until the offer of a large salary induced him to become a private trainer at Kingston House, Newmarket, at which place he died in 1797. Robson, who had been up to that date training for Sir F. Poole, at Lewes, then took to the business, and made sixty thousand pounds out of it. Between 1828-38 he lived at Exning; but he loved Kingston House best, and the last six months of his life were spent there.

Training is no longer the occult science it was considered when Robson's word was law, and Tiny Edwards's horses could "be known in a crowd;" and jockey lads, when their too solid flesh refuses to melt below 8st. 7lbs. bring their horses quite as "fit" to the post as the oldest trainers. "The Duke's" mode of keeping his cavalry horses in form was to allot them two hours a day for doing six miles out and in from Brussels, eight miles of which was done at a sharp trot, and the rest in a walk; and even with seven out of ten racers, it is almost equally plain sailing; but when a delicate-constitutioned one comes to hand, mere routine fails, and the union of great care, experience, and mind (we use the word advisedly) can alone bring him fit to the post. Still, as a general rule, talent among the clever trainers is very equal, and it rarely happens that when one of them has failed to make a horse run, things are made any better by a change of stables; and in fact, if the first trainer has had the animal since it was a year

ling, they are often made worse. We seldom hear of a horse going blind during his training, although Phantom, Sweetmeat, and several other good horses have done so when it was over; and, on the whole, blindness is not nearly so prevalent in England as in Ireland, which is attributed by some to the much dryer climate. Robson's system, like that advocated by Sir Charles Bunbury, was far from being a severe one; and his horses were full of vigour and muscle, and by no means low in flesh. The Chifneys professed to be great admirers of his *régime*, but their practice and profession hardly corresponded; still their brilliant luck with horses whose constitutions would permit of their being always sent along, procured them many copyists. Their rivals represented them as giving Priam eight-mile sweats; whereas they affirmed that owing to his being a narrow, light-fleshed horse, he was seldom sweated more than three miles once a week, and without his clothes. John Day, senior, was one of the admirers of strong sweats, more especially in his treatment of two-year-olds; but his notions became very much modified of late years. His son John never held them, and stands up so stoutly for strong walking exercise, as to furnish grounds for a joke to the effect that Pyrrhus the First did nothing else in the 25 days between the Newmarket Stakes and the Derby. William Day is popularly supposed to adopt the severe system; but be this as it may, we do not think that we ever saw a horse brought to the post in more perfect form than Lord of the Isles was for the Two Thousand. "Grandfather Day" used to train at Houghton Down, where he was right ably assisted by his fine old Saxon dame, who knew as much about condition and farriery (strangles was her great subject) put together, as the ablest member of the Royal Veterinary College. The late Miss Ann Richards, of Ashdown Park memory, used to leave her coach and six, and head the beaters



J. J. FARQUHARSON, ESQ: ÆT 74.

"THE CRY OF ANOTHER PACK IS HEARD IN COVER WOOD AND BADBURY RINGS; BUT STILL, LONG AFTER THE PRESENT CENTURY IS NUMBERED WITH THE PAST, A PLEASANT TRADITION WILL LINGER ROUND DORSETSHIRE FIRESIDES, OF HOW A FORMER SQUIRE OF LANGTON TOOK TO HOUNDS WHEN A MERE COLLEGE STRIPLING, AND HOW EVEN HIS FIFTY SECOND & LAST SEASON FOUND HIM WITH A HEART AS YOUNG, AND A CHEER AS SHRILL AS EVER."

*Silk and Scarlet p. 293.*

all day "with her kirtle up to her knee;" but she was not one whit more knowing and enthusiastic about "long-tails" than Mrs. Day was about thoroughbreds. Her family maxims, moreover, were quite as sound as her stable ones, and she impressed "The Whole Duty of Man" on her children, if our memory serves us, in the following wholesome couplet:—

> "Fear thy God, speak evil of none,
> Stick to the truth, and don't be done."

Training as a system is very much lighter than it was years ago; and heavy-clothed sweats are fast going out of fashion, except a horse is fearfully gross; and then, if his legs are shaky, he is trained as a forlorn hope "through the muzzle." Tiny Edwards used to say that he was obliged to keep Glencoe perpetually at it, or "he would have got above himself, and everyone else into the bargain." Springy Jack was also one of the fat kine, inside and out; and so was Voltigeur till his heart was so broken in his match preparation that his form wholly left him, and he could not even be coaxed to feed in John Scott's hands. Nancy was an odd instance of a mare who required no work beyond a few half-speed gallops; and it was always a peculiarity of Phryne's stock and the Venisons that they ran in flesh, while the Bay Middletons generally bore drawing fine. To convert flesh into muscle is, however, the great problem. Railway facilities enable trainers to keep their horses always at it in public; and the Parr-Osborne principle suits the majority of hardy ones. Perhaps the most extraordinary specimens of modern hard-workers are Clothworker, who won 30 out of 59 races in two seasons; Rataplan, who owns to 38 out of 62 in the same time; while Fisherman scored 23 out of his 34 three-year-old, and Lord Alford 9 out of his 24 two-year-old races, or nearly three times as many as Crucifix ran. The training-

ground at Danebury looks as if it would never be hard in any weather, though the Day lot has, we believe, had to gallop occasionally on a down beyond Stockbridge, in a very dry season; while John Scott's two-mile tan gallop on Langton Wold renders him equally independent all summer. This gallop was only laid down in 1850; and there has never been any other in Yorkshire, except the temporary one which William Scott used in Mr. Wyse's big field at Malton, when he and William Oates trained Sir Tatton Sykes for the St. Leger. The "Thellusson Trust" crops now wave upon the little Pigburn racecourse, where John Scott was wont to adjourn with his lot, during the dry season, for nearly twenty years, and billet them, horse and boy, among three or four of the Brodsworth farmers. Newminster, who had good reason to remember one of these mornings, did not return to Pigburn after his York defeat; but no less than seven of John Scott's St. Leger winners, beginning with Margrave, had the finishing touches put to them there, and made their six-mile pilgrimages to Doncaster to run their trials, when the Newmarket of the North was still deep in dreams, and not a soul except the landlord of the Salutation and the corporation steward was cognizant of their stealthy approach, in the grey morning mist, down the Carr House lane. Frank Butler was invariably on the trial horse; and Earl Derby used to slip down after the House was up, by the mail train to Swinton with a friend, and form one of the select group at the post. Ilsley, Holywell, Hambleton, Hungerford, and Richmond, have "good-going," and are superior in this respect to Hednesford, Delamere Forest, and Langton Wolds. The Low Moor at Middleham is often dry, being upon a rocky substratum, and hence, in summer the strings exercise on the High Moor, whose surface is composed of beautiful mossy peat. A lofty pillar stands at one end of it, to mark the spot where Bay Bolton was

honourably buried in his shoes; but the grave of "Amato, 1843," in Sir Gilbert Heathcote's grounds, near Epsom, with its little iron railing, surmounted by many a gilded fleur-de-lis, shaded by lofty chestnut trees, and within earshot of the yearly thunderclap which tells that another name has been entered on the Derby scroll, by the side of the "Velocipede pony," is the neatest specimen of a horse's tomb which the Turf can press upon Mr. Ruskin's notice.

Still we look upon Hambleton as the best training ground in Yorkshire, and Ilsley as the best in the South. Some of the Newmarket trainers fancy the Bury or the Warren Hills, while as many are faithful to the heath. The best country tan-gallop we know of is Wadlow's, at Stanton, which is about one-and-a-quarter miles round, and beautifully situated at the foot of Lizzard Wood, a favourite meet in the Albrighton Hunt. No wonder that old Alonzo, our ten-year-old Turf Nestor, was always ready for his spring work. Veteran trainers have told us that to their eyes not two horses in a thousand gallop exactly alike, and we have known them detect their old pupils years after by the test (one great mystery was revealed this way) when their names have been changed, and every other trace of identity purposely concealed; while a great Boston character, on the contrary, once sold his mare at Horncastle in the morning, and bought her again in cool blood at night for a new one! The severest four-mile gallop we ever saw was that which Fobert sent The Dutchman, at Doncaster, on the Wednesday morning before he was beaten for the Cup: and we doubt whether the Town Moor was ever witness to a stronger one, except on the Sunday, that Peirse, out of a sort of bravado, gave Reveller and "the Bedale horses" their last spin, amid a perfect cloud of dust, when scarcely another trainer dared even to let his lot canter. It is not, however, every trainer who has, like Fobert, a piece of genuine sound stuff to work upon.

Occasionally trainers take a whim into their heads not to let the public see their horses gallop, and bring them out at most uncouth hours. Two Derby horses at Newmarket, and two in the provinces, have been trained on this principle during the last few years, and no good has come of it. The system is, in fact, as the Scotch say, "*no* canny," and the old trainers shake their heads ominously when they hear of it.

There was a good deal of crossing and unfair work among the inferior jockeys in old times, which would be more heavily noticed now, and in fact it was often thought rather a good joke than otherwise. Captain O'Kelly, whose definition of "the black-legged fraternity" took such a very sweeping range, expressed his sentiments on the point at the Abingdon race ordinary (1775), when the terms of a 300 guineas match were being adjusted, and he was requested to stand half. "No," he roared; "but if the match had been made *cross and jostle*, as I proposed, I would have stood all the money; and by the powers, I'd have brought a spalpeen from Newmarket, no higher than a twopenny loaf, that should have driven his lordship's horse into the furzes, and kept him there for three weeks." Some odd scenes of this kind came off on the race-courses of Yorkshire, whose calendar of native jockeys begins with the Heseltines, William and Robert. This pair flourished in the saddle nearly a hundred years before their descendants, "Lanty" (who never recovered The Shadow's defeat at Croxton Park), and his nephew "Bob," who was clever and dodgy as ever in his last race (1851) with Lord Cardross, were enrolled among the Hambletonians. Samuel Jefferson and Matchem Timms, the rider of Buckhunter, were then great rivals; and Fields, Rose, Garnett, Charles Dawson, Cade, John Singleton, and three other Singletons, Thomas Jackson, Kirton, and the one-eyed Leonard Jewison, succeeded. The latter, who had a very long awkward seat, had more songs

made in his honour than even Kirton, who won more gold cups than any of them, and in spite of heavy "wasting," not only for the saddle but in a Chancery suit, lived till he was 93. Pratt, who died within three months of him at Newmarket, was only four years his junior; and Eclipse-Oakley, Dick Goodisson, South, and Dennis Fitzpatrick were among his principal Heath opponents. Besides these, there was William Peirse, who in early life played Tom Thumb at a strolling theatre, and was picked up as he ran wild about the Turk's Head yard, at Newcastle, by a relative of Lord Darlington's, whose horses he trained and rode for many years. Among the other "Northern lights" were John Shepherd, who was reputed the best four-mile man of the day, and was transplanted from Yorkshire to Newmarket to ride for Lord Foley; Ben Smith, who was so terrible in the all-black of Lord Strathmore; William Clift, the pet of Wentworth, and the only man who perhaps ever had pensions from three different masters, or won the Derby "in a trot"; and John Jackson, whom Peirse considered the best horseman of his time bar old Chifney, and whose only bitter recollections of his fine career were his misunderstanding about Marion with Mr. Watt, and his dreary anxious wait for the chaise, which never came, when he was retained to ride Filho da Puta for his match at Newmarket. Thomas Goodisson, the son of the great "Dick," was put up in his place on that day, and Jackson had the consolation of hearing that he had been beaten by a head. Goodisson was, however, by no means inferior to the Northallerton crack. The Duke of York was especially partial to him, and he won perhaps more races at Newmarket, on the Duke of Grafton's horses, than any man of his time. Robert Johnson, who gave up riding at the close of 1836, and handed over Beeswing (whose sire, Dr. Syntax, he had ridden with wonderful success) into Cartwright's hands, was the last of the old school

of Yorkshire jockeys. We saw the old man in his greatest glory in 1841, when he succeeded Mr. Orde on the table in the garden behind the Newcastle Grand Stand, to return thanks for the toast of "*Robert Johnson and the old mare*," which the latter, though he must then have been verging on seventy, proposed with even more than his wonted fire, and wondrous facility of language. Nature never fashioned a more universal genius than the Laird of Nunnykirk. He was not only a "full man" upon almost every subject, but when his tongue was once loosened with a glass of wine, he fairly made the air crackle round you with his sparkling eloquence and dexterous arguments. The late Professor Buckland, who was starring it at the British Association at Newcastle in 1837, rued the day that ever he tried to run the rig on him about geology, at a private dinner party, quite as much as he did his encounter with Sir William Follett, at Drayton Manor, anent Robert Stephenson's great theory of telling whether a line of railway could pay, by putting your ear to the rails, and marking the "wear and tear" vibrations. Of his dress and person he was utterly careless. We have seen him travel second class with his grooms to a race meeting, and when one of the latter remarked that his hat was shabby, he immediately rejoined that he'd change with him, which he did on the spot, to the no small chagrin of the lad, who got decidedly the worst of the bargain. On another occasion, he was dining out before going to a race ball, where he was to be the Steward; and on the host asking him, when they had concluded a long argument about the wild imagery of Ossian, if he wished to dress, he merely drew his fingers through his hair, and went off in his plaid trousers and blue coat, and gloveless, just as he had been all day, and fairly danced the band and the ladies weary.

But we have wandered away from the jockeys. Will

Arnull was only a year senior to Sam Chifney, but he died nearly nineteen years before him. Lord G. H. Cavendish, and Lord Exeter were his principal masters; the "narrow blue stripes" of the latter having been confided to his keeping when his lordship and Robinson differed about a match between Recruit and Goshawk. He was a good jockey, but not quite first-class; and shortly before he retired and became trainer to Lord Lichfield, he had grown rather idle in the sweaters. His luck at Epsom commenced when he was nineteen; and he won two more Derbies, the last of which was in 1814 on Blucher. When the real Field Marshal, who had won as much renown with the dice in St. James's-street as he had done in the preceding year at the baths of Pyrmont, visited Newmarket that summer, after his Cambridge *fête*, Will had the honour of mounting this son of Waxy in his presence, and of showing his namesake, in a strong canter over the D. M., "how fields were won" in the preceding May. He was a merry little fellow, up to all kinds of queer games; and many were the tricks of which he was both the soul and the butt. This made him a little suspicious, and he never forgot how the "Black Dwarf of Newmarket" was sent him, quite drunk, in a wine hamper, and roused the whole house with his midnight yells from the cellar. Once, too, when Mr. Gully's colt "Hokee Pokee" walked into Newmarket, he demanded the name from the lad, and then went off to Sam Day in no very good temper, to tell him that the stable-lad had been poking his impudence at him; and Sam could scarcely persuade him that he had been told the right name.

Without any disrespect to the memories of Thomas Goodisson and Will Arnull, whose selection from the mass of Northern and Southern jockeys to ride Filho da Puta and Sir Joshua in their great 1816 match is their best epitaph, we may safely aver that a more brilliant quartet of horsemen than Buckle, Chifney,

Robinson, and Harry Edwards, never issued side by side from the Ditch stables. Yorkshire was "Old Harry's" great battle-field, where the unvarying brilliancy and power of his set-to and finishes not only conferred no small lustre on the Fitzwilliam, Kelburne, and Houldsworth jackets, but terrified Tommy Lye at times to that degree, that he confided to a friend he would "*quite as lieve ride against Sattan.*" The club wits were not wide of the mark when they said of Buckle, in 1823,

> "For, trained to the turf, he still stands quite alone,
> And *a pair of such Buckles* was never yet known—"

as a faultless build for horseback, and forty years of incessant practice, had combined to make him perfection. When he sent over his whip by the hands of Mr. Tattersall, in 1826, to become a challenge prize in Germany, he was enabled to add, by way of commentary, that he had "*won five Derbies, two St. Legers, nine Oaks, and nearly all the good thiugs at Newmarket.*" In his sixty-first year he wasted to 7st. 8lbs. for his favourite Rough Robin; but though he required no "walks" latterly, he kept himself in such fine form, by constantly riding from Peterboro' to Newmarket and back, a distance of ninety-two miles, to say nothing of trials, that he was quite the first four-mile man of his day. Sir Tatton Sykes and Mr. Osbaldeston were his only compeers in horseback endurance; and, strange to say, he rode his last race on one side of the Ditch only an hour before Mr. Osbaldeston completed his great 200 mile match on the other. With his saddle strapped for the last time round his white cape coat, "the governor" cantered off to cheer "The Squire," as he finished on Tranby, but made some remark to the effect, "that though he was fifteen years older, he could ride further and longer;" and was very nearly challenged to the proof. "To ride for twenty-five days, or till either of them

dropped," were the terms which the public proposed for the match. Buckle's great *forte* was to wait, and then set-to on an idle horse; and he seemed to finish to the very last quite as strong over the Beacon Course as the T.M.M. One of the most dashing mile races he ever rode was on Orlando against Dennis Fitzpatrick on Gaoler. Each jockey did his utmost to "get a pull," but was jealously determined not to let his opponent get one, and the consequence was, that the race was run from end to end, and Gaoler just stayed the longest. He delighted in a little gammon, and even if he had been slipped at the post, as he was on Mortimer, nothing could induce him to hurry; but, as then, he crept up the sixty yards inch by inch, and just caught Slim in the last two strides. It was this peculiar game of patience which made the Northern jockeys of that day such especial admirers of him and Robinson; and it may be safely said of these two and Chifney (whom they never loved after his dashing *début* at York in 1805), that when they had once won their race, they never gave it away again, as second-raters are apt to do. There was no jealousy whatever between the three, except during the race itself; and, in fact, Sam very often begged them as a favour to take some of his best mounts off his hands.

For some time after Robinson first came out, Sam only thought him a moderate rider; but at the close of a Newmarket Meeting, as he rode home from the Heath with his brother, he broke out suddenly, after a long thoughtful pause, with "*By-the-bye, Will, have you observed Robinson this week?*" "*Yes, indeed I have,*" was Will's answer, whose eye never failed to catch in an instant anything brilliant, or the reverse, about man or horse. "*Well!*" was the low rejoinder, "*he's taken to riding like the very devil.*" Will did not fail to report to Robinson what Sam had been saying of him, and he at once confessed that he was quite right, and

that a more decided style of riding seemed to have flashed on him all at once. In point of judgment and knowledge of pace, there was little to choose between them; but while the one was more powerful, the other was more elegant in his manner of finishing, and did not sit so much back in his set-to. Sam's mode of drawing his horse together, and then bringing it with his unique and tremendous rush of nearly half a length in the last three or four strides, was a picturesque contrast to the exquisitely neat "short head," by which Robinson used to nail his opponents on the post, and send Will Arnull especially growling back to scale with a maledictory "*Done me again, Jim, by a head.*" In the one case you saw the whole, and wondered at the fearful concentration of man and horse power with which the deed was done; in the other, you wondered how it could be done so instantaneously that you hardly saw it. Poor little Pavis used often to tell about a match which he rode with Sam, and had his orders "never to leave him." Accordingly away they cantered, Pavis lying about a length in front, and Sam lobbing behind. When they had got about two hundred yards, Sam slowly ejaculated, "*Well, young-un, arn't you going to make running? Better take a cigar at once.*" Pavis took no heed, but cantered on till about a hundred yards from the chair, when he took his mare by the head, and dug the spurs into her. "*There was Clark's box close at hand, and I thought I'd slipped him,*" he used to add. "*No, no! might as well try to slip Old Nick: he was at my neck like a flash of lightning before I had got two strides; my mare swerved and cannoned him, but he pulled his horse straight, and just beat me a head on the post. They tried to make out he had crossed me, but I wouldn't have it, and stuck to it he had fairly outridden me—he's a rum-un to ride against, is Sam.*" To see Sam and Robinson eyeing each other's horses before a great race or match, and to hear their dry, quaint

mode of chaffing each other on the point, was no slight treat; and when they were once off, Sam would invariably keep lurching behind so directly in his leader's track, that with all his glances, he could hardly tell on which side the challenge would come, till he found him suddenly at his quarters. The Chifney rush became so famed, and was so dangerous an experiment in the hands of any one who was not a consummate judge of exactly what was left in a horse, that scores of races have been thrown away by a feeble imitation of it. Frank Butler had many a hint and lesson from his uncle, but his style was principally modelled upon Robinson's, and was more neat and less powerful than "uncle Sam's." In his earlier days, he was apt to wait off too long, and not steal up to his leaders till the race became too severe for him to get on to terms with them. Still as a tryer and rider of a racehorse, he had but very few equals; and he was alike suited whether he was winning a match or lying away on a roarer, a class of horse on which he was pre-eminent. It was one of his especial whims to be last out of the Epsom paddock, and he was equally tenacious on this point "for luck," whether he was on little Daniel O'Rourke or West Australian.

Frank Buckle weighed in for the last time on November 5th, 1831, and before that time next year, the antique quaintly-carved tomb of "Samuel Buckle, merchant, Peterborough," which forms such a massive object on the south side of the beautiful churchyard of Long Orton, had received its new tenant. There are scarcely three jockeys in the saddle now, who witnessed the energetic set-to of that Pocket Hercules, who had nothing large about him but his heart and his aquiline nose. Sam Chifney, Scott, Pavis, Wheatley, Will Arnull, Conolly, Frank Boyce, Nelson, and George Edwards, all of whom rode with him in his last Oaks, are in their graves, and the shade of George

Guelph would be puzzled to find even one of those Edwardses whose numbers struck him as inexhaustible. In his day there was no more consummate judge of pace than Tommy Lye ; and perhaps he won more two-mile heat races than any man who was ever out, from this cause, as the lads on the three-year-olds had not a tithe of the practice of the modern juniors, and were sure to "come back" to him in the second and third heats. It it came to four or five heats, Tommy was absolutely invincible. His attitude, when he was finishing, was not perhaps all that could be desired ; waggish writers, in fact, have spoken of him as "two feet of silk, and three feet of boots and washleather, in convulsions;" and he also looked anything but picturesque as he rode the odd-tempered Italian and Zoroaster one or two races in their sheets ; but he was wonderfully powerful for his size, and his energy on the Duke of Cleveland's monster Sampson, in two four-mile races in one day, quite astonished us.

Jockeys generally increase about two stone, or a stone-and-a-half in the winter ; but with medicine and vigorous wasting, they can come to their weight again, without fever, in three weeks. They have been known during the summer to get off 7lbs., or even more on an emergency, in twenty-four hours, and Nat is said to have managed 4½lbs. for Vulcan in two ! If they are at all weak from illness, they will lose much more in their "walks" than they have calculated on ; and we remember seeing one of them bring a 3lb. saddle to the weighing-house, and have to borrow a 5lb. one from this cause. The old generation of jockeys were, taking them throughout, taller and larger boned than the present ; and as some of the weights in many of the great races were much lower, the wasting process was still more severe. It was a piteous spectacle to see Sam Chifney, who always went to work after every one else, stepping with his ears down, and a grim per-

spiring visage, along the Dullingham-road, and boiling himself by ounces to 8st. 2lb. for an Ascot Cup mount. Poor Frank Butler did not look one whit more happy on these occasions, and wasting even to 8st. 7lbs. was the very curse of the latter ten years of his jockey life, though out of compliment to Scott and Songstress he drew 8st. 4lbs. at the last Ascot Meeting he ever attended. The weather is most favourable, and as time also hangs rather heavily on their hands in those Berkshire villages, jockeys ride their very lowest weights at Ascot, and look like him, as if they had been quite determined "to take off their flesh and sit in their bones." William Scott during his last mile up the North-road elm avenue on a St. Leger morning, with a sprig of heather he had gathered near Rossington Bridge jauntily stuck in his wide-awake, and his merry joke and nod to his friends as he swung past them to his lodgings on the Hall Cross Hill, where, on the last occasion, Parson Dennis was in attendance to "valet him," invested this species of fire-torture with a much more pleasant hue. Jacques tried himself more heavily in this respect than any man we ever met with; as, after leaving the profession for some years, and growing corpulent as a licensed victualler, he resumed the sweaters, and wasted himself down to a ghastly 7st. 3lb. shadow, in order to don the white and blue for his old master, Colonel Cradock, when "Sim" could not ride the weight. George Nelson did not ride for some years before his death, but lived on his Royal pension, and commanded "The Fleet" of roysterers in Tickhill. Stephenson and Dockeray made themselves into walking skeletons, till increasing weight obliged them to leave the saddle; and so did Heseltine, Holmes, and George Francis, the latter of whom used to waste to half-ounces. Wells, in 1853, fainted on a Malton race morning when trying to get down to 5st. 5lbs., while Job Marson (who, like poor Bill Scott, always would have the

rails), after not declaring so low for more than eleven years, astonished the Richmond people in 1855 by scaleing only 7st. 7lbs. for his winning mount on Skirmisher. How Sam Day, after so many years of ease, contrived to waste for nearly two seasons, and get so low as 8st. 4lbs. in 1846, was a wonderful instance of family loyalty and self-denial; and he seemed to suffer much less than his brother John, from such "a pig-skin revival," though he had been far longer estranged from the sweaters. If, as a general thing, a jockey is asked to ride much below his weight, he had better not ride at all, as a fair second-class veteran, not so many years since, lost the last remnant of his riding practice by trying too low a weight, and being palpably beaten from sheer exhaustion when he tried to finish, although he had declared some 3lbs. over.

The heavy punishment in which Clift and some of the old school delighted, is very much gone out, and if a foolish lad punishes his beaten horse unnecessarily, he is pretty certain to hear of it in the newspapers. Salaries and expenses are a matter of private arrangement between a jockey and his masters, the former varying according to the reputation of the receiver, and the order in which each claims him. In other cases 3*l.* for a mount and 5*l.* for a win are the regular fees, though the latter is always the compliment for a mount in the St. Leger, Derby, and Oaks, and ten guineas was the Liverpool steeplechase tariff, when that event was in its zenith. Robinson had a 100*l.* special retainer for the Hyllus and Charles XII. 1000 guinea a side match, in which, as well as that for the same amount between Teddington and Mountain Deer, Job Marson's luck was in the ascendant. He also generally received 100*l.* when he went down special from Newmarket to ride in any of the three great races, success in which usually insures a 300*l.* or 500*l.* cheque from the owner, besides presents from

other winners varying in amount from a 500*l.* note to a box of cigars, or a Belcher-tie. Jim can most truly say to himself, in General Evans's version of the Crimean telegraph, "*Remember Dowb*," as Captain Dowbiggin sent him a 1000*l.* note in an envelope as he was sitting at tea at Mr. Herring's house in Doncaster, the evening he won the St. Leger on Matilda. His host, to whose pencil the turf owes so much, was then only in the dawn of his splendid fame as a delineator of the horse, and had not long quitted the coach-box for the studio. He was, we believe, entirely self-taught, although he may have occasionally watched Mr. Abraham Cooper at work, in whose well-known battle-piece he is said to figure as Saladin. Towards the close of his life he rather faltered in his allegiance to the Turf, and wrought with wonderful art upon some Ironsides stabling their horses in a cathedral, and countless peaceful farm-yard groups.

Taking jockeyship as an art, it has not gone back, and it would be strange if it had, seeing the immense practice which boys get in handicaps all over the country. In fact, many clever young jocks will have ridden as many races by the time they are five-and-twenty, as their less lucky coach-travelling predecessors had done when they were five-and-thirty. Mr. Waterton used to say that it was his practice with the Badsworth, which gave him "such a fine hand on a crocodile;" and hence it is no wonder that strong lads are soon qualified to ride anything, even if it have the size of a dromedary, or the mouth of a zebra, and finish with such brilliancy and precision. They know their work so well, that whereas twenty years ago it was ten to one on the man if he was finishing alongside a youngster, the former now finds it almost impossible to come the old trick of gammoning Young Artful that the race is over, and then when he sees him beginning to take it easy, catching him with a

rush on the post. Lads, however promising, were held quite cheap then by their seniors ; but in the case of Sam Rogers, a regular row was raised after one race at Newmarket, because some of his craft had kindly sung out some directions to him. The nicest ridden finish we ever remember was one between Old England (J. Day, junior), Plaudit (Marson), and Prologue (Robinson), over the Abingdon Mile, in the Houghton of 1844. Old England made his own running all the way, and the set-to between him and the two others, who challenged him right and left in the cords, after he had got his pull, was a perfect masterpiece. Young John, as fine a horseman, both for power, seat, and science, as ever held a bridle, certainly never rode better ; and those who remember the half-sluggish half-roguish way in which Old England invariably finished, can appreciate the exquisite mouth-touching he required at such a crisis, when the two were at his neck in the last stride. Besides this bout, Harry Edwards outriding Bill Scott over Knavesmire on the two-year-old Naworth, or Connolly over the Beacon, on Don John ; Chapple making running from end to end, and winning a head on Lugwardine at Cheltenham, or waiting on Landgrave for the Cambridgeshire with such agonizing patience, till the last two strides, that we felt that if we had possessed the aim of a Camelford, we could have gladly taken a pistol out and shot the reins in two ; Robinson doing Sam Darling by a short head on Barrier at Ascot, or rallying Rathmines home for the Audley End ; Sam Rogers holding ungenerous brutes like Vasa and Walmer, hard in front, and just coaxing them, after being beaten once or twice in a race, to make one more effort ; Sim Templeman getting his pull, and coming again on the post with the British Yeoman for the Doncaster Two-year-old Stakes, or lifting Catharina home first by about a nose for the Manchester Cup ; Alfred Day nursing the sinking Dervish at

Goodwood, or screwing in Vivandière half a head in front of "Frank" on Iris; Frank Butler biding his time with Daniel O'Rourke in the Derby, or bringing up Ninnyhammer in the last few strides at Ascot; Nat just getting up on Typee at Nottingham, and Meaux at York; Bartholomew, when he was quite a lad, riding a long rally home against Sam Day for the Port on Jericho, or getting Porto Rico through for the Prendergast; Marlow winning the Suburban on Elthiron, and the Port on Knight of Avenel, within a week of each other; and Job Marson squeezing Voltigeur's last effort out of him for the Spring Handicap at York, or taking the rails from Ellington (Aldcroft), and all but napping him (as he did Nat with Sir Rowland Trenchard) by a flash of lightning rush on the post;—are some of the finest "bits" we remember to have *seen* among the senior jockeys.

Trial riding is very lucrative, especially at Newmarket, and at Middleham too, when Lord Glasgow goes over to have a taste of his whole stud. Many first-rate jockeys have not the art of "tasting" a horse in private; but, although Bill Scott could be hardly called a first-class jockey for ten or twelve years before his death, he was always A 1 as a tryer, and Frank Butler was nearly as good. Jockeys who have salaries ride trials gratis for those particular masters, but are generally put on at 25*l.* or 50*l.* to 0 if it is a great race. The different phases of the art, such as cutting down the field from end to end, or getting in front to stop the pace; making the running up to a certain point, and then letting yourself be headed and coming again; lying away from your horses if you are on one which cannot be hurried, and creeping up inch by inch to them before the pace becomes too great;—all require an intuitive knowledge of pace, which not one jockey in thirty thoroughly attains to. The great test of a jockey's nerve is his coolness when he finds himself

among the leaders for the Derby, about two distances from home. If they have an ounce of flurry in their composition, that moment will bring it out; and we could not help, in the course of the last few years, as we stood there, remarking how an able rising jockey, of whom we expected better things, seemed "all abroad," while the future winner was pulling his horse together, and waiting on him, as coolly as if he was in his own armchair. Leading jockeys have generally fancied one horse above all the rest of their mounts. Buckle swore by Violante, Chifney by Selim, Scott by Velocipede, and Butler by "The West." Robinson went for Bay Middleton, and John Day, sen., for Crucifix. Nat, we have heard, inclined to Glencoe; "Job" was faithful to Teddington; and "Sim," despite of Cossack and Surplice, cannot be weaned from the memory of the elegant chestnut Battledore, whom he rode for his good old master, Sir Thomas Stanley, in the only race he ever ran.

No profession is more trying in every way; as, independent of the strong "walks" and appetite privations which they have to undergo, it takes years to retrieve even a false suspicion, much less a false step. There are not only a number of morbid minds among racing men, who will undertake to prove that hardly a race yet was run on the square; but every spectator, gentle or simple, who loses his money, feels himself quite competent to criticise the style in which the pet of his fancy has been ridden, and to pronounce the most sweeping judgments accordingly. Jockeys can survive this sort of criticism; but owners and trainers are often unduly fretful, and too anxious to find an excuse at some person's expense, rather than their own or their horses', for being beaten. They forget that trial-horses, however great their form may once have been, cannot keep it for ever; the jockey is at once made the scapegoat; and although the owner

may continue to give him a retainer, he seems to think nothing of taking him off entirely, or superseding him suddenly in all the good mounts in the middle of a season, with as little justice, and as little regard to his feelings, as if he were a mere silken puppet. Oddly enough, vicars always tell you that if there is one thing more difficult of attainment than another, it is the getting rid of a curate they don't like. Jockeys are just in the opposite difficulty, as whatever sort of treatment they may experience, Jockey Club law does not acknowledge such a process as "sending in a jacket." Its argument is, that masters bring forward jockeys from boyhood, and that therefore it would be hard that the latter should be able to give them up just when their services become most valuable, or make masters bid against each other for a priority of call. This may be true as regards boys up to a certain age; but it falls very hard upon the elder jockeys in two ways: If a master unhandsomely persists in retaining his call, and yet refuses to let them have mounts for his stable, the fact of their not riding for the stable naturally becomes noticed to their detriment; and they are also in a great measure hindered from making engagements with other stables, who can never feel sure that they will be able to get them, seeing that this dormant prior claim is pretty certain to be interposed for a single race or so, just when they most want them. The principle on which the Jockey Club goes is no doubt correct, as jockeys would have sore secret temptations to give up masters perpetually, if a rival stable did not care what it paid to have a Derby crack ridden; but if masters are of necessity allowed this power over jockeys, they have no right to abuse it. If they force a senior jockey to retain their jacket, they are bound to give him their mounts, and not to indirectly cast a slur on him, and prevent him from seeking for more considerate masters else-

where. The jacket and the confidence are, in common justice inseparable: both should be given, and taken away together. The proper mode, as it seems to us, would be that if either party want to get off an engagement, they should not be able to do so unless by a six months' notice, commencing from the Monday in the Craven week.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE BETTING RING.*

"Dost trifle in the ring?"—*Old Play.*

HOWEVER strange and interesting may be the "subjects" which delight the eyes of the St. George's student in the Anatomical Museum, the lover of morbid anatomy may find an equally rich field of contemplation if he will walk a little farther down the lane at Tattersall's, and scan the alphabet of faces who congregate in and round the Rooms. He will there, amid that hoarse and multifarious miscellany of men, and under exteriors which are at times unpromising, find as clear cutting wits as ever nestled in a brain-pan, and he can only regret, as he sits on that strange "bench of the grand-world school," that men who were framed for better things should be so unitarian in their devotion to the odds. The room which bears silent witness to these ceaseless flirtations with the goddess Fortune, is 45 by 28 feet, and capable of holding about 400 persons. In the middle of it is a sort of circular counter, round which and at the fireplace the business is principally transacted; but in summer the room is nearly deserted, and speculation adjourns on to the steps and green, outside, and holds communication with its less favoured votaries through

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* It must be remembered that the period 1841-1856 produced wonderful changes in betting.

the iron bars of the gate. Although the numbers fluctuate considerably, the Room has about as many subscribers as it can hold: a great increase on the number who adjourned there in Attila's year, from their small trysting-place lower down the lane. Candidates are elected by the committee of the Room; they must find a nominator and a seconder, and the names must be up for at least a month. Above the fireplace at the end of the room is a painting of Eclipse, from the easel of the grandfather of the present Mr. Garrard (whose *oxydized* silver race-cups are not favourably regarded by country race-goers, from the belief that "they must be *old uns*"), representing the immortal chestnut when he ruminated near Epsom in his proud stud-days. A brood-mare and Young Eclipse are also there, with two or three of the series of great winners; and a couple of engravings of Lord George Bentinck, and race-lists and notices fastened up near the fireplace, complete the *tout ensemble* of still life within. The left side-windows open out on to the terrace green, where the Ring, weather permitting, stand or saunter about on field days; and masters of hounds, &c., earlier in the morning, try the paces of a hack they may have been eyeing in some of the 120 stalls in the adjacent yard; but on off days it is more associated in our minds with a walnut-tree, an Alderney cow, and a pail. Such are the leading features of the great betting mart, whose quotations are to racing men what those of Mark Lane are to the farmer, Lloyd's to the insurer, the Stock Exchange to the broker, or Greenwich Time to the horologist.

The whole system of betting has undergone a complete change in the last sixty years. Betting between one and the field was the fashion which Turf speculation assumed in the days of powder and periwigs, and Ogden (the only betting man who was ever admitted to the Club at Newmarket), Davis,

Holland, Dearden, Kettle, Bickham, and Watts, ruled on the Turf 'Change. With Jem Bland, Jerry Cloves, Myers (an ex-butler), Richards (the Leicester stockinger), Mat Milton, Tommy Swan of Bedale (who never took or laid but one bet on a Sunday), Highton, Holliday, Gully, Justice, Crockford,* Briscoe, Crutch Robinson, Ridsdale, Frank Richardson, and Bob Steward, &c., the art of book-making arose, and henceforward what had been more of a pastime among owners, who would back their horses for a rattler when the humour took them, and not shrink from having 5000*l.* to 6000*l.* on a single match, degenerated into a science. All the above, with the exception of two, have passed away, like the mastodons, never to return. Nature must have broken the mould in which she formed the crafty Robinson, as he leant on his crutch, with his back against the outer wall of the Newmarket Betting-Rooms, and, with his knowing quiet leer and one hand in his pocket, argued

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* Mr. Timbs, in his admirable "Curiosities of London," gives the following sketch of this Turf Baring of his day. "Crockford," he says, "started in life as a fishmonger, in the old bulk shop next door to Temple Bar Without, which he quitted for play in St. James's. He began by taking Walier's old club-house, where he set up a hazard bank, and won a great deal of money; he then separated from his partner, who had a bad year and failed. Crockford now removed to St. James's Street, had a good year, and built in 1827, the magnificent club-house which bore his name; the decorations alone are said to have cost him 94,000*l.* The election of the club members was vested in a committee, the house appointments were superb, and Ude was engaged as *maître d'hotel*. 'Crockford's' now became the high fashion. Card tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the hazard bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand prepared for all comers: this speculation was eminently successful. During several years everything that anybody had to lose or cared to risk, was swallowed up; and Crockford became a *millionaire*. He retired in 1840, 'much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting country, when there is not game enough left for his tribe;' and the club then tottered to its fall. After Crockford's death in 1844, the lease of the club-house (thirty-two years, rent 1400*l.*) was sold for 2900*l.*"

about Staley Bridge Radicals with the then Lord Stanley, or offered to "lay agin Plenipo."

The two Blands, Joe and "Facetious Jemmy," were equally odd hands. Epsom had fired up the latter's desire to come on to the Turf, and he descended from his coachman's box at Hedley for that purpose, and sported his "noble lord" hat, white cords, deep bass voice, and vulgar dialect on it for the first time about 1812. He did not trouble it much after he "dropped his sugar" on Shillelah, though that *contretemps* did not completely knock him out of time. His acute rough expressions, such as "*niver coomed a-nigh*," and so on, as well as his long nose and white flabby cheeks, made him a man of mark even before he got enough, by laying all round, to set up a mansion in Piccadilly. Joe, his brother, had originally been a postboy, and rose from thence to be a stable-keeper in Great Wardour-street; but the great hit of his life was his successful farming of turnpike-gates, at which he was supposed to have made about 25,000*l*. "Ludlow Bond" was not so coarse in his style as this *par nobile fratrum*, but ambitious and vain to the last degree. It was the knowledge of this latter quality on the part of Ludlow's real owners, "The Yorkshire Blacksmith and Co.," which induced them to put him forward as the ostensible owner, as no one would back a horse which was known to be theirs. Bond liked the notoriety which this nominal ownership conferred on him, and was no doubt a mere puppet, without exactly knowing who pulled the strings. Discreditable as the affair was, he always gloried in it; in fact, he was so determined not to let the memory of it die out, that he christened a yearling which he bought from the Duke of Grafton, "Ludlow Junior." At times he appeared on the Heath with a grey hack, and went by the nickname of "*Death on the Pale Horse*;" and, shortly after the Doncaster outburst, he came on in a handsome

travelling carriage, with two livery servants in the rumble.

Mr. Gully, although he did great execution at the Corner in Andover's year, might be styled a mere fancy bettor subsequently, and as a judge of racing and the points of a horse combined, he had scarcely a peer among his own or the younger generation of turfites. His fame at the Corner was at its zenith about the year 1830, when he was a betting partner with Ridsdale. Rumour averred that they won 35,000*l.* on Margrave for the St. Leger, and 50,000*l.* on St. Giles for the Derby; and it was in consequence of a dispute as to the Margrave winnings, which is rather too complicated for explanation here, that the Siamese link between them was so abruptly dissolved. Their joint books also showed a balance of 80,000*l.*, if Red Rover could only have brought Priam to grief for the Derby. There was a joke, too, soon after this time, that Mr. Gully and his friend Justice descended on to Cheltenham, and so completely cleaned out the local Ring there, that the two did not even think it worth while stopping for the second race-day. One of the lesser lights was found wandering moodily about the Ring on that day, and remarked to a sympathizer that he was "looking for the few half-crowns which that Gully and Justice had condescended to leave." Lord George Bentinck was allowed to be the cleverest man that the Turf ever had, but the loss of 27,000*l.* in one year was the crucible in which he learnt his experience. Strictly speaking, he was a very fancy bettor; and he would do what hardly a man alive dared do—make a book to any amount, and back horses as well.

The Ring *par excellence* might, in 1856, consist of some four hundred persons, of whom about a hundred were looked upon as emphatically "safe men," and nearly half of the twenty score belonged to the "Manchester Division," who congregate under the Bush, or

at the Post Office Hotel. The betting on the Derby is at least five time as great as that on the St. Leger, and while about eight safe men "go" every year on the former, the two or three who have received a heavy blow on the latter, frequently, by the grace of their creditors, contrive to hobble on till the Cesarewitch is past. This race, as well as the Cambridgeshire, for which men in despair seem to play double or quits, has countless victims; and among those who "went" in '55, was one who, whenever he heard long odds laid, would offer five points less, and clench it with "You'd better take it; you know my money's good"—a strange conceit which almost rose to the dignity of a Ring proverb. There are sometimes some strange chases between creditors and debtors at Doncaster. We have seen the latter driving off madly to the station, after the St. Leger, to catch the first train either way; and the former, when they have failed to discover the much wished for face in the enclosure, following in hot haste. On one occasion a couple met on the platform, and the erring one immediately dashed into the Crimpsall Meadows, and pointed at his best pace for the Conisboro' Woods, where he stayed till nightfall, and then sent an emissary to pay his lodgings and bring his carpet-bag. His pursuer expressed strong fears that both of them would be "roarers" for life, in consequence of the severity of the pace up to the Don, where he was beaten off; and remarked that if the horse could only have gone half as well as his backer, he would have won in a trot.

A suicide in consequence of Ring-losses is seldom heard of now, but the stricken deer generally levants without coming near the rooms, or else arrives with a forehead of brass, receives all he can, "retires" with his gains without offering to pay, and nods gaily to his creditors when he next meets them. A pan of charcoal or the Serpentine is about the last thing he would dream of; and even Scrope Davis, who cut his

throat regularly after every Newmarket Meeting, till the doctors knew exactly when to expect a sewing-up summons, can find no imitators. About two hundred men may be said to have had books in 1856, and Messrs. Ives, Harry Hill, Warrington, Morris, Aaron Worsley, G. Desboro', Hargreaves, Ishmael Fisher, G. Reed, Howard, Onslow, Brabazon, Barber, F. Swindells, Sargent, Adkins, Kimpton, C. Snewing, Sherwood, Justice, Portman, Whitbourne, Saxon, W. Robinson, Jackson ("the coming man"), Pedley, G. Hill, Bennett, &c., were popularly supposed to make them at all figures, from 10,000*l.* to 1000*l.* Foal books have gone out of fashion, but Mr. Harry Hill had a 10,000*l.* yearling one, and laid his hundred, seventy-five, or fifty to one odds, according as he fancied the pedigree of the yearling he laid against. To speak, however, with any degree of accuracy as to book-making would baffle even "The Wise Woman," as the strangest *canards* are always floating about as to "books" and winnings, and it is morally impossible to separate what a man does on commission from what he achieves on his own account. Some few confine themselves to commission business, the recognised remuneration for which is five per cent., the commissioner taking all the risk. Old Michael Brunton used to boast that he visited Doncaster (whose High-street is always so redolent of toffy and "mellow *peers*") for sixty-one years in succession, and made a grand wind-up with Voltigeur's Cup day. Perhaps Frank Garner, a farmer in Surrey, was one of the eldest Ring-men we had, and visited Newmarket in 1855 for his fifty-first consecutive season; and Fred Swindells one of the cleverest. When the "Swindells' attack" once opens on a horse it rarely fails to be his crack of doom. A meteor occasionally starts up for a season or two. Nine or ten years ago, two rose almost together, and it was said that if Nottingham had won the Cesarewitch, or Sting the Cambridge-

shire, they would have hit the Ring twice over for about 130,000*l.* One of them was just as careless about the odds he laid, as the latest constellation was upon receiving days; and if the last-named had trusted to the infallible inspiration which used to come over him as the flag dropped, he might have won any sum. Cobnut and Adine were two of his great triumphs, and he won 5000*l.* about Daniel O'Rourke, though he had not pencilled a bet till the horses went up to start. The gentlemen of the Ring hang very much together when they fancy a horse. Flying Dutchman's and West Australian's were decidedly a gentleman's year, and so many of them were within the mystic circle which knew of the great Fyfield trial, that Teddington cost the ring something like 150,000*l.* Voltigeur's, on the contrary, was a gentleman-gentlemen's" year, as valets and coachmen won so immensely; while Little Wonder's and Merry Monarch's were the greatest triumphs the Ring has known. Mr. Howard might almost have broken it with Virago, for the triple events of the Great Metropolitan, Suburban, and Chester Cup, if he had not taken two ten thousand books at Shrewsbury about them, before the year was out; and thus given an inkling of the secret to the Chester handicapper, though certainly not to the world. The match which has of late years produced the heaviest post-betting was that at Newmarket, in 1849, between Beehunter and Clincher, which appropriately ended in a dead-heat. The term "hedging" has been quite superseded by "laying off;" and we had, in fact, quite forgotten it till we saw it stated in the papers by a clergyman, who did not answer a question on doctrine as the Bishop of Exeter exactly liked, that his lordship addressed him to this effect: "*You are hedging, Sir; you are hedging!*" Enough was heard about it in 1843, when old John Day took such liberties with Gaper for the Derby, and Lord George made him cry out "*Peccavi*" to some purpose when he got

him writhing in his vice. This is, in fact, the most memorable instance of "hedging" on record, and the ancient rupture between the parties lent it no small flavour. "Honest John," from a firm conviction that the horse could not stay, had offered 15,000*l.* to 100*l.*, and 10,000 to 100*l.* against him, as he was journeying by rail to Newmarket, and was snapped immediately by a "commissioner," who happened to be in the carriage. Lord George's faith in his bay continued unabated to the last, and he took 16,000*l.* to 2000*l.* about him not many hours before the race; and hence Day was glad to come to terms with him, and lost 3000*l.* by meddling with the "sky-blue," though his balance on the race was a favourable one.

Since the abolition of the betting-houses, which dealt an immense blow to the Ring by cutting off the supplies which dribbled in through them from all parts of the country, and so found their way to the Corner, Mr. Davis has occupied a much less prominent part in the eyes of the public; and he has, in fact, almost ceased to make a Derby book, and confines himself to post-betting. He has made one so high as 100,000*l.*, but now he scarcely pencils a Derby bet till a fortnight before the race. He says with truth that he has lost all his money on the Derby and Oaks, while on the St. Leger and at post-betting he is uniformly lucky, and a great advocate for the abolition of the P. P. system. We believe that he made his first bet of half-a-crown at the Silver Cup in Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road, about 1840, when he was in Mr. Cubitt's employ. A long time elapsed before he entered any public betting-rooms, but he simply joined the noisy outer circle; laying generally a point or two more than were attainable inside. When he began to be a man of mark, this difference was soon taken copious advantage of, and in self-defence he went within. His first heavy hit is said to have been for 12,000*l.* over The Cur for the Cesare-

witch. Hotspur's not winning the Derby made a difference to him of some 50,000*l.*, and Barbarian's failure, of nearly twice that sum. The Londoners also backed Voltigeur to such an extent with him, that nearly 40,000*l.* was paid over his list-counter alone about "the lusty Richmond stallion." He was also hit heavily in Teddington's year, and the 15,000*l.* cheque which he sent Mr. Greville the morning after the race, stamped him at once as a very mine of Peru. Mrs. Taft and Truth were great pulls for him that autumn, and the public set the joint gain at 45,000*l.* After his winter Derby deposits came in, he was supposed to have entered on his 1852 campaign with 130,000*l.* at the Westminster Bank (whose heads would, as the story ran, rise to accommodate him at any hour of the night!); but on this as well as every other calculation, "be the same more or less" must be the conveyancing motto ever present to the reader's mind. He resembled, in fact, Captain O'Kelly in his zenith, who, when he was asked, after taking a heavy bet, where his estates lay, responded that, "By the powers, I hev the map o' them about me," and produced a perfect roll of Bank Notes; or the old miser near Doncaster, who went to a great land sale in his filthy rags, and a hayband round his waist, and astounded the auctioneer, who wondered where the deposit was to come from, by holding up a 100,000*l.* Bank Note (one of the few ever made), and saying, "*Here's the cock; I've got the old hen at home!*" Henceforward, the tide of ill-luck always flowed steadily against him at Epsom. Daniel O'Rourke is said to have cost him 30,000*l.*, as he had been duly "got" at 100 to 1. Catherine Hayes cost him about the same, and West Australian 48,000*l.*, of which 30,000*l.* went in a cheque to Mr. Bowes. At Chester, in 1852, he was fairly beset by the infatuated backers of Nancy; and there he stood, while they almost fought who should first thrust their 5*l.* notes into his hands, and see themselves pencilled down at

55 to 0. Although, perhaps, not abstractedly a great judge of a horse, he had a capital eye for finding out when they are in trouble, and keeps betting on till they are some twenty yards from the post; and if it is a very near thing, after they are past it. Teddington was a horse he never liked to be against, after the Derby; but he was, perhaps, more disposed to back riders than horses, and is very liberal with them at times. Fordham, or "the kid," as he always terms him, is his favourite, and he very frequently declined to lay against the horse he was to ride; and other men in the Ring had a like fancy for always backing Quinton. His constant habit has been to come to Tattersall's after the Derby, however great his losses, and pay on the Monday, instead of waiting till the conventional settling Tuesday: and while his lists were in force, he returned every night from Newmarket to attend to them, and provide the needful for paying next day. In fact, all his dealings have been based on the "broadstone of honour," and conducted with a business-like precision such as we may almost in vain hope to see again. One of his rules was never to subscribe to a handicap, as he would be pestered to death with applications if he did. We never remember his nerve failing but once, and that was when Bon Mot won the Liverpool Cup. He was just beginning to fire heavily into this strange 3000 guinea impostor, when he found himself compelled, in consequence of a nervous head-ache, to close his book and sit down, and, as luck would have it, he won 3000*l.*, instead of losing nearly twice that amount. His philosophy was reported to have been most severely tested in 1850, when he had laid very heavily against Canezou for the Goodwood Cup. On that day, Cariboo was declared to start merely to make the running for Canezou; but he went so well that it was all Charlton could do to pull him up in front of the Stand, in order that Butler might win with the mare.

With the history of the Tattersall's battalion we have nothing to do. Recruits come in from every rank and every place; but the Ring is not in so healthy a state as it was a few years ago, and far below what it was in the ten year cycle before that; and welchers, regardless of pumps and mobbing, begin to wax rife in the land. Those who have seen members of this fraternity hauled out of the Ring at Doncaster, when even the massive Leadbitter, the only man whom we ever saw really manage a crowd, was no tower of strength to them, can judge of the full meaning of the expression "falling into the hands of man," especially when the Timour Mammon is in the question. The rush on the helpless Stock Exchange intruder, when the pack are cheered on by the "*Who wants to buy five hundred per cents*" tallyho, is merciful in comparison. At Newmarket the thing is done more neatly, as about forty couple of groom boys resolve themselves into merry harriers for the nonce; and if the hare is started half way across the flat, his coat and waistcoat are fluttering wildly in the breeze, his handkerchief has been made a leading rope of, and his hat a foot-ball, long before he finds a peaceful hermitage in some back alley of the town. The Catterick clerk of the course, hearing of the motley crowd which had shown at Lincoln, is said to have considerately provided some stout labourers and a tar-barrel for the special benefit of the welchers, at one of his meetings. Although we cannot coincide in his views, it is still to be regretted that there is not some conventional ordeal to which such gentlemen could be consigned; and we often think how one Moore, the unworthy incumbent of the "Suffolk Curacy," dedicated a book to "Duke Humphrey," and was then entirely lost sight of by his old college friends, till one of them espied him slung up in "*the basket*," for not paying his bets at a cock-pit.

Savage as they may be at the sight of a welcher,

the Ring men, on the whole, are creatures of fine rough impulse, whenever it is called forth. Few men are more charitable if a case of real distress comes within their notice; and we have known one of them pay 200*l.* to take a man, who had no claim whatever on him, out of jail. It was also only recently, too, that a bookmaker received a letter from a breeder, soon after a colt he had purchased from him had won a race, to remind him that a 100*l.* contingency had become due. His answer was simply to the effect that there must be some mistake, as he had promised 150*l.*, not 100*l.*, if ever the colt won; and a cheque for the larger sum was duly enclosed. Ring jokes are unique, and those who have heard the popular stories of "the gilded watch," and "Jenny bring the sledge-hammer," well know what quaint humour can make out of slender materials. They delight in perverting names: Il Penseroso, Gemma di Vergy, La Fille Mal Gardée, and Springy Jack, became Bill Spencer the Grocer, Jemmy the Virgin, The Female Guard, and Elastic John; and Græculus Esuriens seemed to have his nomenclature altered as each Monday came round. Paying in copper was a freak which delighted every one amazingly, except the victim, who went scouring off in a cab up to his knees in the baser metal; and so did the sundry speculations as to the height of The Trapper, who was such a giant, that young John Day solemnly assured Nat, as he was saddling him for the St. Leger, that he "had ordered a pair of steps in the town," and that they would be there directly; and added, for his comfort, that Dr. O'Toole would "very probably run slap under him if he got in front." The whereabouts of The Reiver, the long or short O in Iliona, and all such strange things, were also worked in their turn. Their "chaff" is unrivalled; but their retorts are perhaps rather rough and ready than neat. We never heard any of them rival the poacher who sauced the late Bishop of Carlisle (when he told him

who he was, and asked him how he dared to pick up a hare on the Rose Castle grounds before his very eyes), with "*You're the Bishop, are you? and a devilish good place, too;* MIND YOU KEEP IT."

Between the owners of horses and the Ring there never will be any very perfect understanding. The former consider that they may milk and scratch their horses if it suits their book, or start them purposely short of work; while the latter and the public look pretty much upon the horses as their own property as soon as the acceptances are made. In fact, it is a battle of kites and crows; and it is matter of observation that those who are the most unscrupulous themselves are always the most stern and talkative moralists when their own interests have been thwarted. Lord George Bentinck gave the turf a serious blow when he dictated to the backers of Elis the only terms on which he would allow him to start for the St. Leger. Hence his copyists have been "legion," and many a horse has been sent home because the owner has been forestalled, and cannot get any one to lay him the original odds, in spite of his thumbscrew, to a 5*l.* note. Not a few of the Ring have horses, or an interest in them; but out of the 800 men (including Lord Jersey, the father of the turf, and the other 66 members of the Jockey Club) who declare their colours, not more than 220 run them in their own names. A *nom-de-guerre* in sporting used to be principally used by University men when a steeple-chase or a boat race required them to dare the anger of proctors or anxious relations. It was at first rather frowned on by racing authorities in "Mr. Gordon's" case, but they have become as plentiful now as "spots" were after Voltigeur's victory, or "garters" in later years, among the list of race-jackets, and at least a dozen peers and commoners adopt this very ostrich-like idea of secrecy.

As regards the *morale* of the Ring, it must be al-

lowed that speculation is a normal vice in man, and that the world, with its usual unfairness, will persist in frowning on it when it is applied to horses and dogs, and smiles complacently when it views it in connexion with "bulls" and "bears." The very men who gamble without scruple in time bargains and lives, would think their credit as fathers of families compromised if they were known to bet on a horse-race. Still, while we point out this inconsistency, and believe that the turf would sicken and droop without betting, as completely as commerce and business without speculation, we cannot but deeply deplore that men with ample means will not consider such a noble sport quite amusement enough of itself, without the extra stimulant of "the jingle of the guinea." We do so more especially, because, as long as those who ought to be considered its leaders will make a business of the odds, instead of occasionally backing their fancy, it is impossible that they can exercise that healthy influence which the turf so much requires to raise its tone, or speak with any real weight in a crisis. Looking at the system of betting generally, not five men in twenty can afford to lose, and certainly not one in twenty afford to win. This may seem a paradox; but few men, unless they have a very large fortune indeed, can take betting quietly. It can't be done. A young man drawing his first winnings is like a tiger tasting his first blood; he seldom stops again till he is brought to a dead-lock as a defaulter: the finer the fleece, the more the rooks (who began their career as pigeons) come about him; his visits are extended from a few afternoons to weeks after weeks of race-meetings, and the mind becomes untuned for everything else. The Legislature knew this when they stepped in and smashed the deposit system in the list houses. It may be a very Arcadian notion, but still we hold that, to really enjoy sport, a man should never go on to a race-course more than thirteen or

fourteen picked afternoons in the course of the year, and never bet a penny.

The great list era, and all its attendant Ripe-for-a-Jails, as *Punch* termed them, began with Messrs. Drummond and Greville, who "kept an account at the Westminster Bank," in 1847. Up to that time, "sweeps," where every subscriber drew a horse for his ticket, had been amply sufficient to satisfy the popular thirst for speculation on a Derby or St. Leger eve; and, although in one instance we ascertained that our ticket horse was a leader in a Shrewsbury coach, instead of being "prepared," it was satisfactory to know that there was at least fair play. Stimulated by the example of D. and G., the licensed victuallers took it up—and a nice mess they made of it, with 10,000 "pictures," &c.—till the licensing magistrates stepped sternly in. From 1850 to the end of 1853 the listers were in their glory; and at one period about four hundred betting-houses were open in London alone, of which, perhaps, ten were solvent. Among these proprietors, Mr. Davis never laid the odds to less than 1*l.*; one or two others adopted 10*s.* as their limit, and some 5*s.*, while not a few would do the odds for a lad at 6*d.* Their odds were generally very liberal, and we never espied a real mistake but once, when a first-rate office laid 8 to 1 against Teddington for the Ascot Cup a fortnight before the race! In York the system did not thrive, as the Tykes generally knew too well what horses were in work; but in London, for instance, at least 100 out of 150 Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire horses would be fancied, and thus the proprietor could always get round. Even the appearance of a horse with 200 to 1 against his name did not deter the adventurous, as the luxury of the bare thought of such a haul was too much to withstand. The wild fever among the houses on the Saturday night when Hobbie Noble "came" for the Cambridgeshire, was such as we can never forget. Every lister seemed to be rushing

wildly about, as if some great and long pent-up revolution had burst forth at last; and near the Piccadilly Circus especially, that favoured haunt of the Ring, the delirium raged furiously. The rise and fall of the odds on the eve of a great race were such delicate operations that the listers had outlying picquets watching at each other's shops, to give instant intelligence if there was a commission to skin them. The news flew like wildfire from house to house, so that a commissioner often found the odds altered long before he had half finished his rounds. They had also paid spies among the railway porters, especially at the Eastern Counties, to tell them what horses were put on to the boxes for Newmarket there; but the "velveteens" had but little notion of their business, and when one of them had spent all his dinner hour and several shillings in cab hire, rushing about to his employers, to tell them that Vermuth and not Aphrodité had gone down for the One Thousand Guineas, it turned out that the little groom had only been quizzing him. These little episodes were of constant occurrence. A London chambermaid happened, in the fulness of her heart, to tell an old gentleman that she had won 8*l.*, like a true-hearted lass that she was, by backing Daniel O'Rourke (because he came from her own county) for the Derby, and her confidante instantly wrote to the *Times*, demanding to know if his dressing-case could any longer be safe near such a dangerous maiden. There was the metropolitan beadle, too, who backed Ninnyhammer at 5*l.* to 5*s.*, and spent a most restless Sunday before the Derby, in consequence of some one stealing his list ticket for a joke. Little did the charity children know what an agitated but yet "noble sportsman" preceded them, cocked-hat on head and staff in hand, to church that day! Then there was the widow, who would have had to apply to the parish for a coffin for her groom-husband, if she had not found a 100*l.* winning Glauca ticket in his corduroys, and got some

"friend" (who, first by persuasion, and then by bullying, tried to make her believe he was to "stand in") to give a hint of what it meant. To show the hold that this epidemic took on the lower classes, we have heard that a poor man, when he was asked for his child's name at the font, gave the minister by mistake a betting ticket with "Springy Jack" on it; and a Yorkshire gamekeeper showed us, in that very year (1848), three tickets on which he had expended three guineas for the St. Leger alone! He had withstood three poachers, and fought with his teeth when they disabled his arms; but the list lure was too strong for Sampson, and his wife seemed equally infatuated on the point.

The system had become so complete by the extension of the telegraph wires to the race-course, that owners could be backing their horses in London and the enclosure at the same time. A great Northern trainer had, in fact, two horses, each in two races at York, on one afternoon; and about twenty minutes before the first came off, he received a telegraphic message, which showed him that his town commissioner had backed the wrong horse very largely for that race, and he had only just time to get the other from the stable and send it to the post. The list-houses did a strong business; and certainly as long as they did not take deposits (?), they had quite as much right to pursue their calling as Tattersall's, where, under the new Act, no one can be called on to "cover." Albeit the bill of 1853 has done its work, and the fatal facility induced by the open deposit system is nipped in the bud. Inspector Brennan and his cohorts no longer produce piles of betting tickets as the sad results of their station-house search, and those who merely regard the turf as a pleasant pastime on an occasional holiday afternoon, are spared the shame of hearing that another poor fellow has had to rue the day he ever saw or read of it—amid the mint and rue of the Old Bailey.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MR. KIRBY AND THE FOREIGNERS.*

"Loud roar the dismal breakers,
Loud shrieks the wild sea-gull,
Round barks with golden cargoes
Of thorough-breds from Hull;
High-blowers, cracks, and weedy ones,
As slow as any man,
From whose pyramids of forfeits
Their owners cut and ran."

FOREIGNERS do very little in the way of young blood stock, but confine their attention almost entirely to mares and sires. They are much more particular about blood than they used to be; and taking them as a nation, the Germans are most knowing on the points of a horse, and as the stud-grooms phrase it, "*want no telling*." Baron de Maltzham, of Vollrathsrah, in Mecklenburg, had about 160 brood mares, including half-breds, and he was quite as learned on stud pedigrees as ever Porson was in Greek roots. Count Wladimir Baworioski, of Polish Gallicia, had also an enormous stud; and Count Hahn, of Schlop Basedow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who first sent Turnus to England, has imported some of our choicest stock, among which Grey Momus, Figaro, and Black Drop were not the foremost. Baron de Biel, of Zierow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was also a great stud-

* Foreigners have made rapid strides in their knowledge of blood stock since this chapter was written.

owner, and he may be said to have been the original Jenner who inoculated the dwellers in Fatherland with such a yearning for our thorough-breds. One of these continental Bentincks is a great iron-master—so great, in fact, that when he intimated to his Government, during the troubles of 1848, that he intended to close his works, they replied that if he did not carry them on *they* must, or the revolution would sweep works and Government away together like an avalanche. Among the most constant attendants at our race-courses, season after season, was a magnificent twenty-stone German, connected, we believe, with the leather trade at Berlin, and, without exception, one of the very finest judges of racing that ever set foot on Newmarket Heath.

Foreigners are not very particular as to the colours of the sires, but are rather prejudiced against chestnuts, especially if they have much white about them, although Count Henckel did not let this stand in his way when he took a fancy to Ephesus. Dark bay mares suit them, but they prefer black-brown if they can be got. At one time the Russians had an immense fancy for greys ; but they ceased to import them, in consequence of the complaint of Hetman Platoff, that his officers, who always rode them, were much more liable thereby to be picked off. France has imported a considerable number of sires since Diamond, the great match opponent of Hambletonian ; and Lottery, Tarrare, The Emperor, Inheritor, Brocardo, Auckland, Assault, Nunnykirk, Gladiator, Prime Warden, Sting, Physician, Collingwood, Cossack, Elthiron, Foig-a-Ballagh, Iago, Minotaur, Weathergage, Saucebox, and Lanercost, are well-known names in her stud-book. In addition to those we shall mention in their place, and countless others of lesser note, Cetus, Chateau Margaux, Margrave, Glencoe, Riddlesworth, Scythian, and Buzzard are naturalized in America ; Hungary claims Conyngham, Frantic, and Recovery ;

Russia has Wanota, Coronation, Jereed, Andover, Uriel, Peep-o'-day Boy, Ithuriel, The Squire, and Van Tromp; Austria boasts herself in Cardinal Puff, Goldfinder, Clincher, Chief Justice, and Old England; Prussia followed up her Woful purchase with Brutandorf, Elis, Sittingbourne, Talfourd, and Mundig; while Germany purchased Taurus twice over, and has not a few scions of The Nigger, Wolfdog, Sheet Anchor, Rockingham, Glaucus, Augustus, Erymus, St. Nicholas, and Chief Baron Nicholson, in her stalls: The Colonel was repurchased from them, but for very little purpose; and Euclid and Attila both died on shipboard. Cobnut is now in the Sardinian dominions, and even "John Chinaman" has got Black Jack and Little Bo-Peep. A great number of our blood horses also go to the colonies, and about a hundred of them have landed at the Cape alone between 1840 and 1856, many of them with pedigrees a foot long, but sadly unsound outcasts withal. In its paddock list we find the names of the symmetrical Battledore, Middleham, Fancy Boy, Evenus, Traverser, Misdeal, Gammon-Box, Sylvan, Gorhambury, Mr. Martin, and Cockermouth. The Cape turf is said to have reached its zenith under Lord Charles Somerset; and the late Sir Walter Gilbert bore high testimony to the style in which the Dragoon Guards, weighing on the average about twenty stone, were carried through their long marches by its hackneys. Unhappily, the present colonists do not pay such a high price, or import nearly such good horses as they used to do; and the Mynheers "cultivate assiduously many of the continental prejudices regarding colour and marks, and are particularly solicitous about small pointed ears, a pretty head, and peacocky carriage; legs and feet, strength and substance, being minor considerations."*

* *Sporting Review*, March, 1856.

The Russians, who were once among our largest customers, turn their sires out of the stud at twenty-three, thus virtually following the spirit of the Celtic triplet which says that "Thrice the life of a horse is the life of a man," and so on to stags and eagles in geometric progression. Mr. Kirby of York, a very old exporter of horses, did a great business with them for about half a century. This wonderful octogenarian first set foot at Cronstadt in 1791, when he was little more than twenty-one, in charge of a string of horses, which a speculative Market Weighton brewer sent out at a venture, and repeated his visits till he was nearly sixty, bearing with him on his dreary three-weeks' voyages the choicest blood of Yorkshire. As his business increased, he generally chartered a vessel there and back again, and on one occasion he took out no less than forty-two in the *Mary Frances*. They were stabled in the hold on the ballast-sand, and each of them was allowed a stall of six feet by four and a half, while the whole space devoted to them was seven feet high, and well ventilated through the hatches. What with stall fittings, corn, hay, straw, water-casks, and freight, they each cost about 10*l.* on the voyage. He only lost one of them at sea during the whole of his journeyings; but as if to make up for it, fourteen were drowned in his sale stables in one night, by a sudden inundation of the Neva. These were not his only perils on Russian soil. He had once scarcely bedded up a lot for the night, after their walk from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, and written circulars to his principal customers, who, like the Emperor Alexander, were wont to convert his stables into a sporting lounge, than he received notice that the Emperor Paul had ordered all the English ships to be seized. The fact of his being a well-known character in Russia saved him from being personally annoyed as his countrymen were; but still he felt so apprehensive lest his horses

should be confiscated, that he determined to sell everything off at once. Accordingly he asked Count Rotoschpin, who had been betimes at his stables, to make him a 300*l.* offer for Brough, if he knew of any one who would buy that horse and ten out of the eleven mares in one lot. "I know a gentleman, or at least one who calls himself a gentleman, that Count Koutightsoff, who'll take them!" was the response, and to him Mr. Kirby accordingly went. The Count asked him their names, and ordered him to go home and bring a list with the prices marked. As he somewhat suspected how it would be, he returned with a list headed with "Bay horse Brough, 500*l.*" "The mares are culled ones, I conclude," said the Count, as he glanced at the list; and then, pointing to Brough's price, he added, "I'll give you that for the whole eleven, or I'll take them to-morrow for nothing; take your twenty minutes to think of it:" and with this he left the room. Punctual to a moment, he reappeared in full uniform, and sardonically inquired of Mr. Kirby if he liked his offer. "I should be cheating myself, sire," replied the representative of all the Tykes at the Court of St. Petersburg; "I should not clear my expenses if I took your price." "And you're trying to cheat me, you English rascal; I'll pinch your ear for it"—was the fierce rejoinder. Remonstrance was a dangerous game; so Mr. Kirby sorrowfully led the eleven, as he was directed, to the Emperor's stables, and received Brough's price for the lot on delivery. One mare, sister to Hambletonian, had not been included in the lot; and on the very morning that the news of the Emperor Paul's death brought smiles into every face except Koutightsoff's (who went flying across the Neva, not on Brough, but on foot, in a grey peasant suit), Mr. Kirby sleighed five or six miles out of St. Petersburgh to close with a nobleman who had been nibbling at her from the evening she landed. "Any news at St. Petersburg, Kirby?" was the apparently

off-hand question which was put to him when he entered; and when he reflected on the nonchalance with which both his customer and his brother, who were seated at an early breakfast, received the news, he did not altogether disbelieve the rumour that the twain had with their own hands drawn the fatal scarlet sash the night before. With true John Bull curiosity, our hero joined in the privileged stream of Muscovites, which flowed through the little room where the tragedy was enacted. The ex-tyrant lay where he fell, on a little sofa, in a morning gown and cap, with a face as black as a Mulatto, and the left jaw all awry, and broken by a fist-blow from a third conspirator, who must have "blushed to find it fame." This private view was succeeded by a public lying-in-state, and the corpse, dressed in uniform with a blaze of orders on its breast, met the fierce gaze of its late subjects for three days and nights at the foot of the throne. Koutightsoff retained his presence of mind in money transactions to the last; and when Mr. Kirby gained an interview with him during the twenty-four hours which were allowed him by the police to set his house in order, he observed that it did not lie in his mouth to dispute the valuation of the man who knew better than any one in Russia what Brough was worth, and that he was therefore, quite welcome to have him back for 500*l.*! Never was Yorkshireman so checkmated before.

The Emperors Alexander and Nicholas invariably smiled on Mr. Kirby, whether his country was in sunshine or in shade with them, and not only gave him four valuable rings, but granted him permission to emblazon the two-headed black eagle of Russia on the front of his white jockey caps. His racing days were over before the late Emperor visited Ascot Heath in 1844, or he would have taken care that his "chocolate jacket and white cap" should have been unfurled for the fray. It has always been a subject of

congratulation with him that the Imperial visit did not take place two years sooner, when his favourite Lanercost staggered in last for the Cup, which he had won so cleverly the year before. No light has ever been thrown on this sad transaction, except that when the horse stopped in his van for a few moments at the door of an inn between Leatherhead and Sunning Hill, a man in a sailor's dress jumped in an apparently off-hand way on to the side of the van, remarking to another tar, "*Jump up, here's Lanercost; I never saw him before!*" and took a long survey of him. One of the pair is supposed to have administered some very powerful narcotic powder in his handkerchief, while his comrade took off the attention of the groom. The result was, that Templeman found him "as dead as a tar-barrel" in his hands, long before he had reached the Swinley Post; and in the course of the next month he completely changed colour.

But we have not told all Mr. Kirby's Russian adventures. After the bombardment of Copenhagen, and before Alexander separated himself from the Northern League, he found popular feeling beginning to run so high against Nelson's countrymen, that he deemed it best to come home. As there was not a chance of getting an ordinary pass under three weeks, he prevailed on Count Waroff (who vowed that he dared not ask such a favour for himself) to station him at the private door of the palace when the Emperor came out to parade his soldiers. He accordingly made his obeisance, and after a passing remark about his last lot of horses, he was graciously asked by the Emperor if he wanted anything, and informed that he might come to him on the parade ground when all was over. This was no easy matter, as the guards told him he was an "impudent Englishman," and ought to be "ashamed to show his face;" and one more delicately ironical than the rest per-

sisted in following him, and taking care that he did speak to the Emperor. "You must bring me good horses, Thomas Kirby, if you do go," was the only condition imposed upon him. The appeal of the red-tape Chamberlain against such a heretical proceeding as getting a pass signed and countersigned in twenty-four hours was quashed almost without a hearing; and punctually at the end of that time he was gliding out of Cronstadt, pass in pocket, in a Russian war frigate. As they neared Revel, they met Nelson's fleet coming out of it in three divisions, and Mr. Kirby was straightway elevated on to the poop by the side of the Russian Admiral, and interpreted to the captain of a British flag-boat the news, of which up to that moment he had been kept in the profoundest ignorance, that the Emperor had signed the treaty with Great Britain. This was the first intimation Nelson had of the fact, as the imperial courier had not arrived overland from St. Petersburg. On receiving the official confirmation of Mr. Kirby's poop story, he at once signalled to "send that Englishman on board," and accordingly the Englishman and his trunk were hoisted into his flag-ship, the *St. George*. During the two days that he spent under the shade of the Union Jack, he had no conversation with the "poor thing like a shadow," but merely watched him as he paced the quarter-deck. Still he was not forgotten; but was sent off free of expense by the Speedwell to Yarmouth, and kept his promise right faithfully to the Emperor by re-appearing in less than three months at the palace, with a list of forty culled ones.

The late Emperor was nearly as fond of horses as his brother, and one of his last purchases was a splendid black charger from Mr. Ashton, of Lincolnshire. He made a tempting offer to Frank Butler in 1842, to go over and ride and train for him at Sarkasello; but fears of the cold climate, and his brightening saddle hopes at home, deterred him from

taking it; and the late Henry Neale, who was glad to leave it for the milder air of St. Germain-en-laye, the veritable *Reesh*-mond of France, emigrated in his place. The highest prices Mr. Kirby ever received from Nicholas were 2000 guineas for Van Tromp, and 2250 guineas for General Chassé. The latter was rather a compact, very good-looking horse, though a trifle too short in the neck and barrel, dark chestnut, with a light-coloured, high-set tail and mane, and, as Sir Robert Peel said of his great namesake, "a most unsurrendering countenance." He was up to very high weights, but his victories, which Jack Holmes had fairly to cut out of him with steel and whalebone, were the most bloody we ever witnessed, and in temper, as Mr. Kirby was wont to say, "the Emperor Paul was nothing to him." He bought him from Sir James Boswell in the winter of 1837, and shipped him as early as he could, in the ensuing spring, without letting him see a mare. In all his experience with horses, Mr. Kirby never spent a more weary four months than he did with this son of Actæon. His first owner's impression was that he "would not lead," but the lad eventually contrived to coax him from Gullane to York. He commenced operations with his new groom when he first walked him down a narrow lane near Walmgate Bar, and was kneeling on him and trying to tear him to pieces, when a squadron of labourers charged him with sticks and dung-forks, and made him loose his hold. No one but Mr. Kirby dared give him a ball, and his wild frenzy when he found himself hoppled for the occasion was fearfully beautiful to see. As a last effort to sober him he was walked to Hull without his shoes; but footsore and tired as he was, he resolutely refused to do more than put his head out of the stable the next morning, so long as the crowd, who had been attracted by his turf fame, remained in the yard. When they were turned out and his eyes had been bandaged, he obeyed orders

rather more readily ; and as he chanced to hit one of his front legs against the step as he left the stable, he stepped so ludicrously high on crossing the moveable stage to the vessel that he took very little note of it. Once more in the light he had another frenzy-fit, and was sadly uproarious all the voyage.

Mr. Kirby might well say, in the language of his country, "he was a *parlous* horse;" but we have been told that his old trainer, Fobert, has still a tender recollection of the days they spent at Holywell together, and had sent a commission to purchase him at something under a hundred, when war was proclaimed. Merlin was also one of the brilliant savages, and was obliged to be double-chained to the rack in the painting-room, when he visited Mr. Herring senior, at Six-Mile Bottom. His temper failed him when he was slung for a broken leg, and he made an early use of his liberty by killing his groom. The Bard, we believe, committed homicide once, if not twice ; and Mundig is said not only to have meant well on a similar occasion, but not to have allowed any one to go near him for a fortnight. Una and Malton could hardly be got into a van or railway box ; Chanticleer took such a strange prejudice against the latter mode of conveyance on a sudden, that it was found impossible to take him to Goodwood one year ; and we think it was Cranebrook who steadily refused for three weeks to let any one shoe him. Violante had a permanent horror of a blacksmith, and Mr. Robert Heathcoate's Georgiana, one of the first horses that Sam Chifney rode, was always obliged to be backed out of the stable and backed in again. There is also a story in Northamptonshire, to the effect that the celebrated fifteen-one "Candlestick horse" took offence at his groom's style of friction, and was only cleaned for several seasons by a series of judicious dashes with a besom. This horse was originally bought by Dr. Hill, of Hinckley, for a few pounds, as

he stood ragged and forlorn from the Welsh hills, and tied to the rails in Leicester market. His new owner, who was no feather-weight, little thought what "a proud sea" he was bestriding, till he suddenly took the bit in his teeth, when he heard the music of the Atherstone near Hinckley, and carried him over the hills and far away from his patients to Loughboro'! However, a thorough-bred chestnut was made, some forty years ago, the scapegoat for all the troubles which the temper of his race has inflicted on men. His master was an eccentric squire, whose ire had been specially excited against the horse for not winning a race in which he had started dead lame. After a formal trial, the poor wretch was sentenced to seven years' transportation, which was subsequently altered to imprisonment for life. He was thrust into a loose box, and kept in perpetual darkness; no straw was given him, his corn was interdicted, and just enough hay and water to keep life and body together was handed to him through an aperture. No one cared or dared to interfere, and not until the old man died was the door opened and his victim allowed to wade forth, after fifteen months, into the light of day.

## CHAPTER V.

### NEWMARKET IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"'Tis sixty years since."
*Waverley.*

WE were once killing a little time in a circulating library, when we stumbled on the biography of our greatest English entomologist, who died at the age of ninety. Making allowance therefore for infancy, he must, to judge from his published sentiments, have lived for nearly seventy years in an insect world of his own. The lamp of his zeal never waxed dim. A year or two before his death, he was seen trudging forth, with his lantern, into the wood behind his parsonage, to learn if the *Formica rufa* (red ant) really worked or shut up at midnight; and he was in perfect ecstacies, one afternoon, when he found a golden bug sporting on the window-sill. Half a century before, he had shown equally strong emotions when he discovered something of the same *genus*, "but new to me," on his stocking, at a little inn in Norfolk. A sociable gig-ramble of a month, which he had undertaken, through some of the eastern counties, with a friend (after whom he had christened several insects), caused him to be dressing there on that memorable morning, and brought him, on the evening of July 3rd, 1797, to the friendly portals of The Ram at Newmarket, into which Lord Orford had driven his Stag four-in-hand with such hot haste

when the Essex hounds ran their slot. The incidents of the visit are thus handled in his journal :—

"July 3rd, arrived at Newmarket 6 P.M., where The Ram, wide opening its ravenous maw, stood to receive us. We regale ourselves, after an expeditious journey, upon a comfortable cup of tea, and then take a walk to the race-course, as far as the stands. By the way we observe *Centaurea calcitrapa* plentifully. At some distance we see the Devil's Dyke, and terrified with the prospect, retreat with hasty steps to supper. *Soham cheese very fine.*—July 4th. On going into the quadrangle of this magnificent inn, I observed a post-chaise, with episcopal insignia ; it belonged to our worthy diocesan. On the panel of the chaise-door I took a new *Empis*."

Having thus violated the sanctuary of a Bishop's carriage, and stowed their victim in the specimen-box, they seem to have taken a *detour* of two or three days, during which they slew a *Tabanis bovinus*, which had bitten the gig horse till it was covered with blood. Their next Newmarket entry is as follows :—

"July 6th. Left Cambridge early. A little before eight we reach the Devil's Dyke : we dismount to look for insects, and find in vast abundance the *Scarabæus ruricola* of Fabricius, and the *Scarabæus variabilis* of Mainham. This unexpected success acted as a cordial and reviver to our spirits. Once more enter The Ram, and here breakfast ; and after settling our new colony of *Scarabæi* in their boxes, set off again for Barton Mills."

We carefully copied these quaint remarks into our pocket-book ! and our reflections on them, as we strolled home, were on this wise :—First, we thought what a mercy it was these sages were not challenged for touts, and how very little the trainers would have believed in them and their mild explanations. Again, we felt not a little nettled that they should have passed through Newmarket when George the Third was king, and yet handed nothing down to posterity but a few enthusiastic reflections on its inns and its insects. Alas ! they wot not, poor harmless souls ! of the high-bred sportsmen and the sound-lunged steeds, who had so often terrified their *Scarabæi*, as they galloped over that Heath, which is not without

its charm for those who love the traditions of the past. "It was here," says the author of *Historic Fancies*, "that the Duke of his day felt a much greater excitement than in chasing the rebels at Culloden; here that Junius Duke of Grafton when Prime Minister, would come with that fair lady for whom he had abandoned that fairer Duchess whom Chauvelin had so adored; here that a quarter of a century before Walpole had won Cups with more pleasure than he was to wear a coronet; here that his great rival felt all that interest in racing, which produced his charming paper on Newmarket in the World."

At the very time when this great beetle-digging match came off over its Bunbury Course, the Racing Club of the "little town in Suffolk" was in its very heyday of renown. The ink with which Boswell had chronicled its glories was scarcely dry when he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson; and if the grave had not but just claimed him, the incidents of another five-and-twenty years might now have furnished him with ample materials for an additional canto. He would not have failed to sing how powder and pigtails were seen there no more, and how the solemn league and covenant, which was entered into and carried out on a perfect field-day of cutting and combing in the powder-room at Woburn Abbey, had wrought this wondrous change. The troubled state of the continent prevented the patrons of racing from roving away in quest of Parisian novelties and Italian skies; and hence the axle-trees of the Chesterford post-chaises were seldom allowed to cool during seven months of the year. Nearly every trainer was a private one, and out of the three or four hundred nags who (until Robson introduced the eight o'clock plan) took their breathings at four in the morning and four in the afternoon, at least half were stout enough to be matched at high weights

over the D.I., or enter the lists for a B.C. plate. Very few two-year-olds were then trained, but yearlings were at times called upon to exhibit, over their especial 2 fur. 52 yds. course on the Flat. Matching was the very heart-blood of the meetings, and when ten or twelve choice souls, each with the spirit of a Bedford or a Glasgow, met in earnest round the Club decanters, both jockeys and trainers knew that there would be heavy work cut out for them before dawn. Five harvest moons had waned since the merry heart and splendid presence of "George Guelph" had ceased to enliven these revels. The Newmarket breakfast-tables were no longer on the *qui vive* for the news of some fresh practical joke which had been played off by him at the Club overnight. No French Prince had now to be coaxed vigorously for twelve hours before he would forgive the royal thrust, which sent him suddenly overhead into the pond before its windows, as he bent forward to examine "*de beautiful fish of gold;*" and even Bow-street Townsend had ceased to look grim and discomfited, when the wags would persist in asking him if he had "*found the door key?*" The royal string, with their lads in scarlet liveries, was no longer to be seen issuing out of the Palace stables, when Baker or Neale was in command, and streaming across the flat, or up the Bury hill, in Indian file; and a massive but finely-formed outline, in an overcoat with a fur collar, was no longer dimly descried at the ending post by Samuel Chifney, as he rode the trials at five o'clock on a grey September morning. The bitterness with which some, who were all smiles to the Prince's face, commented behind his back on the running of Escape, had driven him in disgust from the spot, with a hasty vow that it should know him no more. Still his temporary desertion did not make the Heath a desert. Francis Duke of Bedford had upwards of thirty horses at the Valley, or Eight-mile

Bottom, which, with the grandfather of the Stephensons as their trainer, and Samuel Chifney as jockey, nobly upheld the *prestige* of the "buff and purple stripes." Pratt had a large string of Lord Grosvenor's at Hare Park; and there was, too, no mean cluster of trainers at the Six-mile Bottom. It was here that the Prince had his stud-farm, which with the house annexed passed as a gift into Colonel Leigh's hands, and became memorable in Mr. Hunter's day as the birthplace of the grey Gustavus; and still later, of many a young scion of the straight-thighed Partisan, whose *inamoratas* might be seen working at the plough, till within a month of foaling, on Lord Lowther's farm. In Newmarket itself, Sir Frank Standish's stable was among the foremost, and had, within the two previous years, nailed the plates of two Derby winners, and one Oaks winner, on its doors. Messrs. Panton and Vernon, too, not only resided and kept private trainers there, but the former was an equal enthusiast with hound and horn, and hunted a part of the Cambridgeshire and Essex countries. Although he had some good racers in his time, he always said that *his* Childers was the flying Abyssey-wood fox, who stood before the hounds for five-and-twenty miles without a check, and was pulled down, after running straight along the A. F., within a few yards of the weighing-house, as it strove in its death agony to rise the hill. Crockford purchased his estate after his death; but as yet the pale flabby features and white "hay-wisp-fashion" neckcloth of the great speculator were unknown to fame. The colours of Sir Charles Bunbury and Mr. Christopher Wilson, both of whom were in turn "Fathers of the Turf," not unfrequently caught Mr. Hilton's eye at the finish, and earned a still less fleeting notice on the canvas of Stubbs. Ben Marshall had not as yet set up his easel, and Robson had not become the Leviathan trainer of Suffolk, but was engaged to Sir F. Poole, at Lewes, and waxing greater

and greater after Waxy's victory at Epsom; Lord Clermont never tired of looking into his own stables, where Hammond's Bank now stands; and Perren had the charge of Lord Barrymore's string. It is told of his eccentric lordship, that on one occasion he came forth on to the pavement in front of his stables, and collected a large crowd by roaring "O yes! O yes! O yes! who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" and then discomforted a bidder by assuring him that "when I see such a horse I will be sure to let you know." "Hell Fire Dick," so called from his marvellous knack of getting horses on to their legs in half-mile and quarter-mile matches, trained for "old Q." at Queensbury House, where the Prince had been a constant dinner guest during the meetings. The old "sallow leather" peer, with his three-cornered hat (on which point Lord Clermont imitated him), his sharp aquiline nose and keen sunken eye, was then, both here and everywhere, owing to his extraordinary carriage and cricket-ball matches, &c., an object of the utmost interest; and he thought nothing of riding his pony right up to the best windows in the High street, and ogling the fair maids and matrons within. His character for acuteness may be seen from the high place he holds in the following "Recipe to make a Jockey," which was handed about the coffee-houses of that day:—

> "Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size:
> Into Queensbury's head put Bunbury's eyes:
> Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood;
> To answer your purpose, there's none half so good:
> Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient;
> The world cannot furnish a better ingredient:
> From Derby and Bedford take plenty of spirit;
> Successful or not, they have always that merit:
> Tommy Panton's address, John Wastell's advice,
> And a touch of Prometheus—'tis done in a trice."

Newmarket has undergone endless changes since all

these choice spirits exchanged minds on the Heath. The mind of the venerable waiter, on whose head no race-goer or villager could ever remember to have seen a hat, and the ghosts of the chaises which rumbled that seventeen miles, year after year, past Bourne Bridge, may be soothed when they see the Chesterford line rank with grass and weeds; but this is the only "pull" they have. Time, that gentle innovator, has silently done his work in Newmarket, and in some respects, not for the better. The outline of the Club buildings is the same, but the greater part of the Palace has been pulled down, sold, or converted into shops, and the late Duke of Rutland was its latest race-occupant. "Queen Jamie" had first built it for a hunting residence, and in 1647 the Roundhead sentinels hummed a surly hymn at its portals as they kept watch and ward for a fortnight over their captive King. Under their grim auspices the cockpit, in which James had so often delighted, quickly became desolate; but cocking from ten till dinner-time, races from three to six, and then to the cockpit again, was the summer order of the Merrie Monarch's Newmarket day. His time was divided between Windsor, Newmarket, and Winchester, and when nothing but a few blackened walls remained of the much-loved racing seat, his autumns were principally spent in hunting excursions in the New Forest. These royal visits to Winchester, on the site of whose ancient castle he laid the foundation of a palace, which Sir Christopher Wren had designed partly after the model of Versailles, did not lack his wonted retinue, who broke the stillness of the grey cathedral cloisters with their glee songs and their dances. The Duchess of Portsmouth, his most favoured mistress, furnished out of hand a house for herself; but Nell Gwynne had reason to sigh for her snug Newmarket "Nunnery," beneath whose roof Frank Butler died, and which was said to be connected in old times with the Palace by

a subterranean passage. When the "Harbinger," whose duty it was to provide lodgings in a royal progress, arrived at Winchester, he marked the prebendal house of Dr. Ken for Nelly's residence; but that dauntless King's chaplain refused her admittance, and she was forced to seek lodgings elsewhere, until the more complaisant Dean Meggot built her a room at the south end of the deanery. Ken's holy courage met with its reward, even from the sovereign whom he had defied; and two years later, and within one short week of his consecration as Bishop, he was summoned to administer to him the last consolations of the Church. On the very evening of the Sunday that he was consecrated (Jan. 25th, 1685), says Evelyn, "I was witness of the King, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, while about twenty of the great courtiers were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them. *Six days after, all was in the dust;*" and great was the wailing at Whitehall and Newmarket.

About the close of the eighteenth century the town had no more earnest patron than the future Duke of Dorset, whose horses were under the care of Samuel Chifney. One Derby and four Oaks had already fallen to the lot of the latter; and although Pratt, the two Arnulls, Hindley, Dennis Fitzpatrick, and the then juvenile Frank Buckle were powerful opponents, he was universally looked upon as the first horseman of the time. In fact, with all his fond partiality for the brother who shared his triumphs, Will Chifney always considered that his father was a shade the superior. He was about 5ft. 5in. in height, walked about 9st. 5lb. in the winter months, and could ride, if required for a great race, 7st. 12lb. to the last. With the exception of Frank Buckle, perhaps no man was ever so exactly built for his profession. His science

was, however, far from being confined to the saddle, and hence while he ceaselessly initiated his son Sam into all its mysteries, he took equal pains to instruct the elder brother William in the minutest details of training and stable practice. His own knowledge on these points was so great, that calumny soon marked him for her own; and the under-current of jealousy which was always steadily flowing against the Prince was not likely to spare his jockey. Hence it was that the very year after he left Mr. Panton's service, and engaged himself to the Prince at a 200*l.* salary, the Yorkshiremen made their venomous attacks upon him for his riding of Traveller and Creeper. This was followed up by the Escape affair in the autumn of that year (1791); but Chifney, conscious of his innocence, bore these attacks and their consequences with the utmost calmness; and when some eight years after, the far-seeing tykes again blamed his riding of Mr. Cookson's Sir Harry, he requested that gentleman to put up Singleton on the following day, and had the quiet satisfaction of seeing the horse beaten off again in a very much worse field. The malice of his persecutors tempted him in after-years to speak with his pen, through the pages of "Genius Genuine," the very same remarks as to condition, &c., which he had privately tendered to his employers after each of these races. His great theory of slack-rein riding, for which the Duke of Bedford had been so unmercifully teased at the Club parties, that he very nearly requested him to send in his jacket, was copiously treated of in this work, and the few following sentences may be said to comprise the kernel of his sentiments on the subject:—

"The first fine part in riding a race is to command your horse to run light in his mouth: it is done with manner; it keeps him the better together, his legs are the more under him, his sinews less extended, less exertion, his wind less locked; the horse running thus to order, feeling light for his rider's wants; his parts are more at ease and ready, and can run considerably faster when called upon than when he has been

running in the fretting, sprawling attitudes, with part of his rider's weight in his mouth.

"And as the horse comes to his last extremity, finishing his race, he is the better forced and kept straight with manner, and fine touching to his mouth. In this situation the horse's mouth should be eased of the weight of his rein; if not, it stops him little or much. If a horse is a slug, he should be forced with a manner up to this order of running, and particularly so if he has to make play, or he will run the slower, and jade the sooner for the want of it.

"The phrase at Newmarket is, that you should pull your horse to ease him in his running. When horses are in their great distress in running, they cannot bear that visible manner of pulling as looked for by many of the sportsmen; he should be enticed to ease himself an inch a time, as his situation will allow.

"This should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and that you were afraid of breaking it.

"This is the true way a horse should be held fast in his running.

"N.B.—If the Jockey Club will be pleased to give me two hundred guineas, I will make them a bridle as I believe never was, and I believe can never be, excelled for their light weights to hold their horses from running away."

His name was so inseparably connected with this style of riding, that when Stubbs painted him on Baronet he represented him sitting backward, as was his wont, with an apparently slack rein. It was the son who caused "the Chifney rush" to pass into an English proverb; but, although many affected to consider him a pedant, Paganini had not more complete mastery over a violin than the father acquired over a horse's mouth, however hard and unformed. This was strikingly proved in the case of Knowsley, at Guildford, whither after being purchased by the Prince out of Yorkshire for one thousand guineas, he was sent to run for the King's Plate. This horse had run away with every jockey as yet, and therefore a large party of the Prince's friends came down expressly to see how Chifney would handle him. "*Take that silly gimcrack away, and bring me a plain snaffle,*" was his remark when they handed him a tremendous curb-bridle for inspection in the weighing-house; and then sallying forth, snaffle in hand, he not only went first past the judge with a slack rein, but

repeated the feat on him shortly after at Winchester. He was as great on idle horses as he was on pullers of the Knowsley stamp; but perhaps one of his greatest triumphs in mouth-touching was when he rode Eagle. He had advised the Duke of Dorset to buy the horse from Sir Frank Standish, and run him for the King's Plate at Newmarket. When the two emerged from the rubbing-house, Sir Frank rode up to the Duke, and advised him not to back the horse for a halfpenny, as no jockey yet had been able to make him do his best. Chifney had never been on him before; but he simply replied, when the Duke reported this speech to him—"*I'll let Sir Frank Standish see whether I can get him out or not; and what's more, I'll neither use whip nor spur to him.*" The other jockeys were so fully aware of Eagle's sluggishness, that they positively walked the first three miles and a quarter of the Round Course, and then came along as hard as they could split for the last three furlongs. However, these tactics did not answer, as Eagle could not withstand the masterly bit pressure which was at once brought to bear on him, and won a very fine race by a neck, without being touched by whip or spur.

If our old friends the beetle-hunters had chanced to turn their steps towards the Bury Hill, on that pleasant July evening, instead of taking a clerical *reconnaissance* of the Devil's Dyke, they might have passed a merry cricketing group, in which Will and Sam Chifney were bearing a hand. Frank Buckle was then in the very prime of manhood; Robinson and Harry Edwards were only teething, and Sam Chifney still wanted some months of eleven. Will Chifney, who was two years senior to his brother, was thrice as active in all his ways and movements; and even at cricket, while the former might be seen indefatigable and hot-faced in batting, bowling, and fielding, the latter stretched himself lazily on the grass till his innings came round, and then made the pace so

bad between wickets, that his scorer had generally a sinecure. The very different temperaments which even cricket practice elicited, had full scope under the rigid but ever affectionate tuition of their father; and while he carefully grounded Will in the rudiments of that training lore of which Priam and Zinganee were destined to be such enduring monuments, he gave Sam lesson after lesson in race-riding, from the moment he dared trust him on a pony alone. To leave the whip and bit, which he had handled so long and so worthily, in the hands of another S. CHIFNEY of his own teaching, was the great wish of his heart. Hence, as if with a melancholy foreboding that his child would soon be called to take his own place on the Prince's horses, he used to slip off with him into the stables when he was barely three stone, and after putting a racing saddle on to Kit Karr, Silver, Sober Robin, or Magic, show him by the hour how to sit and hold his reins. Aided by lessons of this nature, and constant practice twice a day in the gallops, Will had already become a very expert horseman; and while he was with the string at exercise, his father and Sam, one on his Heath hack, and the other on a pony, would mark out a 300 yards' course under the cover of the fir clump on the Warren Hill, and run twelve or thirteen races in an afternoon. Every phase of finishing was compressed into the lesson. Sam would make the running; and then his father would get to his girths, take a pull, and initiate him into the mysteries of a set-to. These tactics would then be reversed, and Sam taught to get up and win by a head in the last stride, or to nurse his pony and come with a tremendous rush. The rush did not, however, supersede the favourite slack-rein system, at which both the boys practised with the most intense perseverance. Sam almost lived on his pony; and poor Dennis Fitzpatrick, who died in his forty-second year, from a cold caught in wasting, only six months before Chifney

*senior*, used to look jokingly forward to the days when the father and son would challenge him right and left at the winning chair. "*By the powers, it's not fair anyhow*," he used to say, as he cantered past them when they were at this game : "*Buckle and I will be having Sam and* SAM-SON *down on us soon.*"

## CHAPTER VI.

### SAM CHIFNEY.

"And Yorkshire sees, with eye of fear,
The Southron stealing from the rear.
Aye! mark his action well!"

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

THE autumn of 1799 brought with it Sam's thirteenth birthday; and as a lad of that age, who could still scale 4st. 2lb., had not the chance of three Newmarket mounts a year, his father determined to send him to his maternal uncle, Mr. Smallman, who was then private trainer to the Earl of Oxford, at Brampton Park, in Herefordshire. Although he was sorrowful enough, in his quiet way, at bidding good-bye to all at Newmarket, the little fellow looked eagerly forward to the rides on the "Welsh circuit," which his uncle held out to him. He buoyed himself up too with the hopes that the Prince's heart was still true to racing, and that he and his father would in due time share the Royal mounts. When the "Escape affair" happened, he was little more than five; but still the image of a handsome stout gentleman coming down, over and over again, to his father's parlour, with Colonel Leigh, and not only insisting on him and Will staying in the room while they chatted there, but often leaving a bright new guinea in their hands, was one calculated to haunt a child's memory for many a long day. With such high hopes to cheer him, he took to riding for Lord Oxford with no little

energy and success, and over and over again discomfited Dick Carr and the other leaders of the circuit, by "*waiting* till they had ridden each other to a standstill, and then *pouncing* on them at the post." His capital riding atoned to his uncle for his impatience of stable discipline; and his lordship's French valet, after receiving many a gallant heel-and-toe assault from him when he tried to put him out of the still-room, was fain at last to make peace with him on the same grounds. The Earl was a man who went strictly on John Osborne's principle, that "*if a horse wants sweating, you may as well sweat him for the brass,*" and his numerous victories in 1800-1 so raised the reputation of Sam and Smallman, that the Prince engaged the latter as his trainer, and in 1802 again ranked among English turfites. His new training quarters were fixed at Albury Grange, near Winchester, and his stud consisted, hunters and all, of about sixteen. Sam accompanied his uncle thither, for a few weeks, and mounted the magnificent "purple jacket with scarlet sleeves, and gold-braid buttons, and black cap with gold tassel" of the Prince for the first time at the Stockbridge Meeting of that year. Chifney senior was still one of the Turf lions of the day, and hence there was no little anxiety among the Hampshire yokels to see his little son perform. Nothing could have been abler than his riding, but he was beaten a short head on a Fidget colt. This day was always pleasantly marked in his mind as the real and long-wished-for beginning of his riding career, and his favourite farm was christened after the colt's sire.

The brothers met next at the Grange, after a two-years' separation, and it was settled that Sam should return to Newmarket, and be attached to the stables of Perren, who was then in considerable repute as a trainer, and Will take his place as assistant to his uncle. The Albury arrangement did not, however,

last long; and the royal stud, after a short sojourn at the sadly small Old Pavilion stables at Brighton, was finally removed, under Smallman's charge, to Perren's stables, at Newmarket. Lord Darlington was at this time one of Perren's principal masters, and a Haphazard confederacy was entered into between him and the Prince, which shortly came to an end in consequence of some difference about a match between this horse and Dick Andrews, at Lewes. Chifney senior had still the Prince's riding, but Perren was enabled to give young Sam some mounts among his other masters, when an unfortunate outburst of indignation on the part of Will, who was now about eighteen, in the High Street of Newmarket, not only brought him for six dreary months within the bolts of the Cambridge jail, and broke off the connexion between his family and the Prince, but induced the Duke of Grafton and several other leading owners of horses to withdraw their riding retainers from his brother. On the real nature and circumstances of this painful affair there is no need to dwell. The utmost that could be said of Chifney senior was that he showed a want of firmness. His riding fame in this instance was his bane, and it was hardly to be wondered at that owners should do their very utmost to secure the "first call" of him. Four out of the five concerned in it have passed away, and though the indignation of Will was only such as a lad of high principle had a right to feel when he considered that his father had been hardly dealt with, his wrath was unfortunately vented on one who was after all only an involuntary agent in the matter. Suffice it to say, that time soon applied its healing touch, and that the kind feeling and intercourse between Colonel Leigh and William Chifney were renewed before twelve months had passed away, and continued unbroken till the Colonel's death in 1850. Young Sam's friends soon began to flock round him again; but his father's saddle

career was over, and he quitted Newmarket for London in 1806, never to return to it. William Edwards had been riding for the Prince in the interim, but his heart was still with the Chifneys. A 200-guinea pension was bestowed on old Sam for the lifetime of his patron, which he assigned, according to the report in *Bosanquet and Puller*, to one Sparkes, the year before he died, for 1260*l.*; and when Sam had won his great New Claret victory, in the First Spring Meeting of 1805, on Lord Darlington's Pavilion, he received the royal jacket which his father had sorrowfully "sent in" some two years before. This memorable race was also the means of permanently bringing him into the Darlington riding. Pavilion was a fine dark-bay horse, without any white; but his private and public performances so little entitled him to cope with his opponents, that he was only quoted at 7 to 1 at starting. Three such animals had never before been stripped at Newmarket since the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Oaks had become lustre-giving names; and here each of them, in Hannibal (W. Arnull), Sancho (Buckle), and Pelisse (Clift), sent forth its champion of the preceding year to join in the D. I. fray, the anticipation of which had fairly thrilled through turfites for many a month before. Sancho's fine size and rare performances, to say nothing of the fascination which attached to the great "Frank" of that day, brought him to 6 to 4, while Hannibal was at 3, and Pelisse at 5 to 1. Sam, who still wanted some months of nineteen, did not think that the trio were very far out when they asked him, as the starter drew them in line at the Ditch, if he had "come to look on;" but he patiently waited off, while Sancho forced the running, made a rush a little beyond the Duke's stand, and astonished none among the thousands present more than Lord Darlington and Perren, by coming in some two lengths first. Sancho could not have run

to his form, as he easily defeated Pavilion afterwards in a 3000-guinea match at Lewes, and was repeating the feat for the same sum, over the same course, when he broke down.

When Sam thus gained his first great laurels at Newmarket, he was not unknown in Yorkshire, as his maiden appearance on Knavesmire, in "Mrs. Thornton's year," had been signalized by a winning mount on Lady Brough, against their three great jockeys—Jackson, Clift, and Peirse. The slack-rein doctrines of his father had been so much sneered at by these Northern cracks, that he determined to support the honour of the family, and show them, on their own ground, that he could ride his mare in that fashion and win. Accordingly (as the somewhat puzzle-headed turf reporter of those days remarks), "Young Chifney, in the last sixty yards, threw down his reins loose on Lady Brough's neck and flogged her, and afterwards held up his whip loosely to threaten her; by this she was thrown in with more precipitation, as it were headforemost, and was thought to run no risk of the filly changing legs, which is sometimes the case from additional whipping." The tykes, who were very jealous of the honour of their jocks, did not relish their defeat at all; and when Sam informed his brother, on his return, that he could "*lick their heads off*," Will, with all that admiration of his father, and that true Newmarket contempt of provincial riding (which has received a considerable check for some years past), replied that "*it would be a shame, Sam, if you couldn't, after such tuition as you've had.*"

Having thus fairly fought his way to eminence, Sam had the best mounts for nearly all Perren's masters, among whom Mr. Thornhill had just begun to rank. The mount he had for Lord George Cavendish, on Florival, against Petronel, produced some very great riding on both sides, and Buckle had the mortification of being worsted by a head. In the Violante *v.* Selim,

four-mile match, Sam was not so fortunate, as Selim gave in dead-beat, about a quarter of a mile from home. Although some of Buckle's best victories were gained on the world-famed mare Violante, he always felt a little sore when he won on her, as she ought really to have been his own. She had been at one time turned out of Lord Grosvenor's stud as useless, and was open to any purchaser at 50*l.* Buckle heard this, and accordingly rode over to Hare Park, and told Pratt that he would have her at that price, and send for her in a day or two. Lord Grovesnor was told of this purchase in the interim, and felt so sure that if Buckle had looked over her and liked her, there must be more in her than had met his own and Pratt's eye, that he sent and begged him to give up his bargain, which he very reluctantly did. Selim, a fine lengthy chestnut with a white heel and immense speed, was also celebrated in that day for more reasons than one, as his running in a sweepstakes, when Sam was not "up," was so suspicious that the Prince sent a peremptory message to the trainer, to the effect that the whole of his horses were "*to be sold or given away immediately.*" Reubens on whom Sam had finished a very close fourth in a rattling finish for the Pan Derby of that year (1808), and whom Dan Dawson boasted that he had once "got at," was among the fifteen which went up to Tattersall's to be sold in the autumn, and eighteen years passed over before the Prince's *third* and last time of asking began. Chifney senior had died in London in the January of the preceding year, within the dismal bars and bolts of the Fleet Prison, where he had been consigned by one Latchford the saddler (who had been connected with him in the manufacture of the Chifney bits), for a debt of 350*l.* He was scarcely fifty-two when his wife and six children followed him to his last resting-place in the city churchyard of St. Sepulchre's; but anxiety and illness had made him old long before his

time. A more united family than the Chifneys, both in trouble and prosperity, has rarely ever been witnessed; and the consciousness that he would now be able to make a good May offering to his mother's slender domestic funds not a little nerved Sam's stout heart and hand, when he found himself cleverly winning the Oaks of that year at Tattenham Corner, on the eighth favourite, General Grosvenor's Briseis.

After this very unlooked-for victory, he quitted Perren's Stable, and the Epsom spell being once broken, he again won the Oaks in 1811, for the Duke of Rutland, on his very smart mare Sorcery, the first favourite. The successful five-years' connexion between him and Perren was not severed by his departure, as in 1812 he became his son-in-law. It was now no easy task for him to go to scale under 8st., and his field of action was almost entirely confined to Ascot, Epsom, and Newmarket. He had a few mounts at York and Doncaster, for Lord Darlington, Sir Mark Sykes, &c.; but north of the Trent, he was always singularly unlucky, and during his long career, he only won twice at the former place, on Serab and Lady Brough, and once at the latter on Amadis-de-Gaul.

His early Oaks career was always as green and fresh as his nephew's, and in 1816 he won that stake for the third time on another first favourite, General Gower's Landscape; repeated the feat for Mr. Thornhill by a head on Shoveller, against Buckle on Espagnolle in 1819; and for General Grosvenor, on Wings, in 1825. The last-named mare—of whose son, *Vates* thus spake with keen Derby foresight some eighteen years after:

> "'Twixt here and the distance, great Caravan sings,
> O! that my mother would give me her *wings!*"

was low and lengthy, and apparently so moderate that even her trainer, Robson, with all his acumen,

thought her only fit to enter in a selling stakes on the first day of the meeting, and had arranged that Sam should ride the General's other filly, The Brownie. Will Chifney had formed a very different opinion of the relative merits of the pair, and got Mr. Charlton, the owner of the second horse in the selling stakes, to claim Wings for him, at 250 guineas. After the sale, he asked Robson to take her home for the night, and promised to send a cheque and a man for her the next morning. Something detained him till nearly everyone had quitted the Grand Stand, and on passing through it, the General suddenly beckoned him to his side. "*Well! Mr. Chifney*," he said, "*you wont take my mare, will you? I want her to force the running for Brownie, in the Oaks, &c.*" "*I will give her up, Sir, only on one condition*," replied Will, "*and that is that Sam rides* HER, *and not Brownie, for the Oaks.*" Will was pressed very hard to ascertain the reasons of his preference, but declared that they were based on nothing but his own idea of the two; and hence, finding that the mare would be restored on no other terms, it was settled that Sam was to ride Wings. Neither owner or trainer trusted her with much of their money, but the race came off exactly as Will anticipated; "Wings, who did not leave her wings at *yam*" (as a Yorkshireman in after years expressed it), winning a very splendid finish by a neck, while The Brownie was beaten off. "The Four-in-hand Club" turned out in great style this year, and Sir Henry Peyton had two sets of greys on the road. Sam's riding was no ordinary treat, and the patience with which he waited off, when Will Arnull jumped away at score on Tontine, and defeated Pastime (who only headed Tontine 100 yards from home) in her turn in the last three or four strides, stamped it in the eyes of the Jockey Club as his very finest performance. The rare old General was in a great state of delight at his second Oaks success, and sent a splendid pipe of port

from White's as a present to Will, who comforted himself, as he sipped it, with the reflection that he could not have had Sam to ride Wings for him, and that no other disengaged jockey *could* have won on her. Unrivalled as Sam's "fiery rush" has always been, Will Chifney still said that his great races on the flat were invariably won before the horses reached the cords, and when the crowd knew nothing of it. As in the case of Wings, it was his innate knowledge of pace which enabled him, although seemingly beaten at the start, to steal up inch by inch to his opponents, and still, have the materials of a rush left in his horse when they were close at home; and his riding of Bloomsbury and St. Francis were very brilliant specimens of this peculiar style.

At this period both brothers were fast approaching their zenith on the Turf, and well-known in the Thurlow country, whose staunch master, Charles Newman, in spite of the tempting proximity, could never be drawn into blending the gorse with the Heath. Sam was still on the right side of forty, and had won five Oaks and two Derbies, and was installed in one of the best houses in Newmarket. Mr. Thornhill's horses had been under his charge since the autumn of Sam's Derby year (1818), and Lord Darlington's horses came to his stables in the following spring. Will, who managed their training, refused every offer to enter into an engagement, but kept himself clear and independent of all employers, and stood what money he liked about the horses. Mr. Thornhill was often anxious to become Lord Darlington's confederate; but although he allowed Will to communicate with him fully about his horses, his lordship had not forgotten his dispute with the Prince, and refused to run such risks again. The Prince, too, had not forgotten his old Chifney associations when, with Mr. Delmè Radcliffe as manager, and William Edwards as trainer, he again appeared on the Turf in 1826,

and he accordingly selected Sam to ride Dervise for the Oatlands at the Ascot Meeting of the next year. Taking one year with another His Majesty had 20 seasons on the Turf, and won 313 races, including 1 Derby, 30 King's Plates, and 10 Cups, the value of which reached in all about 57,628 guineas.

When his growing days were past, Sam was a trifle over five feet six inches, and fully an inch taller than his father, but considerably shorter in the legs and arms than his elder brother, who had nearly an inch the advantage of him in height. He was a large but still a light-boned man, and at the best of times a very bad waster. At eighteen, 7st. 7lbs. was the very lowest weight he could scale, and as he soon walked 9st. 7lbs. in the winter, 8st. 4lbs. became his nominal lowest weight. As may be imagined, the weary weeks before Epsom, Doncaster, and Ascot, when the foolishly low racing scale of that day invariably called upon him to boil two pounds more off his lean frame, were looked forward to with no very pleasurable feelings. Will was so fond of exercise, that he walked by Priam's side nearly the whole way to Epsom, while Sam loved the saddle quite as much because it was not walking as for its own sake, and used to delay going into physic, and putting on the sweaters, till so near the day that he invariably found himself sadly feverish when the task was done. Many were the exhortations which Will Chifney used to give Robinson and Harry Edwards (whom we can see sitting as of yore, after half his walk was done; smoking on a corn-bin, and enveloped in horse-cloths), to take plenty of exercise in the winter, and to act neither winter nor summer as "that lazy Sam does." Both of them were large-boned men, who stood in ample need of such advice; but with all his exertions, the weeks before the Craven Meeting of 1837 were so cold, that Robinson could only just ride 8st. 7lbs., and Sam gave

up his wasting in utter despair, about three pounds beyond it. His dislike of wasting did not, however, interfere with his regular masters; but unless he liked the horse, he did not care to trouble himself for anyone else, and by this indifference to his profession, he lost hundreds of mounts. He was, in short, not a little perverse on this point; and when a riding retainer was offered him by Lord Chesterfield, who merely wished him to take the best mounts and leave the rest to Conolly, he declined it, and thus missed winning some of the finest prizes of the day. He had, however, gallantly earned his spurs many years before he flung this offer to the winds, and while he felt truly that his fame would not suffer from lack of mounts, he felt still less the necessity of laying by funds against an evil day. The term "Old Screw" unfortunately had no origin in his handling of money. Like his brother, Will was also far too easy and open-handed in these matters, and hence he had to mourn over many thousands, which the short memories of losers and borrowers deprived him of. "Pipes and Peace" was Sam's creed, and his constitutional indolence was so great, that he could often be hardly got on to the Heath in the morning to ride important trials, even when a favourite master like Lord Darlington was concerned. Once for instance, when Memnon was matched for 1000 guineas a side, against Lord Exeter's colt Enamel (whose Two Thousand Guinea victory caused his lordship and Mr. Tattersall to race by proxy into Devonshire, and knock up her owner at midnight to bid for the dam), he had arranged to meet his brother at the Ditch stables. For two hours did Will wait there with the horses, but no Sam, and he accordingly mounted the winner of the St. Leger himself, and won the trial in a canter. "*A pretty fellow you are to bring me back this way without trying the horses!*" was Will's remark, when he met his brother at his own stable-door; and "*No, no! that wont do,*

*Will—I know you too well to believe that you would bring them back without having it out of them,*" was the dry, good-humoured response. The result of the conference was that a good stake was put on Memnon, and Will won 650 guineas by his trial mount.

As might have been expected in a man of his temperament, Sam was slow to anger, and of few words. He was never happier than when sauntering along, gun in hand, and watching his favourite yellow-and-white pointer, Banker, wriggling his stern down the stubbles; and this silent system was much more to his mind than the "fast and furious" sport of which he and his brother often partook with Mr. Thornhill among the pheasant preserves of Riddlesworth. He was a great cocker, and delighted in a breed of "Vauxhall Clarke" game fowls, which he kept at his seventy-acre Fidget Farm. This stud-farm was perfect of its kind, and situated about a mile and a quarter from the town, at the extremity of the Bury-hill gallop. It was here that he had a small planting, regularly fenced with wire, and laid out with artificial earths for his pet foxes; and he would sit for hours in a summer evening watching them come out to feed and play. Many a gallant bagman drew his breath in this little nook; and when Lord Darlington visited Newmarket (which he never did in the October meetings), he generally went on there, not so much to look over the young things, as to get a summer wind-scent of the "Charlies," to keep his spirits up till he could again throw his leather horn-belt across his shoulders, and again enter in his diary that the "*darling hounds behaved like jewels.*" If the two Chifneys were not well up with the jewels in some of their fastest things across the Bedale country, it was not for the lack of having the best mounts that his lordship's stables at Newton House could afford, and they not unfrequently went on to stay at Raby, and look through

the racing stables. Even Sam's phlegmatic nature enjoyed these Yorkshire outings quite as much, in its way, as his brother's more mercurial one; and it is on record that, though he had no pretensions to a voice, he would be worked up, at long intervals, into taking his pipe out of his mouth, and chanting right lustily, in honour of The Duke, the chorus of "*With my Ballymonoora—the hounds of old Raby for me,*" when it was once fairly set agoing in his little snuggery, or in the chimney corner of his favourite inn.

# CHAPTER VII.

## GEORGE IV.

"Let the song that is borne on the echoes of June,
Whether sung by the Joneses or Coxes,
Still have this loyal burden, whatever the tune,
A good King; Fleur-de-lis; and good foxes."

IT is not our intention to give more than an outline of the frivolous, unsatisfactory scenes amid which the lot of "George Guelph" was cast, and which he only too readily sanctioned. The historian will take him as their reflex, and deal out a full and bitter measure to him, for all that vice, heartlessness, and flippancy which earned him his title of "Florizell." Still, to give him his due, we are bound to mention that the one man who had the best means of knowing, steadily maintained the belief that the public sadly maligned a titled beauty with whom his name has been so studiously connected; and that whatever might have been the pride he felt in seeing her grace his court, the two were never even alone together. We have now simply to deal with him in the one character, in which he pre-eminently shone, that of an English sportsman, and only regret that he had not ridden at least ten stone lighter. The Turf will always reckon him amongst its most devoted lovers, although it would be remarkably difficult to say from whom he inherited the taste. His father never did much more for it than give 100 guineas, to be run for annually by horses that had been hunted with his two

packs; and if the "ugliest woman in Europe" had fully understood what it meant, it is probable that, like the Glasgow Baillie, she would not have admitted a rocking-horse into her nursery, "just for fear o' the tendency." The Duke of York's devotion to it was scarcely less marked than his brother's; but the Duke of Clarence, on the contrary, although he retained the royal stud for a short time, and ("starting the whole fleet," as he expressed it), ran first, second, and third for the Goodwood Cup, with Fleur-de-lis, Zinganee, and the Colonel, in the very year of his accession, cared so little about it, that he was often seen to turn his back on the horses while they were running at Ascot. In fact, he liked George Nelson for his jockey more for the sake of his nautical name than anything else; and he was much more in his element when he went behind the scenes of Old Drury, and tied Jack Bannister's black handkerchief for him before he rollicked on to the stage in his sailor part. This little act is exactly illustrative of the graceful and yet dignified *bonhomie* which the three royal brothers always displayed towards those about them; and there is very little doubt that nothing but rank jealousy of the popularity which the eldest acquired by it, caused a few turf rivals to join in that dead set which drove him in disgust from Newmarket. His maiden turf career lasted for some seven seasons, during which time he had several fair horses, Tot, Sir Thomas, Anvil, Hardwicke, &c., and opened somewhat inauspiciously on May 8th, 1784, when he was in his 22nd year. Hermit, 10st. 11lb., with 6 to 4 and Mr. Panton on him, had to strike the royal colours in a 50 sovereigns a side match over the last mile of the beacon, with Surprise, 10st. 1lb. (Sir H. Featherstone); but jockeys were substituted for gentlemen riders in a second edition of the match, at the same weights and distance, that afternoon, and although the betting veered round to 2 to 1 on Surprise, the

former verdict was reversed! Uppark in Sussex was a favourite race-meeting in that day, and in addition to the Duke of Dorset and his brother, the names of Featherstone, Lade, Lake, Hanger, Delmè Radcliffe, and Tarlton were never absent from its silken fray. A 60*l.* plate with Anvil over the D. I. in the autumn of his maiden season was the first race which the Prince ever won at Newmarket, and his stud, which then only consisted of four or five, rose in 1790 to forty-one! Chifney senior had only ridden for him about two seasons before the Escape affair, which took place in 1791. The first sale of his stud at Tattersall's was delayed till December 2nd of the following year, and then the twenty-eight lots produced five thousand guineas. Those who wonder now why the Prince nobly chose rather to leave the turf altogether than sacrifice his jockey, when Sir Charles Bunbury intimated to him that no members of the Jockey Club would make matches, or run horses in any stake where Chifney rode, are not aware of what occurred with Escape in the Ascot meeting of that year. It would have been well if he had broken his fetlock in his yearling days, when he embedded it with a kick in the wood work of his loose box, and caused his astonished owner (Mr. Franco) to exclaim, when he heard the story of his extrication from the groom—"Oh, what an *escape!*" and to christen him on the spot. Soon after going into training he became a complete "rabbit" in his running—"in-and-out," and so delicate withal, that in spite of all Neale's care, he seldom kept his condition for many days together. To give a man such a treacherous brute to steer, and then to condemn him because he could not always win upon him, would, as the Prince felt, have been the height of injustice. In the Ascot instance, to which we are alluding, he had entered four horses in the Oatlands; to wit—Escape, Baronet, Pegasus, and Smoker. Some five days previous to the race, the four were

tried at the Oatlands distance and weights, and Escape, with Chifney on him, won easily by three or four lengths—the rest running in as we have named them. On the Sunday before the race, Chifney got a message from the Prince to meet him at the stables at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. The four horses were looked over, and Chifney, the moment the sheets were taken off Escape, begged the Prince's permission to ride Baronet instead of him. Both Neale and Mr. Warwick Lake protested against the change, and declared that the horse was never better; while Chifney as strongly maintained that he had lost his form so completely since the trial, that it was impossible to win with him. The Prince very soon settled the question, and not only decided that Chifney should ride Baronet, but added—"Whenever I have two horses in a race, I wish you, Sam, to ride the one you fancy most on the day, without consulting us about it." The race was a severe one, but Baronet won it, beating nineteen of the best horses out, while Escape was absolutely "nowhere." The King and Queen were present, with all their family, to see it, and were not a little pleased when the Prince told them the anecdote. Chifney's picture was shortly afterwards taken on this horse, by Stubbs; and Nimrod tells us in his immortal articles of "The Turf, The Chase, and The Road," that the print still occupied, in his time, the post of honour over the Old Club chimney-piece at Melton, though a generation of sportsmen had passed away, and the room had been three times papered.

With the remembrance of this stable scene fresh in his mind, it was no wonder that the Prince felt sure that Chifney would never play him false; and that Chifney, more sorry for his royal master than himself, bore the temporary blasting of his riding hopes with such manly fortitude. The Prince was also endeared to him for his long and consistent kindness; and, in

in truth, none but those who knew that royal sportsman intimately, could at all comprehend the fascination which he exercised upon all who came in contact with him. No man knew better, and was more careful not to overstep the narrow line of demarcation between condescension and familiarity; and hence none, save and excepting the incorrigible dealer, Mat Milton, when he coolly proposed to him "the royal treat" on horseback, dared to take a liberty with him,* however great an opening there might seem to be. Even amid the socialities of the Beef-steak Club, which was enlarged from its chartered 24 to 25 for his sake, he was still "the first gentleman in Europe." With Chifney he was peculiarly gracious, and he would often walk for hours with him on the Steyne, at Brighton, or beckon to him to come and sit by his side in his carriage. Music was nearly as much his Dagon as a thoroughbred. He hung with delight over Wilberforce, who was in his earlier days the life and soul of York Races, and whose voice was as sweet and powerful to his own piano accompaniment, as when it had been heard and cheered to the cost of the Coalition Ministry, by assembled thousands of Yorkshiremen, from a platform-table in their Castle-yard; and no one regretted so deely that he should have silenced his songs for conscience sake. His German band is said to have cost him 7000*l.* a-year; and he used to walk round and round them when they played in private, and at times would take half a book with the leader, and join lustily in one of Handel's choruses. The late Sir Henry Bishop once came to hear them, and did not care to be seen, as he was not in full dress; but the Prince merrily routed him out from behind a screen, where he was drinking in the melody, and bade the band strike up "The Chough and the

* Beau Brummell always denied, with the utmost indignation, the story of "*Wales, ring the bell.*"

Crow" in his honour. The Pavilion might be said to be his head-quarters at this period, and "the voluptuous charms of her to whom he had in secret plighted his faith" were then well known to every Sussex gazer. Those who still remember her there, when in the heyday of her beauty at forty, speak with no small rapture of her stately well-rounded figure, her deep blue eyes, and her long dark ringlets. She died in the March of 1837, faithful to the last to the memory of him who had shown himself so little worthy of her love, and only three months before "The Sailor King," with whom she was always an especial favoured guest whenever he visited Brighton. "Perdita" had sent the Prince a lock of her hair as a deathbed memento of the forsaken; while Mrs. Fitzherbert is said to have addressed some touching lines to him when his own hour was come, as from a wife offering her services to a sick husband, which he did not peruse without emotion; and she held the pleasant belief that he was buried with her portrait round his neck. Dr. Carr in a measure confirmed this report, when he was questioned by Mr. Bodenham, and replied—"Yes, it is true what you have heard. I remained by the body of the King, when they wrapped it round in the cerecloth; but before that was done, I saw a portrait suspended round his neck—it was attached to a little silver chain."

Brighton will never see such picturesque Watteau-like groups again, as those which were then presented by the Prince's court, as it sallied forth from the Pavilion, for the evening promenade on the Steyne; the ladies with their high head-dresses and spreading "peacock tails," and the two Mannerses, Sir Bellingham Graham, and Colonels Mellish and Leigh, as their esquires. Nothing but a dark black-legged bay was in those days harnessed to the royal carriages, and they were all chosen with the most scrupulous care by Sir John Lade, whose four bays and harlequin

postilion liveries formed a turn-out very little inferior to those over which he held sway at the Pavilion stables. Sir John came of age in 1780, and his riches and extravagance in that year were so notorious that even Dr. Johnson wrote a poem on him, which he repeated four years afterwards with unwonted spirit to his attendants, as he lay on his own majestic deathbed. Croker's edition, vol. viii. p. 414, gives the seven stanzas at full length; and it is not a little quaint to find the great philosopher ironically exhorting the great whip of that day to—

"Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names which banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir!

"Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell," &c. &c.

The best pen-and-ink sketch of Brighton on a race morning, when the Prince was in his meridian, and it was crowded with "tandems, beautiful women, and light hussars," is thus given in Raikes's Diary:—

"In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests, and the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London. The 'legs' and bettors, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne, at an early hour, to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued, to await the opening of their books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysteriously, without making any demonstration. At last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, 'Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle and set us agoing?' Then if the Master of Buckle would say, 'I'll take three to one about Sir Solomon,' the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd. I think I see him now, in a green jacket, a white hat, and light nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person. He was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummell, M. Day, Churchill, and

oh! extraordinary anomaly! the little old Jew Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of royalty. The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German waggon and six bay horses (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time)—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and, gliding up the green ascent, was stationed close to the Grand Stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner-time the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was furnished to a large party; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner, with every luxury, at the Club-house on the Steyne, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different members of White's and Brookes's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's-street were not forgotten. Where are the actors in all those gay scenes now?"

To get high-caste sportsmen round him was the Prince's prime pleasure. Few can forget his graceful introduction of General Lake to Mr. Lockley—that brave old rider, who seemed, like Lord Lynedoch, almost ready to eat the fox, and went so well in a run of an hour and forty minutes from Cheney's Gorse, through Ranksboro' Gorse and Whissendine, to Lord Harboro's, when he was upwards of seventy, that "The Squire" twice took off his cap in the middle of it, and gave him a rattling cheer. "General Lake, let me introduce Mr. Lockley to you; two men so eminent in their lines ought to know each other," was the Open Sesame of their evening's chat. Horses, and everything connected with them, were his idols; and no man had a finer eye for them; while the little Norwegian dun pony, which at one time would run about the rooms at the Royal Lodge, and sleep on the rug before the fire, was far more precious in his eyes than any dog. Hacks and hunters he never seemed to tire of trying; and hence the constant entreaty of Mat Milton the dealer, who used to spend hours with him in the stable-yard adjoining Carlton House—viz., to "*throw your thigh over him, Your Highness, and you'll find him to be the sweetest goer you ever mounted,*" was invariably responded to. Hunting, to a man who stood not very much short of six feet, and

latterly weighed more than 23st., was of course out of the question; but when he was able to don his blue coat with gilt buttons, and topboots, and buckskins, after the fashion of the bucks of those days, he cared very little what Milton or anyone else chose to ask for a clever hack. It used to be a saying of the period in Brighton, that, heavy as he was, "he rode so well that he never soiled his nankeens," but the exact meaning of the remark is too deep for us. He was more fortunate than the late Mr. Thornhill, who was as nearly as possible his weight, and gave up riding on the Heath at Newmarket, "not because I can't get a horse to carry me, but because *I can't get a horse to stand still under me;*" as his hacks, Tiger and Tobacco-Stopper, carried him to perfection. Of the former, when he was at last told that his legs were so unsafe, through age, that he was certain to come down with him, he remarked—"No, no! Tiger scorns to fall down;" while the latter was, strange to say, the lightest horse below the knee in the whole of his stud.

Asparagus and Curricle did all that pluck and muscle could do under his weight, when he hunted with Mr. Villebois in Hampshire; and the Prince's Feathers are still preserved on the buttons of the H.H. When he gave up Kempshot Park, the Duke of Richmond's hounds were purchased and installed in the Ascot kennels, and the yellow-pied Minos was its most favoured occupant. Still *race*-horses and the Hampton Court paddocks lay nearest to his heart. Arabs used to be perpetually arriving there from Eastern donors, and one Bassora sent him a mare and sire of the Œil Nugdy breed, with a certificate that the blood had been preserved stainless for 300 years. Jack Ratford used to declare, on his honour, that he talked about nothing else in his sleep, and even his physicians said that "it was all—*horses*—*horses*—with him, by night and by day, to the very last." If he

liked a racer, he was perfectly lavish as to price; and when, on his last return to the turf, William Chifney bid up Pucelle, the grandam of Virago, and then a brood-mare, to 1100 guineas, for Lord Darlington, at Lord H. Fitzroy's sale, he received a hint that it was no use going on, as Mr. Delmé Radcliffe had instructions from the King to buy her at any price. Still he was not always able to get all he wanted, even in horseflesh; and the late Sir Fowell Buxton, for reasons which he never cared to conceal, sturdily refused to listen to his 1000 guineas offer for his park horse John Bull. He had one peculiarity as regards money—that he was most liberal with it *as long as he did not see it.* Cheques he would sign away to any amount; even 390*l.* for "Pea-Green Haynes's" dressing-box seemed as nothing in that form; but when he had a fifty-pound note in his pocket, it was a bitter pang to him to spend five pounds of it. If he had paid the bills every Saturday night, those Carlton House banquets, which saddened the heart of Romilly as he sat and thought of the haggard and iron-bound fact of distress from Land's End to John o'Groat's; and the building of the Royal Lodge, which so roused the indignation of the press and the people, and brought down Mr. Whitbread, M.P., in a severe Hampden mood, all the way from the House of Commons to Windsor for a survey—would have very soon been discontinued, and peradventure the especial capabilities of Virginia Water would have been still unknown. As it was, these woodland haunts served to delight him when, as a great Edinburgh reviewer wrote to his friend, "he was fat, nervous, and lazy," and "arthritic tyranny" had acquired its deadly dominion over his limbs and spirits.

The year after he returned to the turf (1827), he renewed his acquaintance with the Chifneys, by his Dervise retainer to Sam, and followed it up by sending special messages to both of them after Wednes-

day's races, to meet him at the Swinley Mile-post, and let him see Lord Darlington's Memnon, who was to take a gentle canter at four o'clock, previous to running for the Cup next day. When all the company had gone, His Majesty drove up to the tryst, with the Marquis of Conyngham in the pony phaeton by his side, and his factotum, Jack Ratford, on an Irish mare behind. Jack reigned supreme in the Royal household to the last, and many got an audience through his agency, who otherwise might have waited in vain. He had been a lad in Dick Goodisson's stables, and was thence promoted to be pad-groom to "Old Q," who insisted to the last that he should lead the horses about daily from twelve to three, in front of his house in Piccadilly, that he might still have the pleasure of fancying that he was going to take a ride. He knew all the Duke's ways, and the latter repaid his care by leaving him his coach-horses and several of the things in his London house, besides recommending him to the King, who kept him a cab, while he was in his service.

His royal master had well kept his 1791 vow, that he would visit Newmarket Heath no more, and from that time to the day of his death, he only once viewed its white ghost-like posts and venerable rubbing-houses, as he swept along the London road, after sleeping all night at the Palace, in Mr. Douglas's time, on his return from a visit at Holkham. It was therefore with great difficulty that Mr. Delmé Radcliffe now got him to train his horses there, on representing to him that they got bruised at Ascot; but Jack had seconded the proposition with no little earnestness, as his heart yearned to bear his part in some Newmarket visits. Still, although the King chose to forget his gracious answer to the Jockey Club address at Brighton, in which they begged him to return to the haunts of his youth, and "earnestly entreated that the affair might be buried in oblivion," he felt an immense

interest in everything that concerned the Heath; and when, on this occasion, Memnon had cantered past him, with Sam "up," he rattled away with—"*Well, William, how are you all going on at Newmarket? How's Pratt? does he still feed his horses on potatoes? He's Irish, too, is my friend here*" (pointing with an arch look to the Marquis); and then, with a melancholy thought of old times, he added—"*I wish I was among you again, William; but I am very happy here; I've everything to make me so—I've my hunters, and my hounds* (motioning with his whip to the Royal Kennels), *and my racers again, and Virginia Water and the Lodge; but the old enemy*"—and he shook his head as he glanced at his large lace-boot. He had no idea of beating Memnon with Mortgage the next day, as the latter was a very middling animal, and was shortly afterwards turned into a hack in the Pimlico stables. Memnon also retired quite worn out before another Ascot Cup day; but at present the King was anxious to make a match between him and Fleur-de-lis, whom he had just purchased from Sir Matthew White Ridley, for 2000 guineas. This idea came to nothing, as the Chifneys had never a very exalted idea of Memnon in his best day, and Lord Darlington was too good a judge to make a match when the horse was beginning to lose all form, with one of the very finest mares that ever looked through a bridle. But for her tumble at the Intake turn, it is very probable that she would have beaten him in the St. Leger; and as it was, she got so much in the way of The Alderman, who was gradually stealing to the fore, that Sam was obliged to chuck him up in his stride to prevent his falling over her, and only finished a fair second. The mare had had another tumble in running against Longwaist (for whom 3000 guineas had just been refused), for the Silver Tureen, at Manchester, two or three weeks before the purchase, and the King was very desirous to match her against this crack as

well. This subject, of course, was discussed, and the King declared that he would write proposals forthwith to Mr. Nowell, for a 1000 guineas aside match, at Ascot, the next year. "*Sam, you shall ride her,*" he added, as that jockey got off Memnon, and joined his brother at the phaeton side. "Run them at Newmarket, your Majesty!" chimed in the ever-wakeful Jack; but "*No, no! William, they treated your poor father and me very badly; I wont run there,*" was all the response he received to his officious suggestion. Jack having thus thrust himself into the conversation, was made to furnish a little sport in his turn, and told to canter his mare. Away they went—the mare gaily cocking her tail, and Jack leaning forward in his stirrups, to the intense amusement of the four; and when he was fairly out of earshot, the King began with—"*There's a nice mare—look at Jack, too, how he sticks himself out; he thinks he can ride quite as well as you, Sam.*" Just as he was going, he added, "*You must both look in at the Castle on Friday, and I'll show you a hunter the very image of a horse we had at Albury Park, when you were both little fellows with your uncle there;*" and so saying, he shook them by the hand, and laughingly bade Sam to "*have a little mercy on my poor Mortgage to-morrow.*" This was the last private interview the brothers ever had with the King, and it formed an appropriate pleasant close to their then five-and-thirty years' recollections of him, which dated from the day they sat at Newmarket, one on each knee, and then ran to show their mother the guineas he had given them.

Ascot, in those days, was the delight of the King's heart, and for three or four years before his death, he had two meetings annually, at a week's interval. In 1825, he came for the first time in the royal procession up the New Mile, Lord Maryborough leading the van, and sitting his horse as few men at his age could do, while Mr. Jenner received the *cortége* at the Stand.

The Bow-street officers, Townsend and Sayres, who were especially attached to royalty, kept their Argus-eyes open, and the former sported a hat exactly similar to the celebrated one which his royal master invariably wore. Its brim was not very broad, but the rim of it was very large, and the band in proportion. Townsend pushed the resemblance to the farthest point, and therefore wore it a little on one side; but his worth was so great, that this curious bit of affectation was overlooked. He died very rich, at the age of 73, during the fatal cholera season of 1832, leaving the *Court Circular*, which was established at his suggestion, "to prevent the public inventing falsehoods, by giving them something real to talk about," as a monument for all time to his memory. The wags would have it that he bought his hats at a high price, and second-hand, from Jack Ratford, under the same idea of inspiration which incited Captain Barclay to secure the fighting-leathers of the lion-hearted Jackson. This modern Eryx also stood very high in the favour of the King, who was an ardent believer in English beef, bottom, and boxing, and he confided to him the selection of the twelve pugilists who kept the Abbey doors at his coronation. "Prince Lascelles" had also in earlier times carried his imitation to such a height, that Fox, Sheridan, and Wyndham, all members of Brookes's (the club which the Prince especially delighted in), prevailed on the latter to hide his queue in the collar of his coat, when he met him; and the result was, that he immediately rushed home and had his own cut off.

Once fairly on the turf again, the King entered into it with as great interest as ever. Sam Chifney rode for him at intervals, but had not a regular engagement, as Robinson, Dockeray, Nelson, and Pavis enjoyed during the time. Robinson, on his beautiful mare Maria, was, in his eyes, a perfect picture; and they looked as well together as Nat on Lady

Wildair in more recent days. He cared but little what price he gave for racers. Jour-de-Noces came into his hands at 1500 guineas, and 1500 guineas more if he won the St. Leger; and a 3000 guinea cheque, with contingencies, would soon have found its way into Colonel King's bank, if he would only have sold Bessy Bedlam before the St. Leger, for which she was beaten off at the Red House. When that race was over, his affections had veered towards Fleur-de-lis, and thus Bessy lived and died in her native Lincolnshire. The Colonel (whose colt out of Fleur-de-lis hardly lived two hours) was his most expensive purchase; but 4000 guineas did not stand in his way when he was determined to win the Ascot Cup, and present it to the pride of his court. Zinganee was, however, destined to foil him, and Lord Chesterfield, who had made an offer for the horse after he had won the Oatlands on the Tuesday, not only mentioned the negotiation to him at the Castle that evening, but gracefully expressed his readiness to break it off, and not be in any way the instrument of depriving him of a trophy on which he had evidently set his heart. "*My dear Chesterfield, never mind!*" was the frank, jovial answer—"*buy the Chifneys' horse by all means; if you don't beat me with him, Gully will; and I don't mind being beaten by you.*" The purchase was accordingly made, and as the Chifneys predicted, The Colonel could not live the pace, which became very strong, when Sam "sent out" Zinganee in the last half-mile; and we may observe how truly the second place of Mr. Gully's Mameluke bore out the King's after-dinner prophecy. After a very poor career in Lord Chesterfield's hands, Zinganee eventually became the King's property, for, it was said, 2500 guineas; but he was too ill to see him run for the Ascot Cup in the following year. Lord Darlington had nothing in it; and Sam Chifney received a message from the King that he was to settle

whether Fleur-de-lis, or The Colonel, or Zinganee, or all started, and to ride which he liked. He accordingly chose Zinganee! but the horse was so light, and wasted on the day, that he was quite unable to make a shadow of a fight, and was a bad last to Lucetta. His royal owner was then on his death-bed, and had he ever risen from it, there is no doubt that he would have given the Chifneys their price, 3500 guineas, for Priam, after the Derby, and made a last St. Leger effort. Still, ill as he was, he felt so anxious about the result, that he sent Jack Ratford specially over to Epsom, charging him to come back express with the news, the instant the horses had passed the post. The love of the sport was with him to the very last; and, as far as royalty is concerned, with him it seems to have died. Hence, despite all his faults, real turfites can never think of him but with deep pleasure, and wish that in these more degenerate days of light-weights and handicaps, they could see fewer money-grubbing propensities among our Chiefs at the Corner, and more frequent glimpses of the genuine racing spirit which pervaded their sires on those Heath afternoons of old, when—

> "The Royal heart of Wales was there,
> Still rushing to the front."

The Duke of York, Colonel Mellish, and "Beau Brummell," were each an epitome in themselves. Brummell used often to be a guest along with the Duke of York when the Duke of Rutland kept court at Cheveley Park during the race meetings, and had a bedroom sacred to him both there and at Belvoir. He generally dressed for the course in a tight green shooting-coat, leathers, and topboots, and was rather a carriage man than one of the regular Newmarket Cavalry, with whom he every now and then indulged in a bet, just to keep up a wholesome excitement,

and be in the fashion. He was, in fact, a mere kid-glove sportsman, and kept a few hunters at the Peacock, near Belvoir, and subsequently at Grantham; but his stud-groom, Fryatt, had the lion's share of the riding, and if he did cross a few fields, it was only to get to a good farm-house, where he could indulge his inordinate appetite for bread and cheese. His pleasantries were the salt of the Cheveley battues, but he is not remembered to have shot much more than a brace of tame pigeons, right and left, on a house-top, as the spoils of the morning were being counted over. Those were the days when he could really play the magnifico, and

> "Threaten at times, in a superfine passion,
> To cut Wales, and bring the old King into fashion;"

or think that a creditor had ample "value received" for a 500*l.* loan, because he had hailed him with, "How do you do, Jemmy?" from the door-step of the crack club in St. James's-street. Byron's return of the great race of European celebrites, when he was at his very zenith, was—Brummell (1), Napoleon (2), self (3): and the winner was the survivor of the only three that were placed, dipping, thanks to the kindness of a few old friends who never deserted him, his biscuit de Rheims in maraschino to the last; and writing, from his Calais lodgings, to Lord Sefton, to say that he was "grinning through the bars of a prison, and eating bran bread; think of that, my Lord—bran bread!"

The Duke of York was almost as much attached to Newmarket as his royal brother, and trained with Butler for a time at the Palace Stables, till William Edwards brought the stud of "Fee! Fi! Faw! Fum!" (as the Heath wags termed the King) thither from Ascot. In personal appearance and manners he was a true Guelph, and seen to greatest perfection at the head of a table. The quaint old toast of "I

drink to Cardinal Puff" may be said to have died with him, and perhaps there is hardly a man alive who would know how to propose it with all its intricate but graceful honours. Thomas Goodisson was his favourite jockey, and won the Derby for him by a head on Moses, after making his own running nearly all the way. He had carried off this race six years before, with Prince Leopold, who was such a bad-tempered animal that he was placed in Schedule G next season, and died in consequence. His Highness got well on him at all prices from 30 to 20 to 1, and won about 8000*l.* over the race. The fancy of the Duchess was dogs and monkeys, and she is said to have had nearly a hundred favourites of the kind at Oatlands, which had a small cemetery especially devoted to their remains. This dog experience did not always avail her husband, as, to his great sorrow, he once shot the Duke of Rutland's liver-coloured Venus dead at a Cheveley battue, under the same hare delusion which made Professor Sedgwick fire fourteen times in one afternoon at a keeper's gaiters.

Nearly thirty years before his Moses victory, the Duke made his celebrated Northern visit, in company with the Prince of Wales, who had the satisfaction of seeing Sir Thomas (his Derby victor of the preceding year) and Tot win three races over Rawcliffe Ings. Such days of pleasure and nights of revelry have never since wakened up the sober old capital of the Tykes; and even "The Farren" never received the plaudits of a more brilliant assembly than that which crowded the boxes of its dingy little theatre to witness her *Beatrice*. And yet the festivities of Old Ebor paled before those of Wentworth House. Twenty thousand spectators ate their fill, and drank eighty hogsheads of ale in the Park; bonfires turned night into day in its avenues; ten thousand coloured lamps gleamed in its corridors, and the quiet card parties at

Doncaster might well nigh have heard the ringing shout, as the Prince, with the present Earl Fitzwilliam in his arms, stepped forth into the portico, and gave "The King's Health," "Happiness to the People," and "Prosperity to the Manufactures of Yorkshire," as his toast, through a speaking-trumpet. Tot's Doncaster Cup victory formed a sporting finale to the visit, in the course of which Traveller was added to the royal string for 1500 guineas.

The Duke's stud of thirty-two animals, including seven hacks and ten grey ponies, was brought to the hammer on February 5th, 1827, just three months from the date of his death. The Duke of Richmond gave 1100 guineas for Moses, who was very beautiful in every point except his feet, which were sadly infirm; while Mr. Payne bought Figaro, who had run Moses in for the Derby, at 200 guineas more. The King also gave 560 guineas for Rachael; but racers, hacks, carriages, and dogs, only produced 8804 guineas—a mere molehill, compared with the Skiddaw-like pile of debts which he left behind him. Rundell and Bridge, his jewellers, had such an account, that Cape Breton was ceded to them in lieu of it by the Government of the day; and his taste in their line may be judged of by the fact that his rifle, which brought fifty guineas, had a gold pan and touch-hole.

Nimrod has dashed off Colonel Mellish's whole *contour* with such a masterly hand, that our own touches would seem clownish after it. We will therefore simply add that that quick-looking, pale-faced, and black-haired "Crichton" measured 5 feet 10 inches, and weighed 11st. 7lbs. He was no Sir Fopling Flutter, either in dress or mind; and his friend, the late Earl of Scarboro', was never more delighted than when he heard him set two disputatious young Oxford divines right, over the Sandbeck dinner-table, about the whereabouts of a certain passage in Livy. His

wonderful talents stood him in good stead in the Peninsular War, where he was on the Duke of Wellington's staff, and at times entrusted with the drawing up of despatches. He had gained some little experience of bloodshed at home, as in 1807 he fought a duel with Martin Hawke, in a field by the roadside, as they were returning in their drags from the Yorkshire election. On this occasion he was wounded near the elbow joint, and on perceiving it he immediately ran up to his opponent, and said, "*Hang it, Hawke, you've winged me; but give me your hand.*" They were great rival whips, and some ill blood on the point, as well as election matters, brought about this extempore determination to resort to thirty paces and the saw-handles. About this time he also got up a prize-fight at Blyth Whitewater, Mr. Gully doing duty as bottle-holder. His fighting dog "Jack" won no less than 104 battles; and when Lord Camelford was very pressing to buy him, it was agreed between them to pay for him by weight. He was accordingly put into the scales after a hearty meal of tripe, and was found to weigh 42lbs.; but it was thought derogatory to barter such a piece of gallant stuff for coin, and hence a gun and a case of pistols, which were valued at eighty-four guineas, formed the medium of exchange. The way in which he trained his pig to run a match, by feeding it at a certain trough, which he chose for the goal, was especially characteristic; and anything connected with a race, if it were but two rival drops of rain on a window-pane, he loved beyond compare. As a gentleman rider he also excelled, but his great delight was to "put up" Buckle as often as he could, though he chose the wrong horse for him (Sir Launcelot) in Staveley's St. Leger. He called one of his fillies Miss Buckle, but Luck's-all was the best animal he ever had in his stud, which could also boast of winners in Quid, Stockton, Little Joey, Peter, and Off-she-goes. At the close of 1807 he left the

Turf, but luck attended him in his last 500 guineas matches, as his opponent's horse (Warrior) broke down while winning in the first, and Lord Darlington paid to him with Trafalgar (who had beaten Mr. Watt's Shuttlecock in a 1000 guineas match that year) in the second. He had, however, long passed his meridian when he kept open house for a fortnight at Blyth Hall, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence's Yorkshire visit in 1806. Even then the title-deeds had departed from him, in spite of Sancho's and Staveley's St. Leger victories in the two preceding years, and he only kept possession of the Hall by virtue of a friendly stipulation to that effect. It was a "finish" in every sense of the word, and the Prince was said to be the only one who walked up to bed without help each night. The little table on which the two flirted long and deeply, with the elephant's tooth, is still preserved as a relic in Doncaster; and when this melancholy wake of his departed treasure had ceased, Mellish turned his back on Blyth, and resided, whenever he was in the country, at Hodsack Priory, a portion of his estate which was entailed. Shortly afterwards he married, and devoted himself principally to farming and shorthorns, a pursuit in which the late Charles Champion, of Blyth, a very famous breeder, was his principal Mentor. Mr. Rudd, the vicar of Hodsack, was also very intimate with him, and, as far as the eye of man could scan him, no one tried more earnestly or prayerfully to atone in maturer years for the follies of his spring. His hour-glass had, however, nearly run out, and he died in 1818 of pulmonary consumption, when he had barely reached his thirty-sixth birthday.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LORD DARLINGTON AND MR. THORNHILL.

"Lately passing o'er Barnsdale, I happened to spy
A fox stealing on, with the hounds in full cry:
'Tis Darlington, sure, for his voice I well know,
Crying 'Forward! hark forward!' for Skelbrook below.
With my Ballymoonoora,
The hounds of old Raby for me!"

ALTHOUGH Lord Darlington's heart was so truly with his "spotted darlings," as to justify Mr. "Antonio" Ferguson's regular remark to those who visited his pleasant wayside inn, that "his lordship never looks like himself after these London visits till he's had a bit of fox-hunting," we shall give no sketch of him in scarlet here. Is it not dashed off to the life in the pages of "The Chase," and engraved in the memory of Bedale sportsmen? We are about to deal with him, not as he appeared with an embroidered fox on his collar, and his horn at the saddle-bow, waving his hounds into Gatherley Moor, but as he was known to every lover of the Heath, quietly cantering towards the Ditch stables, with Sam and Will Chifney on either side of him. He was born in the same year as Frank Buckle; and, although he only died in February, 1842, at the age of seventy-six, he had begun to run horses in 1794. Hence, even in 1827, he seemed to feel so acutely, when he visited Newmarket, that

"Well-a-day! his date was fled:
His sporting brethren all were dead!"

that he hardly cared to join the party at the Club-rooms in the evening. However, he found his way there, for the first time after a long interval, during the Craven Meeting of that year, and after matching Memnon against Enamel, with Lord Exeter, knocked up Will Chifney, about twelve at night, to learn his opinion of this 1000 guineas A. F. venture. Four thousand guineas had been refused for Memnon before the St. Leger; and the Chifneys generally *believed* that his lordship gave something like 3000 guineas for him. He was a long, loose, big, and leggy horse, and supposed to be game—a point on which the brothers Chifney always considered that Bill Scott had overrated him. He had, nevertheless, run remarkably well in the hands of the latter, as he defeated The Alderman, after a desperate punishing race, in the Champagne; carried off the York Spring Leger cleverly; and came in three lengths ahead of thirty, the largest field that ever showed at the St. Leger post. The tumble of Fleur-de-lis, and the consequent disappointment of The Alderman, contributed greatly to this last result; but the elegant Actæon, who was third, defeated him in the following August, for a Subscription Purse, over Knavesmire, in one of the very finest finishes ever ridden there. The race was over the Old Two-mile Course; but it was only run in earnest three-quarters of a mile, which suited Harry Edwards, who knew that his horse could go the fastest, to a nicety, and enabled him to defeat Sam's terrific rush by a bare head, when he brought Memnon, with a stroke of the whalebone, which might have been heard to Bishopthorpe, in the last three strides from the chair. "*By Jove, Sam's nailed him!*" was the ecstatic expression of Will at this moment, as he fairly sprang into the air, from the form outside the weighing-house, nearly upsetting the present Tommy Shepherd and a group of Yorkshire jocks in his descent. Lord Darlington was so

convinced that his "waiting" orders to Sam were wrong, that he immediately challenged Lord Glasgow to run him, at the same weights, for a thousand guineas a side over Doncaster. His offer was, however, declined, although the subsequent running of both the horses with Florismart, there, showed that there was very little between them. Early in 1827, Memnon left the Raby training stables for Newmarket, and arrived at the Chifneys' along with Abron, who had been purchased for 450 guineas at Mr. Russell's sale, on purpose to lead gallops for him. In the Ascot Cup of that year, he triumphed over some very mean opponents; but at Doncaster he fell before the prowess of Fleur-de-lis (a fine lengthy mare, with well-let-down quarters and big hips), and then ran a dead heat with her for second place in the Cup to Mulatto, when Actæon, Starch, Longwaist, and Tarrare figured among the glorious slain. The Craven Meeting of 1828 saw him give in, dead beat, at the Turn of the Lands, in the Oatlands, and the turf knew him no more. He returned to Raby as a stud-horse, for a few seasons, before he crossed the Atlantic; but King Cole was the only winner of note that he left behind him.

Memnon was far from being a solitary instance of Lord Darlington's fancy for high-priced horses; and, as is invariably the case, the bloom was off the peach before it came into his hands, and nothing but disappointment was the result. In short, he carried his whim to such a height, that he is said to have invested the half of a 20,000*l.* lottery prize, which he had shared with Mr. Heeley, in four or five horses, which hardly produced him as many shillings in stakes. No one, too, could ever tell why he set his mind on Mr. Batson's Serab; and Will Chifney in vain endeavoured to impress on him that the horse was a clumsy, unsatisfactory animal, who was only overrated because his owner knew his form to a

nicety, and did not choose to inform the public of it by being provoked into a match. His lordship nibbled at the purchase for weeks ; and after having his offer of 2600 guineas refused, he boldly sent a cheque for 3000 guineas, and was soon so disgusted with his purchase, that, although Sam screwed him in before Lottery for the King's Purse at York, and got him second to Bizarre for the Ascot Cup, he positively gave him away to a foreign nobleman ! Eventually he found his way to America, along with Barefoot, whose price was 2500 guineas. This son of Tramp was barely 15½ hands, with thighs and legs like a waggon-horse ; and his noble owner was long playfully reminded of his wretched bargain by the sight of Sir Bellingham Graham's cover-hack, who was so completely his fac-simile, both as regarded shape and white stockings, that he was duly christened after him. So high was the opinion which Lord Darlington formed of this chestnut after his double race for the St. Leger, in the harlequin colours, that he forwarded an ineffectual 2000 guineas a side match challenge to Mr. Udney, the next November, to run his Derby winner Emilius, over the Flat, in the First Spring. Barefoot had a strange trick of rearing whenever he was brought out of the stable ; the consequence of which was, that ere Easter arrived he had a sad pair of broken knees. Three years before that, his lordship had sent Will Chifney to York, to make a 2000 guineas bid for St. Patrick, in case he liked him ; but Will descried the erring joint which subsequently gave way, and would not make the bid. Tamboff, Trustee, and Emancipation, all of whom he bought for about 2000 guineas apiece, were also among his other long-priced nags, whose luck was very little better ; and he gave 1500 guineas for Liverpool, after he had defeated Chorister at Doncaster. He also purchased Wat Tyler, for a very long price, from Mr. Thornhill, when he was a year-

ling; and such was his strange prejudice against Priam, that he candidly said he "could not bear the horse," and not only lost 7000*l.* about him for the Derby, but backed Wat very heavily for that event. The two were never put together either in private or in the race, as Wat broke down at Mickleham, a few days previous, and it was all Crockford could do to get off Lord Darlington's money. The faulty leg which gave way had been a source of uneasiness for some time, and began from the very smallest pea-like spot, on a small tendon, that ever fell under veterinary eyes. The Chifneys examined it anxiously morning after morning, and could hardly persuade themselves that it boded such deep mischief. Swiss was also another of his lordship's expensive 2500-guinea fancies. Bill Scott had won the Champagne as far as possible with him, as his owner (Peirse, of Richmond) wanted to sell him, in consequence of his Derby nomination becoming void by Lord Clarendon's death. Colonel Cradock, who had the refusal of him, and also trained with Peirse, pressed his lordship very much to buy him, but Will Chifney was very much against the purchase, and took care that his lordship should see the horse before he had been out in the morning, in order that he might not "walk fine." Eventually, declining the Colonel's offer to stand half, Lord Darlington bought the horse outright, and had the mortification of seeing him break down so seriously on the near fore-tendon (which was slightly enlarged) in his next gallop, that it was not only six weeks before he could be removed, but he was never saddled for a race again. He was a slashing, attractive-looking animal, of the Whisker get; lengthy, with a deep shoulder, big ribs, and a very coarse head and neck.

It is no part of our purpose to give an invoice of the victories which Sam gained in the "pink-and-black-stripe" jacket, during the thirty years it was in

his keeping. The connexion began with Pavilion; and, though he rode a Memnon colt for his Grace in the Derby of 1835, it might virtually be said to end with Shillelah. One of the most extraordinary matches in the course of it was one in which Merry-go-round beat Sorcery at equal weights, A. F. The pair had met before at the same weights and distance, and the Oaks winner had won in a canter; but the Chifneys were so sure that the horse had not run to his form, that they persuaded Lord Darlington to purchase him, which he did through Mr. Shakespeare, and match him over again at the same weights. His new owner quite entered into the spirit of the speculation, and backed his horse so heavily, that the odds soon changed from 4 to 1 on the mare to evens; and very cleverly she was beaten. One of the finest D.I. finishes that Sam and Robinson ever rode against each other was for the Claret, in 1833, the former on Lord Darlington's Trustee (a fair-sized smart sort of horse), and the latter on Lord Conyngham's Minster. Beiram and Margrave were also in the race, which, however, lay entirely between the other two, and was won by one of Sam's almost superhuman efforts of hand and knee, in the very last stride. The two ran a match across the flat shortly after, and with the same result, though Trustee won more easily. Muley Moloch's Port victory, the next year, was a much more decided one. He was a fine large horse, of whom Sam thought very highly, and was purchased as a yearling, for a short price, from Mr. Nowell, of Underley, during the Doncaster week. Mr. Nowell's fame as a breeder stood so well at this time, that a Spring Underley Stakes was established at Newmarket; and Sam gave a fine specimen of his art by winning it on the Duke's very bad Sheldrake colt, in 1830, against Will Arnull, on Prima Donna.

He had no more luck for Lord Darlington in his St. Leger than in his Derby mounts, and hence "it

was "no wonder," as *The Life* remarked, "that he so often departed up the North-road like a 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' and in no great cue for the banter and nut-brown ale of the cheery Boniface of Barnby Moor." Accident foiled him on The Alderman; Priam began to give in before the superior stride of Birmingham and the heavy ground at the Intake farm; and Mameluke only scuffled off at the eighth attempt, about 100 yards in the rear of Matilda. It was fully believed at the time that the false starts in this last race were got up by the Northern jockeys, who were dreadfully jealous in those days of having their great prize snatched from them by a Southern Derby winner, and still worse by a Newmarket jockey. Perhaps, however, the animals on which many of them were mounted had as much to do with making a scene as the jockeys themselves. It used, indeed, to be a common bet among divers low parties, that a certain number of horses, say twenty-five, would come to the St. Leger Post; and accordingly they would scour the country for horses which were certain, in the ordinary course of things, not to start—bring them up from grass, or anywhere, put a jockey or a bumpkin on them, and give them orders to pull up as soon as they decently could. Of course, owners did not demur to lending their animals for 25 sovereigns for the day, as it just covered their *p. p.* stake liability; and thus the taker of a 1000*l.* bet of this kind was known to clear nearly 900*l.*, after all his spirited outlay! Geloni, who owned to white legs and a white tail and mane, was suspected to have been run on this system in Mameluke's year, as he was ridden by a lad in gaiters, who pulled him up before they reached the road; and horses like those, whose own chances were *nil*, were just the ones, designedly or undesignedly, to kick up a devilry when a Derby winner came to the post in a fret.

There were those who thought that Sam had waited

too long with the magnificent Voltaire, in Rowton's year, and that if he had come sooner, or if the race had been fifty yards further, he would have won. The latter notion is probably correct, but no man with Chifney's fine knowledge of pace dared hurry his horse, and try to live with Rowton, at the tremendous bat at which Scott sent him along, without the semblance of a pull, from the hill. All he could do was to keep creeping up inch by inch, and trust to the little chestnut "coming back" under such terrible treatment, and then catching him close at home. It was one of Bill Scott's bruising days; and when he and Sam talked over the matter privately, he confessed that he was so confident that he could win by twenty yards, that he "drove the horse till he was fairly drunk." The Voltaire party, headed by John Smith, his trainer, who was always very jealous of the Duke's southern division, were anxious to have a match, and to put John Day up; while the Chifneys and Bill Scott were so eager to bring them up to the scratch, that they offered, with Mr. Petre's permission, and through Colonel Cradock, to lay 2000*l* to 1000*l*., and run the two at even weights, or to lay 1000*l*. even, and give 7lbs., on the following Friday. Chifney was to have ridden Rowton in the second bout, as it was his riding which had been so especially attacked; but Lord Darlington, seeing that Scott and Sam were so perfectly agreed as to the St. Leger running, declined to lend his horse, and defeated Laurel, Fleur-de-lis, &c., with him for the Cup on the Thursday.

In the case of Marcus, Sam's St. Leger luck was more gloomy than ever. This son of Emilius—who was purchased by the Duke from Mr. Thornhill, when a yearling, for 250 guineas—had won a race at Newmarket in the spring of that year, and had beaten Chorister easily in a rough gallop, when the Duke's Northern and Southern lots met at exercise on Don-

caster Moor. Although the decision has always been most bitterly impugned by the Saddler's backers, Chorister (on whom his owner won 7000*l.* at very low odds) had the race given him by "a short head;" while Marcus, like Plenipo three years afterwards, was the last but one. Before Sam dismounted, he had come to the firm conclusion that the horse had been poisoned; and when a pony and one or two more racers who had stood at the same inn, died, and were found on dissection to be full of arsenic, many called to mind how a certain ill-favoured stranger had sat by the Doncaster Arms copper on Sunday afternoon, pretending to read a newspaper, as the stable-lads came for warm water; and how he casually, as it were, warned the servant-maid when she arrived with her kettle, not to use the water, as "it looks so yellow and greasy-like." This, and the Ludlow affair of the following year—when Lord Darlington delivered as vigorous a diatribe against horse cheats, on the betting-room table, as Lord Stanley had done shortly before against boroughmongers, on the table at Brookes's—inflicted blots on the racing escutcheon of Doncaster which a meeting with less innate vitality and less powerful *prestige* could never have effaced.

If Lord Darlington and Sam had met their match in Rowton, when they tackled him with Voltaire at Doncaster, they were doomed to a still more decisive disappointment when they encountered the "chestnut bullock" with Shillelah at Epsom. Connolly soon placed all opposition at a discount, when he found that Sam (who had lain much forwarder throughout than was his wont) had settled "Our Jim" on Glencoe, and was trying to close with him. For five or six strides he lost sight of Sam altogether, and then found him, as if by magic at his girths. Jem Bland, who stood to win along with Halliday some 60,000*l.*, and whose well-known slogan of "*Whool lay agin Shey-lay-lee?*" had pierced the ears of the Ring for months

previous, was never the same man again. Stevens, the sporting fishmonger, was also left lamenting over the 20,000*l.* which had suddenly faded into thin air, and both the Chifneys were hard hit. Shillelah was a big, leggy, brown horse, excessively speedy, but not powerful, and withal very delicate and difficult to train. He was made second favourite for the St. Leger at starting, and it was after this memorable Touchstone triumph, in which he assisted by running eighth, that Sam bade adieu to the saddle in Yorkshire.

But we must now leave the pink-and-black stripes, and have a peep at Sam in the white body and red sleeves of Mr. Thornhill. His engagement to Perren's stable had given him several mounts for The Squire of Riddlesworth previous to 1818, but it was not till the Derby-day of that year that the two were especially identified in the public mind. Such was Mr. Thornhill's opinion of his talent, that he had christened his Derby colt of that year "SAM," in his honour. This son of Scud was a low, lengthy, and plain sort of horse, with a sour countenance, and a delicate constitution; and ten days before the race he went so much amiss, that Mr. Thornhill thought seriously of hedging the greater part of the 15,000*l.* which depended on the result. Owing to the fretfulness of Prince Paul, the first favourite, the horses only got off at the tenth attempt, and then Chifney quietly waited till Prince Paul had run himself out, disposed of Raby, and won cleverly by three parts of a length. Raby, against whom 50 to 1 was laid at starting, was in the same stable, and the property of Lord Darlington, who had given up his first claim on Sam Chifney for the day. He had nominally come to Epsom in Perren's charge; but as it was thought better that there should be a divided duty, a friendly arrangement was entered into, and Will Chifney had the sole management, for the fortnight, of the horse, which his brother was to steer.

The series of false starts rather upset "Sam," who consequently gave his namesake not a little trouble at the post. Owing to the hard state of the ground, the race was run from end to end in a cloud of dust, and it was only when they neared the distance post, and the beaten horses dropped out of the front rank, that Sam caught a glimpse of the one horse (Prince Paul) he at all feared, and quickly crept up to make his challenge. Robinson had won his maiden Derby on Azor in the preceding year, and though Sam had no brace of St. Legers on his list, the luck of the two at Epsom was in a measure equal, as the one won two Derbies and five Oaks, and the other *vice versâ*. When the two Sams returned to Newmarket, Ben Marshall was commissioned to paint a picture of them, which was hung forthwith in the dining-room at Riddlesworth. In the following year he painted one of Shoveller to match it, in which Will Chifney holds the mare by the head, while a lad is rubbing her down. Sam was fond enough in after-years, of strolling into one of his stables, in which Marshall perpetually set up his easel, on account of its excellent lights, and peeping over his shoulder while he was at work; but no one disliked sitting for his likeness so much. "Never *easy*, Mr. Chifney, when you're near an *easel*," was the old painter's favourite pun; but on this occasion, while his first Derby laurels were still fresh, he was pretty patient in Ben's hands, and, though the lips are perhaps rather thick, the Riddlesworth portrait aptly represents the countenance and long easy seat of the jockey of thirty-two. Herring painted his likeness in after-years in the great picture which he executed for Lord Kelburne, of the York Match, and also in his start for the Derby; he never sat to Harry Hall, but a most capital full front likeness of him in the Darlington colours, by Spalding, is to be seen in the centre of the sheet-picture of Southern Jockeys.

Ben Marshall, the painter, was, as we have said before, a great ally of the Chifneys, who admired him as a painter nearly as much as they did Robson in his more practical art. He came into especial notice on the death of Stubbs, who had a great run among our forefathers, which none of his pictures quite seem to justify. Stubbs painted figures and landscapes as well as horses, and especially excelled in the first of these three walks. The late Frank Butler had a picture by him of his grandfather—the first Sam Chifney—riding a horse in and setting-to with a slack rein, in which the figure is most beautifully painted, while the horse is very moderate. We have, however, seen some of his horse groups, one especially of some mares and foals at the Marquis of Westminster's, in London, most capitally drawn and painted. His chief failing was a lack of anatomical knowledge, and his horses in motion were stiff and unnatural to the last degree. He adopted the old style of making the hind pasterns bend inwards in the gallop, instead of outwards, as they are now more correctly drawn. Marshall was originally a West-end valet, and did not set up his easel till he was above thirty. At first he confined himself to portrait painting, but as he soon found that "gentlemen would give 50 guineas for the portrait of a horse when they grudged 10 guineas for their wife's," he migrated from London to Newmarket. He was an idle painter, and a great *bon vivant;* very full of humour and anecdote, and seldom, if ever, worked after his two-o'clock dinner. Those who watched him at his easel used always to declare that he painted much more with his thumb than his brush. The Margravine of Anspach was one of his first patrons, as were also Mr. Thornhill and Lord Sondes, at whose house he made long visits. His early style was entirely original; he painted mostly for effect, with wonderful feeling for light and shade, which with his

brilliant colouring, brought him hosts of admirers. The treatment of his subjects was quite Cuyp-like in its breadth, while his feeling for aërial perspective gave immense power to his groups. Latterly his style became careless and coarse, and his once-brilliant colouring degenerated into vulgarity. Although for many years it was the fashion to have every great winner painted by him, it was his figures rather than his horses which made his racing pictures so life-like and attractive. Still, in this point Harry Hall has quite equalled, if not beaten him; and we know of nothing of Marshall's which can bear comparison with the study of Nat and his pony in Lord Clifden's picture of Surplice, or of Harry Stebbings leading Knight of St. George to the St. Leger post. Even when he put forth his greatest powers, his horse-drawing was rather that of a well-taught man than a lover of the four-legged subject; and in his picture of the match between Sir Joshua and Filho da Puta, the portrait of the latter (who was trained, as a writer of the period [1817] observes, "by a very civil and apparently deserving young man of the name of John Scott") hardly gives one a worthy idea of the magnificent sixteen-and-a-half-hand son of Haphazard. He quitted Newmarket in 1832, and died in London two years afterwards; and his most enduring monument is to be found in the long series of engravings from his works which embellished the pages of the *Old Sporting Magazine*.

In the course of the autumn of "SAM'S" Derby year, Mr. Thornhill's horses left Perren's, and were placed under Sam's charge, as trainer, although his brother William looked principally after them. With brothers less attached to each other, an arrangement of this kind might have led to some misunderstanding; but during the whole of their long connexion, both as regarded the management of Mr. Thornhill's, as well as Lord Darlington's stud, which came from

Perren's to Sam's some few seasons afterwards, they never ceased to be of one mind. The very next Epsom meeting saw them successful for Mr. Thornhill in the Oaks with Shoveller—a small, lengthy, and blood-like whole-coloured bay mare, of whom they gave him so good a report, that he won nearly 20,000*l.* In this race, Sam convinced Frank Buckle that the high opinion he had long entertained for him was not unfounded, as he waited on him from the moment he took up the running with Espagnolle at Tattenham Corner, and making one of his magnificent rushes in the last two strides, defeated "the governor" on the post by a head. His Thornhill luck had not, however, run out with the half-sister to Sam, as the Derby of the following year (1820) again fell to him with Shoveller's full-brother Sailor, who won the Derby on his third birthday. Such a delicious Epsom sandwich for one owner as two Derbies, with an Oaks between, has never been known either before or since. Sailor was a plain, light-fleshed, chestnut colt; rather leggy, but at the same time very powerful, and though he had by no means a large foot, deeply devoted to mud. This last quality was most opportune, as the whole of the night preceding his Derby was a perfect hurricane of wind and wet. Sam was lying comfortably in bed recruiting himself after a heavy walk in the sweaters on the preceding evening, and knew nothing of his *brightening prospects* till he called for his slender tea-and-toast breakfast; while William, on the contrary, was exposed to the pitiless tempest at four in the morning, as he rose from his bed at Headley, and wended his way down the hill to Mr. Ladbroke's, where Sailor was standing, with the remainder of Mr. Thornhill's horses. The booths on the race-course were cracking and flying about everywhere "'neath the breath of the howling blast;" but although Will had to wade through a perfect Balaklava of liquid slush, and was wet through long before he reached his

charge, he told his friends that he felt as if he could have stopped and danced with pleasure, as he knew that none of the fourteen could touch his Sailor now. If Jem Bland had still been Mr. Ladbroke's coachman he might have perhaps had this weather secret confided to him, instead of losing so heavily on Sailor as he did. As it turned out, Will had taken the mud measure of his horses most exactly; and Mr. Thornhill was so confident from the same cause, that he made Sailor as good a favourite as anything before starting, and won 23,000*l.* on him. At this period Mr. Thornhill was about forty years of age, and weighed 23st. 3lbs., or about 3lbs. more than a sporting Suffolk farmer, one Mr. Dobito, who had a great love for trotting horses, and used often to sell him a nag. These had been so well accustomed to Mr. D.'s weight, when they came to hand, that Mr. Thornhill regularly rode on the Heath, and only took to the yellow phaeton and the greys in the few last years of his life. Sam's racing career after the Derby was most ignoble, as he was a bad-constitutioned horse, and, like Shoveller, lost all form; but Sailor's chance was cut short by death during that very autumn. Will Chifney had taken him out on the Heath as usual one morning, and was watching the string as they rose the hill from the bushes, when he suddenly observed him stop in his stride, cross his legs, stagger about two hundred yards, and then drop. He had broken a blood-vessel in the chest, and was quite dead before Will could gallop up to him and get off his hack. The horse must have lost all consciousness in an instant, as, for the first time in his life, he crossed the road at the Turn of the Lands, without taking it at a flying jump, as was his eccentric and unvarying practice, even though he might be in the iron grip of Sam himself. He fell dead about seventy yards on the Newmarket side of it, and it darted instantly through Will's mind that there could be no hope, as he had

forgotten to rise at his favourite spot. Albert died on the Heath not many years after, with Connolly on his back; but he died in his stride, and did not go nearly so far before he fell: and Orinoco's death was equally instantaneous. It was said at the time, that Will Chifney gave Sailor unduly heavy work, and had horses regularly posted for him in his sweats. Both he and his father were good match trainers, but not great for two or three races together. Their match horses were brought to the post as fine as wax-work, but very light: they set them very sharp, stinted their water, had them out for exercise, varied with frequent four-mile sweats, four or five hours a day, and bled them upwards of a couple of quarts a week, till within a fortnight of the race. Such at least is the testimony of their still surviving cotemporaries, who will stick stoutly to the over-training of Priam.

Mr. Thornhill's Epsom luck with the Chifneys reached its acmé on the terrific Sailor day; and during the ten years more that his horses continued under their charge, none of them were ever again placed for either of those two races. Mustard was "nowhere" to Gulnare in the Oaks; and an own sister to Sam and Sailor was equally unfortunate in Zinc's year. The same may be said of Reformer, who was first favourite when Sir John Shelley won the Derby with Cedric, and had been purchased for 1500 guineas some six weeks before. His colt Merchant (who failed hopelessly for this race in 1828) was always an especial fancy of his owner's: low, lengthy, and strong; and tried to be so good after he won the Prendergast and the Column, that a third Derby seemed distinctly to loom in the future for Riddlesworth. The winter blasted all these hopes, as he went dead amiss, and was never really in form again. Once more, however, his bankrupt spirit seemed to revive, and Sam astonished the Heath considerably, and Lord

Exeter still more, by defeating the much-vaunted Varna in 1829; while his friend Robinson, on Lucetta, had an equally noted triumph over her fair stable friend Green Mantle. It was on the strength of the high opinion which they entertained of Merchant that the Chifneys were first tempted to buy Zinganee from Lord Exeter. Sam had of course ridden Merchant in his two-year-old races; and both he and Will were so convinced that Wheatley had not made enough use of Zinganee when he ran second in the Prendergast, that they soon afterwards made an offer of 1200*l.* for him. His lordship returned them an answer to the effect that, considering the horse's good engagements, 1500*l.* was about his price; and a cheque for that sum was at once forwarded. Reformer never did much to wipe out his Derby failure, and Sam's principal performances consisted in winning a match on him against Don Carlos, and running a dead heat with the same horse in a second match. Ringleader also won a somewhat extraordinary match against Strephon. The horses had run a match before, which had come off easily in favour of Strephon; but Will Chifney had kept his weather-eye open, and considered that Buckle had so completely out-generalled Will Arnull, that, if Mr. Thornhill would only buy the horse, and put Sam "up," things, as in the Merry-go-round match, would be altered. He was so set in his opinion, that Mr. Thornhill acquiesced, invited Mr. Lechmere Charlton to shoot at Riddlesworth between the Second October and the Houghton meetings, and succeeded in making another match at the same weights and distance. Mr. Charlton jumped at such an apparently foolhardy offer, and was not a little chagrined at the result.

During the seasons 1830-42, Mr. Thornhill's horses were in the hands of Pettit; and Connolly had nearly all the mounts above 7st. 7lbs. Still, auld acquaintance could not be entirely forgotten, and Sam ap-

peared in the Riddlesworth colours at intervals, and won two matches in them on Menalippe in 1840. It was owing also to the express wish of Mr. Thornhill, who was very intimate, and trained with Mr. Gurney, that he rode and won the Ascot Cup on that very peculiar horse St. Francis. In 1843, the season after poor Connolly died, Mr. Thornhill's horses were placed under his charge, both to train and ride. The lot consisted of Extempore, Elixir, Example, Eringo, Elemi, and one or two others ; and were certainly not calculated, in cardsellers' parlance, "to do much for the owner's name," although the blood of Emilius coursed in their veins. This magnificent son of Orville, whom he purchased for Mr. Udney, for 1800 guineas, was quite as dear to Mr. Thornhill as ever Touchstone was to the late Marquis of Westminster. The old horse survived Buckle, who rode him for the Derby, when he made all the running to Tattenham Corner, was headed, and then "came again," nearly seventeen years, and his owner, who left special injunctions that he should never be sold, for nearly four years. He was buried near the ruins of Easby Abbey, at which stud farm he died (within a few months of Mulatto, The Colonel, and The Saddler), leaving Priam, Plenipo, Mango, Euclid, and Oxygen to keep his memory green in the Epsom and Doncaster annals. Of the high-bred "E's" which Sam Chifney had in hand, Extempore, own sister to Euclid, was quite the flower; and the old jockey, who was then not many years short of sixty, donned the sweaters again with no little heart, to take off some 12lbs., in order to ride her for "The One Thousand" in 1843. Nine started, and George Edwards on Spiteful fought it out till the very last stride, when "The Old Screw" made his effort, and just won a head. It seemed quite like old times again, when he mounted his hack and rode alongside Mr. Thornhill's phaeton to receive his congratulations and describe the race. His two last

matches were on the same mare, and in both of them he had the pleasure of beating his old friend Robinson —once on Cowslip and again on Semiseria. The latter match for 500 sovereigns. h. ft., came off on May 7th, 1844, and was a worthy finish to a great Newmarket career, which had then extended over nearly half a century. He was perforce obliged to abandon his waiting system, as he knew that Semiseria could go much faster than his mare ; and, in fact, her match with Queen of the Gipsies was said to be the fastest thing ever run at Newmarket. Sam, consequently, started at score over the A.F., and cut her down before they reached the cords. The appearance of the veterans created quite a sensation, even among the matter-of-fact Ring-men. There was even betting between the two ; and Sam's grim weather-beaten visage was not altogether proof against the roar of delight which welcomed him as he rode back to scale, casting a knowing look of triumph at Robinson, who gave him the warmest of greetings in the weighing-house.

Only twice more was the well-known name of "S. Chifney" entered in the book of a Clerk of the Scales —once opposite Elemi in the Derby of that year, and again, and for the last time, opposite Example in the Oaks. In 1843 the issue of this race had been between himself and his nephew Frank Butler, and he had then been forced to alter his waiting tactics, and come on in front a quarter of a mile from home. The old tutor was, however, destined to be beaten by the pupil, and there was no resisting Poison's challenge at the Stand. This struggle might be said to be decisive of the point, as to whether the uncle or the nephew was to win the largest number of Oaks. Already had the uncle won five—on Briseis, Sorcery, Landscape, Shoveller, and Wings—while the nephew won five after this one, and, in fact, just commenced his great career in the saddle when the uncle quitted it. Mr.

Thornhill and Sam might have jogged on comfortably for some years to come, but the fatal escutcheon was above the hall-door of Riddlesworth before the next Newmarket July, and the latter settled down in the premises which his late master was found to have left him for his life, and never attempted to waste again.

## CHAPTER IX.

### PRIAM AND ZINGANEE.

"Now fitfully by gusts is heard,
He's fifth—he's sixth—he's fourth—he's third:
And on like an arrowy meteor flame,
The stride of the Derby winner came."

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

THE years 1829-31 may be said to have seen the Brothers Chifney at their zenith. Up to that time they had kept no private horses of any high stamp, although Pendulum was a fair country runner; whereas in 1828 they brought out Zinganee, in 1830 Priam, and in 1831 Emiliana. The latter filly won the Clearwell and the Prendergast Stakes, with Robinson on her, in such style that both Derby and Oaks seemed almost mortgaged to the stable; and even the quiet Sam is reported to have taken his pipe out of his mouth, and remarked, in one of his unwonted inspirations, that "*if he did not win them he would be hung to the nearest tree.*" The backers of the chestnut at the Corner derived much comfort from this handsome proposal; but during the winter she "got a leg," and was so out of tune on the Derby day, that Sam (who rode 2lbs. over weight) could make nothing out of her, although she recovered her running in a measure towards the close of the season. The coarse, coffin-headed Margrave, whom she had beaten cleverly in the Clearwell, was fourth, and Beiram fifth. Mr. Petre's Rowton came

to Newmarket about the same time, after keeping up in the North for two seasons the character which he had acquired by making his own running and defeating such horses as Voltaire and Sir Hercules in the St. Leger. The Chifneys had kept an eye on him ever since Sam got his measure on that memorable day with Voltaire; and even when he came into their hands for his fifth season, they declared him to be "the best horse at all distances from half a mile to four miles that they had ever trained"—no small praise from the owners of Priam and Zinganee. His sire was Oiseau, who also distinguished himself through Revolution and some rare four-mile horses in the north; while his dam Katharina was by Woful. The price was 1000 guineas; and at one time John Scott thought of taking half of him, but changed his mind from a feeling of delicacy towards Mr. Petre, whose luck was then sadly on the wane. In shape he was, perhaps, as nearly perfection as possible; low and lengthy, perhaps rather light-timbered, but with beautiful quarters. His head was small, clean, and deer-like, with an exquisitely expressive eye; and casting our memory back over the thousands of thorough-breds we have seen stripped, we know of few that we would not more readily have spared to the foreigners. One leg had required a good deal of care before he arrived at Ascot to encounter Camarine for the Gold Cup, in 1832; and this coarse, big mare, whom Robinson always considered some pounds better than Lucetta, presented a quaint contrast to her elegant little opponent, who looked little qualified to give her 17lbs. for the two years. The race was one of the most extraordinary and interesting ever run, and The Saddler was soon beaten off. Chifney walked 150 yards, and then cantered in front till about three-quarters of a mile from home, when he went on at a terrific pace—Robinson waiting with the mare till about seventy yards from the chair, where

he challenged, and a most punishing head-and-head struggle, in which the great Newmarket rivals seemed to ride for "Westminster Abbey or Victory," ended in a dead heat. The Chifneys would have been glad to compromise the race, and let the mare walk over; but the crowd was so great in those primitive days, when Grand Stand enclosures were unknown, that they could not find Sir Mark Wood. It is not likely that the baronet would have fallen in with the offer, as he had taken up some warm notions about a collision which had occurred between the pair as Robinson closed up, and would have it that Sam jostled his mare; while Sam as stoutly maintained that the mare had swerved on to his horse, and knocked him out of his stride. In the second bout Rowton made the running, Camarine waiting two lengths off; but his leg failed him after he passed the Brick Kilns, and the mare won easily. The produce of the two—or rather the two and Cetus—in 1835, was the chestnut Glenlivat, who was brought to the hammer, when a yearling, after Sir Mark Wood's death. He was so wonderfully handsome and blood-looking that Lord Exeter bid him up to 1000 guineas; but Lord George Bentinck—who then used Mr. Bowes' name in his nominations—went on with another ten-guinea bid, and secured him. Will Chifney had told Mr. Thornhill, who was anxious to bid, that he was not worth a fifty-pound note; and he turned out to be nearly correct. He contrived, however, when receiving 36lbs., to break down Hetman Platoff in the Leamington Stakes, in the same fashion that his dam had eight years before treated his sire. Rowton was also honoured with the smiles of the 1100-guinea Pucelle, when she was in the Duke of Cleveland's stud; and from their union sprang Virginia, who was in her turn the dam of Virago.

Zinganee was tried so highly during the spring of 1828 that Mr. Thornhill, as well as his owners, stood

heavily upon him for the Derby. He beat a field of ten for the Newmarket Stakes (825*l.*) very cleverly, although he was up to his fetlocks in dirt; but fate was against him in his Epsom preparation; and he had barely reached that town when his throat swelled, and he ran profusely at the nose almost up to the hour of starting. In spite of his distemper, he looked a winner all over till within eighty yards from home, when his Tramp stoutness could avail him no longer; and he was fain to finish a fair third to Cadland and The Colonel, who made a dead heat of it. The race took a great deal out of him, and he was very weak all the summer, and got beat at the turn of the lands in the Oatlands. Few could have guessed that so much racing power lurked under such an unpromising exterior. He was a lengthy horse, rather more than fifteen hands, lightly built, and with very thin thighs. His back ribs were very good; but, in addition to a pair of white heels, he had a very sour countenance, which deeply-sunken eyes did not tend to light up. The Newmarket season of 1829 was inaugurated by his victory, with Sam again on his back, for the Craven Stakes, when Fleur-de-lis (Pavis) was only beaten by a short head. The mare ran at a great disadvantage, as she carried about 32lbs. of dead weight; but still she was so vastly superior in stride and power to her opponent, that nothing but Sam's Herculean style of riding his little horse home just brought him through. To quote the vigorous report of Mr. Ruff, "*he absolutely lifted his horse in first by a bare head.*" In the Claret Stakes the pair were again successful. Buckle had seldom been more disappointed than on losing this race, as, after making 7st. 12lb. his lowest riding weight for years, he had specially reduced himself to 7st. 8lb., in order to ride his favourite Rough Robin. Robinson, on Cadland, was disposed of half way between the turn of the lands and the Duke's Stand, and at the latter point Chifney "got

to evens with Buckle, made his terrific rush, and won easily by two lengths." Zinganee's condition was so perfect on this day that he hardly turned a hair on pulling up; but he had a cough for nearly five weeks afterwards, and was only able to take sixteen days of strong work before the Ascot Cup.

The entry for this race was one of the most splendid ever known, and comprised two Derby, one St. Leger, and one Oaks winners. It was calculated that the eight which came to the post had had 24,000 guineas refused or paid for them at one time or another. There was the leggy and powerful-quartered Mameluke, for whom Mr. Gully had paid 4000 guineas to Lord Jersey, after he had won the Derby; while The Colonel, who had passed out of Mr. Petre's hands into the King's at 4000 guineas, for the sake of winning this one great prize, was once more side by side with his old rival Cadland, who was said to be priced at 1000 guineas less. The latter offer had also been refused for Lamplighter, and Lord Exeter would certainly have not taken less for his favourite Green Mantle. Mr. W., a betting man, made an offer of 3000 guineas for Zinganee the day before; but, as the Chifneys did not like the party for whom it was made, and felt some apprehension that it was intended to square him, they declined to treat. His victory in the Trial Stakes on Tuesday had put them on velvet, as regarded their Derby losses, and, remembering the good old maxim, "Sell when you can," they parted with him to Lord Chesterfield for 2500 guineas on the eve of the race, with the stipulations not only that Sam was to be in the red-and-blue, but that they were to receive the 340 sovs. stakes, and his lordship the Cup. The opinion of both brothers as to their certainty of success is best shown by the following letter, which William Chifney despatched to Lord Darlington, who was anxious to be guided by

his advice in his Tattersall's operations on Monday. It ran as follows:—

"Sunninghill Wells, Monday morning, 8 o'clock.

"My Lord,—I lose no time in answering your lordship's note, desiring me to remit my opinion of the horses in the Ascot Cup.

"Cadland and Mameluke are good horses; the latter, at times, shows temper, and will require the most skilful management to make him run his best form amongst a field of horses, and the slightest mistake in this respect will be fatal to him for the race. The Colonel is badly shaped: his ribs and quarters are much too large and heavily formed, and will cause him to tire and to run a jade; independent of this defect, the course, of all others, is especially ill suited to him, and will cause him to fall an easy victim. Still his party are so exceedingly fond of him as to think no horse can defeat him, and they have backed him for an immense sum. In the face of all this, I entertain the most contemptible opinion of him, *for the distance of ground*, and I fear nothing whatever from him. Lamplighter is not sufficiently good to cope with the company he will have to meet; and neither Green Mantle nor Varna, although good mares, can have a chance with the old horses over this strong course.

"I have the best horse in England at this moment in Zinganee; and if the race is desperately run, which I hope and anticipate it will be, and my brother sends him out the last three-quarters of a mile, to keep the pace severe, I shall be very much surprised and greatly disappointed if I do not see him with the Cup on Thursday without the slightest degree of trouble, notwithstanding the powerful field of horses he has to contend against.

"I am, your Lordship's most obedient servant,
"William Chifney.

"The Earl of Darlington."

Such a Carnival, as far as carriages were concerned, has never been seen at Ascot, either before or since. "Through the wood follow me!" was the key-note of every Justice Shallow, Falstaff, and "Merry Wife" for twenty miles round Windsor on that great Cup day, whose next anniversary saw the pulse that beat highest in the royal stand faintly ebbing away. The carriages were in some places nearly twenty deep by the side of the cords, and the verderers declared that nearly "half a mile of them" never reached the course at all till the Cup was run for. After three false starts, George Edwards, on the 2000-guinea Bobadilla, made the running till

far beyond the Swinley post, Zinganee lying off about seventh, and Wheatley on Mameluke, watching him so jealously, that whenever Sam eased his horse for a few strides, he instantly followed suit. *Three-quarters of a mile from home,* the Windsor and Belvoir Castle chances were quite out, and, as Will Chifney had foreshadowed in his prophetic note to Lord Darlington, Zinganee suddenly went through his horses like a minié-ball, Mameluke still hanging on to his quarters until halfway up, when he could live the pace no longer, and Sam landed the Bretby colours—amid loud shouts enough to scare every faun and dryad from the shade of Herne Oak for life—a clever first by two lengths. The Chifneys won about 1200*l.* on the race, and took 500*l.* of it at 2½ to 1 through Mr. Greville, just before starting. Mameluke's running did not surprise his friends, as he was always suspected to be rather a jade over a distance of ground. His temper had been perfect when he was in Tiny Edwards's hands; but it had been sadly ruined, as Bloomsbury's was in after-years, during his St. Leger training at Hambleton. After his gallops on the moor, he had been allowed to walk about among the horses which were grazing there, until at last he politely took to noticing them, and rearing whenever he passed one. This habit utterly nullified his training; and when he came to the St. Leger post, among a very large field of horses, he could hardly be got to face it at all. By the aid of Mr. Gully's cart-whip and Sam Chifney's whalebone, he did get off at the eleventh hour of asking, but he was nearly one hundred yards behind Matilda; bad as the mare was, it was "her day," and he could not, with all Sam's nursing, give 5lbs. and hold his own, when he crept up to her within the distance-post. Robinson always entertained the highest idea of Mameluke before the Derby, while Tiny Edwards (who was always one for quick work)

as strongly believed that he was inferior to Glenartney. Lord Jersey sided with Robinson ; and Crockford often used to tell, with a chuckle, how Tim fairly groaned with horror when he rode up to him on the Heath during the First Spring, and said—"*Holla, Tiny ! if you see the Peer, tell him I have got another hundred for him out of Glenartney.*" The public made Glenartney, who was ridden by Harry Edwards, first favourite at starting, against a field of twenty-two (which comprised Sam in the royal livery on Windermere, and Will Wheatley on Mr. Sadler's Defence), and relieved their feelings when Jem came sailing past him on Mameluke, by saying that "*he couldn't have lost if the bridle had broke.*" Over a short distance of ground, perhaps no horse of the day possessed such a high turn of speed as Mameluke, and hence the Chifneys knew that their only chance of winning at Ascot depended on their making the running too severe for him. Zinganee received 10lbs. from him for his year in the Cup, and the handicappers reduced this difference to 4lbs. when they adjusted the weights for the Garden Stakes.

Zinganee's day was virtually over when he passed out of the Chifneys' stable, and Lord Chesterfield's trainer, Prince, had never any luck with him. This failure was not extraordinary, as he was a delicate-constitutioned animal, and although he stood the strong preparation for which the Chifneys had become so famed, he equally baffled William Edwards when he became the property of the King for 2000 guineas. Cadland beat him a head for the Audley End Stakes in the autumn of his Ascot Cup year, Will Arnull having orders to force the running, a mode of tactics which made his horse show temper. In fact, he could never bear hurrying in his best day, and never fairly waked up till he had gone nearly three-quarters of a mile. An odd proof of this was given in a trial he had with one of the late

Duke of Portland's horses over the Bunbury Mile. Lord George Bentinck and a friend were looking on, about halfway, while the Duke of Portland, according to his wont, stood at the ending post. As the two passed them, Zinganee seemed beaten off, and hence they were not a little surprised when the Duke told them that he had only given it by a neck against the old horse. He only once got as far as Doncaster, where he ran a "half head" second to Tyke for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, and was forthwith scratched for the Cup, where Voltaire would have shown him monstrous little mercy. Sam was engaged to ride him for both races; but he was so confident, on seeing him, that there would be no Cup mount, that he begged off, and Will Arnull took his place. After winning such an Ascot Cup but three months before, he could not bear to be beaten on him, and he felt that a fond public would lay 7 to 2 on a horse whom he knew to be some 12lbs. below the form which he had run to in his own and his brother's hands, and not put the most charitable constructions on his defeat. In fact, he was only once more on his back, and then the horse was "as weak as water," and had some trouble in being a decent last for the Cup, which he had won so proudly the year before. His leg gave way in the First October of that year, when he met Cadland for the Whip, and his chequered career soon afterwards came to a close. For a few seasons he was put to the stud in England, but his stock were generally very light, and although Beggarman and Chymist, out of Oxygen, ran fairly, he did but little for the fame of Tramp, and ended his days, like Rowton and Priam, in America.

It was on a fine morning (as the novelists remark) just before the July meeting of 1828, that the Chifneys sauntered out together to look at Sir John Shelley's young things, which had come up to New-

market for sale, and were taking their airings at the foot of the Warren Hill. A report had reached them, that there was a wonderfully fine colt by Emilius, out of Cressida, among the lot. The blood of this renowned son of Orvile was just coming into fashion, and as they were both stricken with a deep fancy for the colt the moment they set eyes on him, Will boldly determined to make a dash for a second Zinganee, and to have him at any price. He was quite unbroken at the time, and the stable were so anxious to keep him, that they ran him up to 950 guineas. Beyond that point they would not go; and Mr. Tattersall knocked him down for 1000 guineas to Will Chifney. There was no room for him at either Will's or Sam's stables, and hence he stood for a few months at Sam Day's, and learnt his first lesson in the way he should go from the hands and lips of Martin Starling. During the whole of his two-year-old season he was untried, either in public or private. Dilly had a share in him along with the Chifneys, and the three were so confident of his powers, that they engaged him very heavily, trusting to their notions of his form, and a rough gallop or two with Zinganee before Ascot. The first horse he ever galloped with was Flacrow, and Will declares that he never saw any young thing run so raw, or get beaten off so far. He was a dark-bay animal, about whom good judges formed the most opposite notions. Lord Darlington took a violent dislike to him, and never believed that he would stay the Derby course; while Lord Chesterfield used enthusiastically to declare that he could look at him all day, and that he was "the only blood horse he had ever seen." If the shaggy Russian Major, who attended on a pony the Spring Meeting on the Tchernaya, had looked him over, he would indeed have said he was "*English hoarse, fleet as winds for course, as would gain the reward.*" At the first glance, he seemed

rather a tall, short horse; but although he was slightly leggy, he could hardly be said to want length. In height he was a trifle above fifteen-three, rather light-limbed, and with lightish back-ribs, from which his opponents especially drew their "short-coursed" inferences. His great beauty lay in his forehand; and he had deep oblique shoulders, and one of the most expressive and blood-like of heads. Lord Darlington had well-nigh proved his evil genius, as the horse caught a violent cold from a long inspection which he made of him when he passed through Newmarket, to see his darling Derby hope, Wat Tyler, on his road from the North during a very cold March. Priam's throat swelled so much, that he refused his corn, and at one time it seemed doubtful whether he could come to the post for his Craven Meeting engagements, for which his owners had backed him very heavily. In the Riddlesworth race, Will Chifney stationed himself halfway up the D.M., and the horse was running so unkindly when he went past him, that he sung out to Buckle some extempore directions. "Frank" got a 50*l.* douceur for his win, as the Chifneys were always exceedingly liberal on these occasions, and was thus apostrophized by Will when they met in the weighing-house, "Why, Frank, what the devil was you about for the first half mile—you rode him so contrary to your usual good style?" Buckle jokingly answered that Will was quite right, but that the horse had been so awkward at starting, that he could not get him settled into his stride till they were nearly in the cords. Kean, who had run second to Patron for the Two Thousand Guineas the year before, and Flacrow, who afterwards became a Melton crack, and distinguished himself by winning a great steeple-chase in that district, gave him his Derby work turn about, along with Wat Tyler, whom Sam was to have ridden at Epsom. When the latter's leg gave way at Mickleham, Will Chifney was in

great hopes that he could have secured Sam for Priam, and offered to lay Lord Darlington 1000*l.* to 100*l.* against the horse, if he would consent; but his lordship was inexorable, and claimed him for the Sheldrake colt. Mr. Rush was applied to for Robinson with equally ill success, as he was also heavy against Priam, and firmly insisted on his first call for a wretch called Ivanhoe; and therefore the "green and black cap" of the family was intrusted to Sam Day, who had won the Derby on Gustavus nine years before.

To get from Newmarket to Epsom in those days was no May game. Priam and his four companions started at four o'clock in the morning on the Friday week before the Derby day, and Will Chifney caught them up on his pony long before they had completed their twenty-one miles' walk to Newport. Will, who was a great walker in his prime, put some of the commissariat across his pony's back on the second day, and walked all the remainder of the way by the side of his favourite, who excited not a little interest among the sporting innkeepers on the road, who had been anxiously looking out for "t' Newmarket nag." A twenty-two miles' tramp brought the procession to the Cock at Epping, on Saturday; and long before morning church was finished, it had passed down Piccadilly, and reached Smith's stables, which stood at that time near the head of Sloane-street. A quiet "office" had been given to a few of the Jockey Club, to whom Priam granted a long audience in the course of the afternoon. He was far on his road to Mickleham Downs before any more visitors could arrive in the morning, and had thus a clear nine days of quiet preparation before the Derby, which, from its establishment in 1780 (when Diomed, Priam's great-grandsire, won it) up till Amato's year, was always run on a Thursday. The facts of the race, for which twenty-three started, are easily told. Little Red

Rover was supported with such spirit by the great betting twins of that day, Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale, that Priam could never be got to shorter odds than 4 to 1. The latter showed, as in the Riddlesworth, his strong dislike to seeing fresh faces at the post; and hence, when after a profusion of false starts the flag dropped in earnest, Sam Chifney looked back grimly in his saddle as they swept off in a perfect cloud of dust, and saw Priam still dancing on his hind legs in most approved Ducrow fashion, at the post. However, "the sprig of myrtle" got him once more on all-fours, and although he was last off, and lost several lengths, Sam and Robinson (who were in difficulties already) had the pleasure of seeing him shoot past them like a swallow before they had gone 400 yards, and get on to good terms with Little Red Rover, Mahmoud, and Augustus at Tattenham Corner. Once there, Sam Day took his pull, and waited with them to the Grand Stand, where the "narrow blue stripes" declined, and all Templeman's efforts on his chestnut could do nothing against Priam when he came in earnest. "Two lengths" was the fiat, and the Chifneys won about 12,000*l.* including the stakes—much less than public report chose to attribute to them. Priam walked over for the Ascot Derby in the course of the next fortnight, and became an immense favourite for the St. Leger, for which they very fairly concluded that he could not be beaten.

No horse could do better during the summer; and it was with high hopes of making a more brilliant stroke than ever, that Will Chifney again set out on his walking pilgrimage with him to Doncaster early in September. Stilton was their goal on the first day; and on the next they pushed forward to Exton Park, the seat of the late Sir Gerard Noel, some five or six miles from Stamford. Here a halt was made for nearly a week, during which Priam was sweated,

and did some good work each morning in the Park. Bebington was the third stage, and Retford the fourth. Mr. Clarke was not at home when Will gave a passing call at his cheerful hostelrie at Barnby Moor; but his good spouse took a look at Priam, and sent out her best ale to the lads to drink the Derby winner's health. When they reached the Intake-farm stables, Will Chifney was disposed to consider Birmingham, by Filho da Puta—a great brown seventeen-hand horse, with the Haphazard and Orvile strains in him—as his most dangerous opponent; till Sam Day, who had ridden Cetus against him at Warwick, assured him that Priam had nothing to fear, and that in his opinion Birmingham would not like the distance. The horse did strong work (though by no means so severe as the Northern trainers chose to report) on the Town Moor up to the Sunday before the race, which was then always run on a Tuesday; and mindful of Malek's celebrated bolt to his corn-bin, Will would never lead him on or off it by the Intake-farm Gate, but skirted it through gaps purposely made in the hedges of the Corporation Meadows, and so through the gate near the Rubbing House. The weather for some days before the St. Leger had been so bad, that, as old Will Carter was wont to say, the course was "deluded with wet," and the twenty-eight starters were nearly up to their fetlocks between the T.Y.C. post and the Red House, at which latter point the water literally stood in pools. Sam did not at all relish the immense stride of Birmingham, as he took his canter alongside of him, amid thunder, rain, and lightning. The brown was so powerful that Connolly could hardly hold him; and it was all he could do to pull him from the edge of the ditch, into which the pair nearly rolled headlong. Before they reached the Intake turn, the heavy ground had brought Priam to grief; but he struggled gamely home, and was only beaten by half a length. The Chifneys made no excuse for the horse on the

score of condition, as they believed him to be some pounds better than he had been on the Derby day; and it was apparent to his backers that sound ground would have made all the difference. Hence Mr. Tattersall made an offer to run him against Birmingham over the same course at even weights on the Friday, and lay 2000*l.* to 1000*l.* on him, or to run him for 1000*l.* even, A.F. at Newmarket in the First Spring, and give 3lbs.; but both these offers were declined.

After a day's rest, Priam was all fresh again; and with 2 to 1 on him, and receiving only 5lbs. for his year from Retriever, beat the latter quite easily in a 500 sovs. (h. ft.) match at a mile and a half. This defeat sent Retriever to 20 to 1 for the Cup, which he won from Medora, Laurel, Fleur-de-lis, &c., on the next day; and caused Lord Glasgow to fall back on Harry Edwards for an explanation of his horse's running in the match, and to make proposals for another at Newmarket in the spring, which eventually went off by consent. About the November of this year, Mr. Payne and Will Chifney had some negotiations about Priam; but, fortunately for Will, who was not indisposed to sell for 2000 guineas, they also fell through. He had lost none of his form when the doors of the Newmarket Stands and Rubbing Houses once more creaked, after a winter's idleness, on their rusty hinges; and with Robinson on him, won both the Craven Stakes and the Port. In the former of these races he beat a field of ten, among whom was Tranby, who distinguished himself so much in Mr. Osbaldeston's 200 mile match in the November of that year. Sir Sandford Graham was rather sweet on him about this time, but he thought too long about it; and Lord Chesterfield—who then owned his half-brother by Middleton, and had got back Zinganee from the Royal Stud—purchased him for 3000 guineas the evening after he had won the Port. High prices

for tried horses were more frequent in those days than they are now, and the Chifneys seemed always to be in the thick of them. Lord Darlington would have gladly given 4000 guineas for Mameluke shortly after the Derby, and Mr. Thornhill bid Mr. Batson 5000 guineas for Plenipo a few weeks before the memorable Ascot Cup of '35. Mr. Gully in the one instance just anticipated the Earl, and Mr. Batson, at, we believe, the instance of his eldest son, declined to part with his horse at any price.

Priam's first essay for Lord Chesterfield was at the First Spring, in a 200 h. ft. 8st. 7lbs. each match, over the T.M.M., against Lucetta, who was a year his senior, and had won the Ascot Cup in the previous June. Sir Mark Wood had originally given 2000 guineas for this mare, on the strength of a private trial, and in the plenitude of his confidence gave orders to Robinson to try and cut Priam down. The spirit with which each animal was supported was akin to that in which the backers of St. Hubert and Lord of the Isles indulged for "The Two Thousand," when "The Squire" observed that, "to hear them talk, their horses must be more than clippers—they're alarmers." It was a very severely run match, and created enormous interest; but Sam made very short work of the Hare Park mare when he challenged in the ropes. This was the last time Sam was on him; and in the whole of his victories, except this, either Buckle, Connolly, or Robinson were his steersmen. The latter knew him to a nicety; and, in fact, Lord Chesterfield's regular jockey, Connolly, thought he went so oddly in his gallop on the Tuesday before the Goodwood Cup (1831), that he called to Robinson, who was on the ground, and requested him to give him a canter. "Our Jim" returned the horse with an assurance that he was all right, and he won the Cup easily enough, and repeated the performance in the following year under 9st. 13lbs. Weight and

distance were no particular object to him, as he beat Lucetta cleverly over the Queen's Plate Course at Newmarket in the same week they ran their match, carrying 11st. to her 11st. 9lbs. Perhaps his greatest performance was in the Second October of 1831, when he gave 16lbs. to Augustus in a 300 sovs. (or, as it was generally thought, a 500 sovs. p. p.) match across the Flat. Augustus had always been a name of dread to the Chifneys, long before the Derby, and they had endeavoured to buy him out of Priam's road; but their fears, which were somewhat increased after he won the Two Thousand Guineas, proved groundless, as he was only fourth to him at Epsom. In the present match, which was the most dashing that Lord Chesterfield ever made, and caused some heavy betting, Augustus made all the running at a great pace, and put Priam into such desperate difficulties at the Bushes, under his 9st. 2lbs., that it was all Robinson could do to prevent him running out on to the lands. The Sultan blood of Augustus was, however, none of the stoutest, and he died away so completely in Will Arnull's hands, as he rose the hill, that Robinson, who had got a pull at his horse, was just enabled to catch him a few strides from the chair, and win by half a length. He did not start in 1831-32 for the Doncaster Cup, in both of which years his old rival Birmingham was fifth for it to The Saddler and Gallopade; and he never went through the great Ascot Cup test of Derby and St. Leger winners, which brought fresh laurels to Memnon, Touchstone (twice), Van Tromp, Flying Dutchman, Teddington, and West Australian; and which Mameluke, Rowton, The Colonel, Cadland, Rockingham, Plenipo, Bloomsbury, Attila, Foig-a-Ballagh, Cossack, Voltigeur, Stockwell, and Saucebox all essayed in vain. Although Will Chifney knew that Priam would not be allowed to start for it in 1831, he entered him, for a sort of sale advertisement, as well

as a protest against the exclusiveness of the new rule. In the following year he was "off;" and Rowton, Camarine, and The Saddler were the only starters. The rule that no horses should start, except they were the property of members of the Jockey Club, or Brookes's, or White's, was established in 1830. It really and truly arose out of the annoyance which was felt by the King and his Court (just as the course was cleared for the Zinganee Cup race) at a non-titled owner going to the door of the Royal Stand, and requesting, in what they deemed too authoritative a tone, to speak to Lord Maryborough about some defect in the course arrangements.

At the close of the season of 1832, the confederacy between Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Greville was dissolved, and his lordship's horses quitted Prince's charge for John Scott's. Priam never reached Malton, but retired into private life along with Zinganee at Bretby Park, where his fee was 30 sovereigns, or thrice as much as that of his less esteemed companion, which, however, subsequently rose to 15 sovereigns. The latter, in spite of his ill-luck, had always been a great favourite with his lordship, as he was the first heavy purchase he had made, at a time when his stud, which increased in after years to nearly thirty, only consisted of five. Sultan was the premier of that day, and fifty sovereigns were charged for his services, while Emilius was priced at forty, and Partisan at twenty. On the turf Priam was only twice defeated, and he remained in England for nearly four seasons. Green Mantle was one of the first mares that arrived at his paddocks, but Troilus was no very worthy son, and, in fact, with the exception of the Dey of Algiers, he can hardly be said to have got a colt of any note. His fillies were very superior, and he left behind him a yearling and a two-year-old (Miss Letty and Industry), both of whom took Oaks honours, as well as Octaviana, in foal with Crucifix. Lord Chesterfield parted

with him in the Second October Meeting (the very week that Sam's Fidget Farm was sold) to Mr. Tattersall, who bid 3500 guineas for him, on behalf of an American breeder. Brother Jonathan was determined to fly at high game, and have no ring-tailed roarer, and hence the fame of the purchase spread so far and wide through the States, that he got back a great part of his purchase money in the very first season; and all attempts to redeem him at 4000 guineas for England were utterly useless.

Epsom had nothing more for the Chifneys in its lucky-bag after they drew its great prize with Priam, but they started two for the Derby in the following year—to wit, Exile with Macdonald "up," while Sam rode the Surprise filly at 4lbs. overweight. The filly was equally unfortunate in the Oaks, though Sam wasted 2lbs. on the evening of the Derby, in order to start her on even terms with Oxygen and her other lady-friends on the morrow. Will lent her to Mr. Osbaldeston, when he rode his great match on the Round Course against time, in the following November; and she did her four miles in 9 minutes 10 seconds—no bad performance for a three-year-old over such a course, and under 11st. 4lbs. Emiliana made nothing out in the Derby of 1832; but Harry Edwards and Sam were both in the Chifney green on the Derby day of 1833; the former on Prince Llewellyn, and the latter on Moorhen, whose dam (Shoveller) he had just shoved in first for the Oaks some 14 years before. The two brothers did not agree on this occasion about their nags' forms, as Will Chifney thought very highly of Prince Llewellyn, while Sam would not have it, and preferred wasting down to 8st. 2lbs. for Moorhen, who beat the Prince in their places. This filly had the honour that autumn of giving Frank Butler his first winning mount at Newmarket, in a handicap plate, against a field of ten. Frank (who rode 7st. 2lbs. in the above race) was never in his uncles' stables, but

attended occasionally to gallop their horses, and ride trials; and he always owned with honest family pride, that the eminence which he afterwards attained in the saddle was not a little owing to the valuable hints he received from them.

Although William was hard hit by Prince Llewellyn, he was so far from being disheartened, that he gave John Scott 1400*l.* for Connoisseur, who had run second for the Derby, and determined to make a last effort for the St. Leger. The Whitewall form, however, could not be improved upon, and the brown son of Chateau Margaux and Frailty was sold, soon after his Doncaster race, for 600 guineas, to Count Batthyany, and died on shipboard, *en route* to Hungary. The defeat of the Duke of Cleveland's Shillelah for the Derby, and the building of a handsome house at Newmarket, which was occupied by the Bradleys, dealt a decisive blow to the Chifney fortunes; and in the June of 1834, their stud was brought to the hammer. The elegant Rowton passed into Jem Bland's hands at 1000 guineas, and Shillelah's dam and Emiliana at 320 guineas each; while the Marquis of Westminster bought a Whisker filly at 260 guineas, the same price as was given by Lord Darlington for a Sam mare. An Emilianus colt also went to Raby, and a Sam gelding was bought in. But once more were the colours of the family seen at Epsom, where they were sported by Frank Butler in his maiden mount for the Derby, on The Athenian, in 1836. Frank's luck on that occasion very faintly foreshadowed the two St. Legers, two Derbies, and six Oaks which were in store for him, as his sadly wayward colt, after causing an infinity of false starts, was left behind at the post.

After 1834, Sam ceased to go North altogether, and what little riding he had from that date, was confined to Newmarket, Ascot, and Epsom. He whipped-in for the Derby on Lord Chesterfield's Critic in 1837,

and never got off at all on Mr. Payne's Young Rowton, out of Emiliana, for the same stake in the following year. The jockeys were so unprepared for the actual start, that several of them half-stopped their horses, feeling sure that it would not be one; and Sam actually had his chestnut's head turned the contrary way at the moment the ill-timed signal was given. St. Francis (Pettit) was in the same predicament, and oddly enough, it is in connexion with his magnificent riding of this companion in trouble, that many of our more modern turfites date their Sam Chifney recollections. He was a little strong horse by St. Patrick, and perhaps one of the most shifty and idle animals that a jockey ever crossed. "Lazy Lanercost" was a piece of quicksilver compared to him. Robinson and Chifney both agreed that in all their experience they had never met with one that was half so difficult to ride; and both were generally quite exhausted when they weighed in. A more varmint-looking pair never paraded before the Ascot Grand Stand than Sam on the Saint, who whisked his long switch tail about in not the pleasantest of moods, when he felt that his plain snaffle was in hands which would brook no nonsense. The horse belonged to Mr. Gurney, who was an especial friend, and trained with Mr. Thornhill at Pettit's; and it was by the wish of the latter that Sam was "put up" in several of his races.

The Ascot Cup of 1840 was his leading victory; but the severest task was the riding him for a 100*l.* D.I. Plate in one of the Houghton Meetings. On this occasion Robinson beckoned to Butler, as he met him cantering on his hack towards the cords, and said, "*Come back with me, and I'll show you a treat of your uncle's riding such as you never saw yet. He's got St. Francis in hand to-day, and I know what a slug he is!*" Accordingly the two stationed themselves at the turn of the lands, and when the horses came to-

wards them, Butler exclaimed—"*Why my uncle's horse is dead beat—he will be last!*" "*Come along,*" rejoined Robinson, smiling; "*you'll hear a different tale at the chair;*" and when they did get there, Frank vowed he would "*take care and never believe again that my uncle's beaten till he's past the post.*" Lord Jersey and two or three more of the Jockey Club, saw the race about two distances from home, and even there St. Francis *seemed* to be shirking his work so completely from distress, that they could hardly believe their ears, when they heard that the judge had given him the race by two or three lengths.

Sam's riding of Bloomsbury against Robinson on Clarion, for the Cesarewitch of 1839, also created a great deal of talk at the time, and was one of the most exciting finishes ever known on the Heath. Coming through the Ditch-gap, he was nearly 150 yards behind the light weights, who were raking away at a fearful pace; but he crept up so gradually inch by inch across the flat that when Robinson found him at his quarters, he involuntarily exclaimed—"*Where the devil did you come from?*" His rush was one of the most tremendous he ever made; but the horse flinched under nine stone, and he was most bitterly disappointed to hear that the race had been given against him by a neck. He came up right under the judge's chair, while Clarion ran rather wide, and he always maintained that the judge had overlooked him. We cannot say how far his belief was correct, but not a few sided with him; and it was well known to be rather a failing of the late Mr. Clark's to overlook the horse who ran close under the chair, as in the cases of Little Red Rover, Stockwell, and Merry Peal. Still these *oversights*, if they were such (and we can only state our own opinion on the last), were mere specks in a career of thirty years in the Newmarket judgment-seat, which was occupied from 1805 to 1822 by his father, and since 1852 by

his son. Mr. Nightingale once gave a race in Scotland by "two or three inches," but perhaps the most difficult finish to decide was the Zetland Stakes at the York Spring of '56. We asked Mr. Johnson how he ever contrived to place them as he did, and he told us that when he saw the five hard at it head and head, he felt that he dared not watch them as they came, but turned and kept his eyes firm on the white line, and just hit them off with a glance as they passed it. If he had given it a dead heat of five, neither jockeys nor spectators would have been a whit the wiser, though the "roughs" chose to be savagely critical when Mildew beat Cantab at York, and sent Mr. Clark in hot haste from the chair to the weighing-room. Sam never forgot many of his father's precepts, and always liked "to lie under the wind" in a race, but he had none of his love of check cords, and seldom resorted to his desperate resort of spurring a horse in the brisket. "I find when it comes to the last spring," Old Sam used to say, "I can get a head there when I can get it nowhere else." Sam also rode closer with his knees, and was not so loose and slovenly in his jockey costume, and although both are equally silent and proud in their way, especially in refusing mounts they did not like, no one ever saw the younger one perpetually on the trot up and down Newmarket "with his coat buttoned behind," a practice which seemed to keep the senior in riding form. Old Mat Stephenson was however much more unique in his dress, and always wore a rusty hunting cap when he superintended the sweats, and had a boy carrying the spare sweating cloths on an old coach horse, which eventually glandered nearly all Lord Grosvenor's string.

But we are not yet quite at the ending post with Sam. In 1842 he rode the bay colt by Agreeable, dam by Sam, for Mr. Meiklam, in the Derby, where he ran fifth; and also wasted and went to Doncaster

to ride the same colt for the St. Leger, for which he was "milked" and scratched. His 1843-44 mounts were entirely confined to Mr. Thornhill, at whose Newmarket house and stables he resided till the November of 1851, when he removed to Hove, near Brighton. At Newmarket, his great pleasure, for the six years after he retired, was to stroll out on to the heath to see the gallops; but he was very indifferent about races generally, except when really good horses were to meet. He bade farewell to Newmarket with the Houghton Meeting of 1852, and never visited Epsom after the day that "Frank" and West Australian won the Derby. The last race-meeting that he ever attended was the Brighton one of the same year, as he was too ill to get so far even from Hove, when its next anniversary came round. We spied his spare figure, in his black surtout and large hat, for the last time, as he quietly strolled down Piccadilly, and chatted with a few friends in front of the White Bear, on a fine June day, just before the Ascot Meeting of 1853. He had been ill about a month before he died; and his brother William had been to visit him; but a second summons failed to reach him in time, and when he saw him again he was in his coffin. His death took place towards the end of August, 1854, two months before he had completed his 69th year, and ten years and a quarter after he had quitted the saddle, and he was buried in the beautiful churchyard of Hove, which lies hard by his late residence.

Brighton and its neighbourhood had always been a favourite spot with him, as he remembered it in the days when the Prince Regent kept court at its Pavilion, and laughed at the story of how "little Sam" and Will Edwards, in 1802, had led the Celia filly to its meeting all the way from Stockbridge, and ridden her in turns by the way. The Prince never forgot the incident, and it strengthened the good impression

which Sam's first appearance in the Royal purple on the filly at Stockbridge had created. The mould has long since rattled dismally on the coffin-lids of those lords and ladies gay, and our own task as biographers is ended. We began with a little lad of six seated on Kit Karr at Newmarket, and his father, the first horseman of his day, in the stall at his side, and we have traced that lad's history through many a night of weariness and many a weary day, till he finished his cast like a wreck on the sea-beach of life. All is past now, and the old weather-beaten jockey, after his fitful span of trouble and victory, and leaving the Chifney rush as a proverb to all time, sleeps at last near the spot where in 1804 the seal was first set to his boyish fortunes. Peace to his memory!

## CHAPTER X.

### CARDSELLERS, TOUTS, AND AUGURS.

"The bell is ringing for the start:
There's 'Sim' in blue and white,
With Heseltine in red, and 'Job'
In lilac, and Cartwright;
There's Holmes in blue and scarlet sleeves,
And now I can descry
The tartan vest and yellow cap
Of Mr. Thomas Lye."

*Yorkshire Ballad.*

IT is not many years since an Oxford undergraduate went to chapel on a "surplice evening," fresh from the joys of a wine party. The anthem was "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!" and the first few bars had scarcely been got through by the choristers, when their half-"mesmerized" auditor roused himself, and, utterly reckless of rustication and its consequences, suddenly stretched out his surpliced arms, and flapping them with a mighty rushing sound, sung out at the very top of his voice "Oh, that I had wings like a jolly, jolly duck!" We have been told that his adjectives were still more forcible; but, great as was the consternation of the college dons at this untoward event, it was not one whit greater than that felt three-and-forty years before, by a large coterie of the Newmarketers, when it first transpired that their quiet, red faced little chum, Dan Dawson—Dan Dawson, who was always so sociable with them over his pipe and pot in an

evening, and who warbled forth from a throat unconscious of the growing hemp the very choicest of Bacchanal songs whenever his turn came round—had sunk into a low horse poisoner. He had married a lady's maid, and knew French so well, that when on one occasion Lord Stowell (who espied him hard by) was relating to his friends, in that language, the news of a trial which Neale had given his horses that morning, he came up with a most impudent air, giving his lordship joy of having so good a horse, and adding, "I thought he'd win, my Lord—let me stand in 5*l.* and I'll not tell." And no doubt he did not tell, *till* he met his great patrons Joe and Jim Bland. Bishop, an ex-Guy's dispenser, was his confederate in the matter, and turned King's evidence for the sake of the 500 guineas reward which was offered by the Jockey Club, and which it was said they never paid him, after all. Two of Mr. Kit Wilson's July Stakes horses at Perren's stables were those they wished to get at, but as three or four locked troughs stood together at the back of John Stevens's, they mistook between them, and the result was that thirteen of Stevens's lot which were then temporarily under the charge of David Jones, were taken ill, and two of them died. The symptoms were excessive relaxation (for science has hitherto failed in making horses vomit); and when the two were opened, they were as rotten as a pear. The guilty couple had lifted the padlocked lids as high as they could, and poured in the arsenic at nightfall; and the very hens when they drank of it fluttered feebly, and then died, while the stable cat ran about like a maniac. Dan escaped on this indictment, as well as on that charging him with poisoning Sir F. Standish's Periwi and Lord Kinnaird's The Dandy, which stood at Prince's; but the Foley indictment was fatal. He lodged at a house opposite "Old Q's" residence, to be near the field of his touting labours. His favourite maxim

was, that "those who lay in bed in a morning at Newmarket did no good for themselves;" and he had such confidence in his peculiar powers, that if Lord Foley's string had consisted of "eleven*teen* hundred" instead of eleven, he "could have physicked them all." Lord Foley, to whom he made several disclosures after his sentence, tried hard to save his life: but the Home Secretary of that day was inexorable, and on August 8, 1812, the white cap was drawn over his face on the top of Cambridge gaol. Several persons drove over from Newmarket to have a last look at him, and were admitted into the gaol yard, as a special favour. They were talking in a cluster by an iron-studded door, when it opened, and the poor pinioned criminal came so suddenly upon them, that Will Arnull almost tumbled backwards into his arm. "*Good-bye; God bless you! my Newmarket lads; you see I can't shake hands with you. Good-bye!*" was all the former could say, as he tottered towards the scaffold; and the governor afterwards assured his visitors that they had totally unmanned him by this unexpected interview.

A few years before this "Nobbler King" ascended the drop, a taste for operations during Newmarket Races had brought the career of the notorious pickpocket Barrington to a close. He had thrown aside his clerical guise, his regimentals, and the full-dress coat, sword, bag-wig, and pink powder, in which it was his wont to honour Ranelagh, and was smoking his pipe and talking the broadest Doric, after the labours of the day, in the chimney-corner of the Swan at Bottisham, about two miles from the Beacon Post, when one of the Cambridge race-goers recognised him under his carter's smock frock disguise. He blanched palpably at last, under the long searching stare which he received, and being too weary to run over such an open country, slunk out only to try and hide himself in an outhouse, from whence he

was shortly afterwards gazetted to Botany Bay, about the same time that his great namesake was translated to Durham.

The touts of the present day form a very large class on the turf, and are constantly recruited by a never-failing supply of over-grown grooms, who burst on to the prophetic world of literature as "Voltigeur," "Goldfinder," and the like. About forty or fifty of them live in Newmarket, and receive about 1*l.* 1*s.* a week from their employers, whose weekly reports have been sadly less lucid since the new trial-course came into use; it takes, however, no ordinary vigilance to baffle them, and their devices would be worthy of Field himself. The mere skirters of the fraternity are great in the "outer ring," and from what we once witnessed in a train, we suspect that not a few of the poorest contrive to get along the railways by occasionally "squaring" the guard. The publichouse is their great sphere of action; and in one instance one of the most distinguished of the craft casually learnt all he required from a village whitewasher, who revealed to him over a can of ale, for which the "very civil drovier chap" insisted on paying, that the object of his search, "*A horse with two white heels—I don't know the name*," had walked very lame behind, as he was shifted during the whitewashing process from one box to another. The unconscious knight of the brush little knew what suspicions he had confirmed, and what telegraph-wires he set to work before evening closed in. The Flying Dutchman was watched by a perfect squadron of them before the Derby, and Fobert in fact counted sixteen heads, looking like as many crows in file, watching the horse from behind a wall near Spigot Lodge as he came out for exercise. One of the leaders candidly informed him that he had "orders to see him in and out," but that on due notice, he "would retire like a gentleman to a dis-

tance," whenever he wished to have a trial. Teddington's trial was known in Newmarket (though not fully believed) a few hours after it was run, and Cataract and Sorella were the objects of particular attention when they were matched. When Bill Scott used to live near Knavesmire, his motions were watched night and day, whenever a trial at Malton was about to come off, and it was almost impossible for him to steal away from York at any time of the night without having them on his track. Some of them are put on by the backers of a horse "to bonnet" him, and then, as Mr. Harry Hill observes, "*they wink as if they were going to knock an omnibus over;*" and many of the principal owners employ a private tout of their own, often a young ex-jockey, who has acquired a good knowledge of styles of going, and perhaps make him stick to one horse they fancy, or the reverse, for a whole season.

The racing tipsters have much less patronage than formerly, before "Geoffrey Greenhorn" laid a trap for them, and published the tips he received in *The Life.* Professor Ingledue, M.A., the mesmerist, is silent; and if their subscribers, "for whose interests I have collected my old and able staff, with many additional ones, who are already at work in the training districts," could only get a sight of the "old and able staff," they would find it consisting of a man and a boy, "at work" in the back room of a London public-house, and sending different winners for every race to their subscribers. At one of the Yorkshire training towns a schoolmaster commenced as prophet to a London paper, and it turned out that he had got all his information by writing the letters for the touts between school hours.

Their advertisements furnish a fine field for any future compiler of "Curiosities of Literature." Some are headed "My tongue is not for falsehood framed;" "California without cholera—Gold without danger;"

and "The Hero of a Hundred Fights." James Besborough gently eulogises himself, and "although hating self-praise and idle puff, so prevalent in the present day, boldly defies the world to find his equal." There is also a breadth and point about the writings of another seer, to wit, "Joe of Kensington," which quite takes one by storm. At times he assures us that he "has been travelling about to have a peep at the Derby favourites, a privilege no other gentleman possibly could have;" and we next hear that "out of pure envy at my position, the attacks made on me have become so slanderous, that I prefer instituting legal proceedings, rather than condescend to mix myself up in any way with those making them."

The minstrel poets of the racecourse sometimes write those ballads, which they sing with such unresting diligence, and such screw-face contortions; and generally begin them with "You sportsmen all, both great and small, one moment now attend, and listen with attention to these verses I have penned;" or get on to terms with their listeners at once, by exhorting them to "Come all you jolly sporting coves, and listen unto me, whilst a song I do relate, that shall be sung with glee." Rhyme and reason never stand in the way of these bards. We find it on record of a horse, who "did the Derby win; like lightning he flew round the course, upon his nimble pin;" and again, "The crack took up the running ground, and bent his well-formed legs, till he reached the winning-post, then shook his splendid pegs;" on the very day when

> "He went to Epsom Down,
> And won the Derby Stake, 6320*l.*"

Of the general literature of the turf it boots us not to speak in detail. We would merely observe, *en passant*, that we have ARGUS, that *Jules Janin* of racing feuilletonists, at the very head of it, in the *Post* (whose sporting fame was first laid by JUDEX, who

doffed his conjuring cap in Ugly Buck's year); and that we have never read anything more spirited than the now ancient verse prophecies of *Vates* in *The Life*, or anything more unique in their way than the *Era* Epistles of "Joe Muggins's Dog." The latter name has become so familiar to the ears of the public, that if ever an unhappy racing prophet mounts a witness-box, almost the first question that is asked him on cross-examination, is, whether he is or is not the original "Dog." This canine fame has been wafted across the Atlantic, and the younger of the two writers between whom it rests, had high literary homage paid him, on the strength of it, at New York, and was ultimately invited to a banquet. After many ups and downs, *The Field* has become "a great fact" among sportsmen at last. The *Old Sporting* and *New Sporting Magazines*, and *The Sportsman*, fought for a series of years over the body of Nimrod; and in 1839 the proprietor of the *Sporting Review* entered the field, and ultimately bought up his three rivals. Their distinct titles and covers are still retained, but the matter and illustrations of all four are the same. The *York Herald* has from time immemorial been a first-rate authority on these matters; and the *Doncaster Gazette*, as in duty bound, has wrestled most vigorously for the race rights of the burgesses, for many a long year. The Chester and Worcester papers generally break out in a slight rash as their meetings draw nigh, but the symptoms are very mild: while the experiment of a strictly turf paper in Nottingham completely failed, and its prophet "Timothy," deserted to the enemy. The prophets, as a body, suffered most in 1852, when the *Daily News*, sly and cruel cynic as it was, collected, for weeks before, every Derby prophecy, metropolitan and provincial, which it could lay its hands on, and spread a complete panic among the regiment (not one of whom had whispered Daniel O'Rourke's name), when it charged them, quotations

in hand, on the Thursday of the Derby week. It has nevertheless (1856) fallen into the fashion at last, and keeps its own prophet, "Meteor," who, after having special attention called by advertisement to his auguries, succeeded in prophesying the twenty-third horse as the winner! *Punch* once made a Derby prophecy, and went for Newcourt, on the ground that no other prophet had even mentioned him. Grave weeklies occasionally undertake to comment ironically on the turf and its doings; but owing to the writers' spirited but impotent efforts to deal with racing terms, the articles are barely English. One had a long one on the St. Leger of 1854, in which it made Ivan the winner; and another disposed of the Goodwood Meeting by simply saying that it "came off on Tuesday; Quince was the leading horse, winning easily by a length." Shoe Lane has given up her sporting oracle "Bunbury," who had a mania for "time-handicaps," and regularly republished the great handicaps corrected on that scale! "Vates" was long on the *Morning Advertiser;* the *Globe* had "Æsop;" the *Sun,* "A Fresh Man;" the *Daily Telegraph* commenced by announcing the prophecies of "Hercules;" and the *Racing Times* had great success with "Priam." After all, there is nothing richer than the style in which the minor prophets were wont to gloss over their mistakes. Speaking of the Derby of 1854, in which they came nearer the mark than usual, one said—

"There are no IFS, or SHOULDS, or COULDS, or DOUBTS in our prophecy. THE MOUSE boldly said 1, Andover! 2, Wild Huntsman!! 3, Dervish!!! What is the result? Andover *is* FIRST! At Tattenham Corner Wild Huntsman led, followed by Dervish, the latter even now claiming the fourth place."

And again—

"We must congratulate our readers on the fulfilment of THE MOUSE'S PROPHECY for the OAKS. He gave OMOO first, METEORA second. OMOO did not run; but METEORA came in second; while, owing to the weather possibly, Mincemeat, an outsider, won."

The oddest piece of second sight we remember was that of a Newmarket trainer, who dreamt, after Knight of St. George was nearly last for the Derby, that he would win the St. Leger; and dreaming it a second time, on the eve of the race, sent a commission to back him; while the prophecy of Vates, which ended with—

> "'Tis over—the trick for the thousands is done—
> George Edwards on Phosphorus the Derby has won!"

is the most remarkable on record, save and except one in Mr. Snewing's 1845 circular, which actually placed Intrepid (a complete outsider) first, and St. Lawrence second for the Chester Cup, some months before the race. The clairvoyant female, too, no longer offers to consult the stars for thirty postage-stamps, on a Derby eve, but has shrunk into her "original tipster" dimensions. If "Maria" could only be seen by mortal eye, she would be in a cut-away and high-lows!

Race reporting is a distinct branch of writing, and was first reduced to a perfect science by the late Mr. Ruff, who commenced his labours on *The Life* soon after 1820, and continued them until the summer of 1853, when he retired, and never visited a racecourse again during the three and a half seasons which intervened between his retirement and his death. His race reports were marvellous specimens of pithy condensation, and his conversation was strictly on the same "potted soup" principle. In Mr. Langley's hands *The Life* has well sustained its "Nunquam Dormio" *prestige;* and Mr. Ruff's place as sporting reporter to the daily papers is capitally supplied by Mr. A. Feist, of the *Sunday Times*, who succeeded his father. The late Mr. Feist was a man of very varied accomplishments, and the judge and several of the leading jockeys were his pupils when he wielded the ferule in Newmarket. Railway parcels and tele-

graphs are the sporting papers' "mediums" now; but their ancient handmaids, the express-pigeons, did them right good service in the days when Sir Vincent Cotton drove The Age, and Professor Wheatstone was a name unknown. They generally flew the fifty-five miles from Goodwood to London in about one hour and fifteen minutes; and it was necessary to teach them the ground by a succession of flights, beginning at one, two, and three miles, and gradually increasing by five miles, about three times in the week. The fancier sucks their beaks before throwing them up, on the same principle that a racehorse has the water-bottle applied to his lips just before he is mounted. Several of the bad birds were picked off on race days by gunners, who were anxious to read the little billet on their leg; but not three in a hundred of the good birds, who always fly out of gunshot, and do not loiter to execute a number of wheeling flights before they hit off their bearings of their overland route. If the billet was tied, as is popularly supposed, under the wing, the bird would not fly far, but stop on some housetop to plume its ruffled feathers. We have heard of them coming from Epsom with an entry-list printed on tissue-paper tied to each leg, so as to balance them. Some of the best, on a fine clear day, have done the distance from Goodwood to their metropolitan dovecote under the hour, but their powers of flight depend almost entirely on the state of the atmosphere, and their being kept in high condition by constant changes of food. This change is equally essential to man and beast; and the fact is so well known, that in one of the petty continental states where it is forbidden to put felons to death, they kill them by feeding them entirely on veal and red wine. The best express carriers are half-breds, between an Antwerp and a dragon, but the latter must not be too heavy birds. A web-footed bird of this breed, which was reared by a shoemaker

in the Commercial-road, was always selected by the manager of *The Life's* dovecote to take the Goodwood route on the Gratwicke Stakes and Cup days; but he was lost in his third season, and in all probability was killed by a hawk, many of whom haunt the towers of Westminster Abbey for six months in the year.

Old Joe Rayner, who was believed by many to be the veritable "Dog," although a much younger rival announced himself as such both at home and abroad, was the patriarch of racing writers. "Goldfinch" was the signature he generally assumed, and the deeds of cracks past and present were his unvarying theme. When the rapidly-increasing tumour in his throat warned him, one October, that his race was nearly run, he grasped his stick, and sallied forth to bid his old sporting friends good-bye. We met him in the Strand, and had a few minutes' chat about Rifleman's defeat; and then he added, at parting, "*I shall never see you again,—I just give myself eight days, and then it will be all over.*" By that day week he had taken to his bed, and in two days more he died, thus fulfilling his last prophecy to the letter. His heart was always true to Yorkshire: "he loved it," he always said, "for its racing tastes, its glorious hams, and its hospitable hearts," and for its old recollections of Tate Wilkinson, when that acute Northern Elliston led its theatrical circuit, and descried the earliest dawning of each new star on the York or Doncaster boards. From the Drury Lane Fund he drew 100*l.* a year, which kept him above want, and he retained his fondness of theatres to the very last. The remembrance of his Tyke, Homespun, Fixture, and four or five other characters, will always be green spots in the memory of the lovers of footlights. He looked the theatrical veteran to the last, and used at times to troll one of his old songs at the winning trainers' Doncaster parties. Joe was always fond of

writing a little poetry, and he was propped up in bed his very last afternoon to indite a Farewell to all his sporting friends; but the pen dropped from his hand when he was half through the thirtieth line. Among racers, Beeswing and Crucifix were his idols; and he must have written many yards of "copy" about this brace alone.

Card-selling was not the flourishing trade twenty years ago which it has since become, and was confined to a few at each place. The railways have, as it were, thrown open the trade, and from 800 to 600 live by it almost entirely during eight or nine months of the year. Of these about 400 confine themselves to certain race circuits in the north, while the remaining 200 or 300 follow the races, week after week, with quite as much regularity as the members of the ring. In point of sex, the profession is about equally divided; several of them are married, and a most remarkable "elopement in married life" once came off in their circle at Hampton Races. Since the celebrated "Jerry" died,* they have owned no head among the men; but "Fair Helen," who once kept an eating-house at Derby, was their Queen; and a handsome dame she was too, with her fine black hair. Her predecessor was "Big Ann," who reigned next in succession to "Sally Birch." Sally died at Chester Races some years ago; and her late subjects were so loyal, that they not only subscribed threepences and sixpences to buy her a coffin and shroud, but they stayed a day longer in the town, in order to attend her funeral. In point of humour, nothing has ever yet approached "Jerry;" and he was equally at home, whether dressed as a Broadway dandy with a huge straw hat, or enacting the captain in a red coat, a spy-glass, and a beaver "cock and pinch." On the

* Many of the others mentioned in this chapter have died or disappeared from the Turf.

Derby Day, the people were too busy to heed him; but he was quite one of the institutions of the Ascot; and the inimitable way in which he chaffed the swells, and then requested them to take his arm and let him "show them a little life," never failed to extract endless sixpences from the carriage line. His propensity to cling on to the side of carriages proved fatal to him at last, as one was overturned on to him at the Goodwood Meeting of '48, and his motley chums followed him, with all the honours, to his last resting-place at Chichester.

"Snuffling," or rather "Donkey Jemmy," is the only one who attempts the Yorick line now. At the Ascot meeting he, of course, wore his huge yellow wig; and as we counted at least forty distinct brays during the Cup afternoon, and as his tariff is sixpence per bray, he did not do far amiss. Those people who are not in carriages, he looks down upon with supreme contempt.—"I do the donkey to please the aristocracy, not the common people," was his withering remark in our presence, about a quarter to three that afternoon, when two or three Berkshire Lubins indulged in some elephantine pleasantries at his expense. "Jerry" would have had tact to see that this was rather a back-handed compliment; but "Donkey Jemmy" is far less acute. The other card-sellers hold him in great contempt, as they consider that by the adventitious aid of a large nose, which he handles very artistically during the braying operation, he contrives to steal a march upon his less-favoured brethren, who are not so musical.

The red-coated division were once headed by "Paddy," of the Queen's stag-hounds, the most wonderful runner of his day, and preserved to all time in Grant's celebrated picture; but he has been dead some years, and "Old Jack Straw," "Warwick Dan," and "Billy Priest," are his principal successors. The first comes from the Cheltenham country, the

second from the Warwickshire, and the third from the Pytcheley. However, the running-mantle of Paddy has not been moth-eaten, as these three can run their fifty miles in a day yet with hounds, and have made something handsome by opening gates, taking lame hounds home, and doing sundry other hunting-field offices. "Billy Priest" has never worn shoes since his childhood; and if he were to come into a fortune to-morrow, on condition that he would wear them, it is most doubtful whether he would consent to do so. There is such a strange fascination about the life, that it is averred of "Dumbie" (whose power of pantomime and picking out winners is something quite miraculous) that a good sum of money has been left him, but that nothing can induce him to look after it. "Jemmy from Town" died in London, and we do not know that "Farem Kiddy," "Peter Rolt," "Black Stock," and "Old Billy," have any peculiar traits about them. The latter was card seller extraordinary to Lords Exeter and Jersey, and has waylaid them and served them regularly ever since they were quite young turfites. "Jemmy and Mary Leicester," and "Charles and Eliza Crow," are also well-known characters; but "Black Jemmy" rather fell into the background when he had an accident to his leg, and though he was soon happily convalescent, he is no longer the ubiquitous merry African he was in his green cutaway and tartan-tie days. Jemmy's one consuming passion has long been his love for Lord Eglinton's stud, the dispersion of which he took sorely to heart. It is, in fact, out of a spirit of pure devotion to Scotland and her Earl, that this sporting exile has of late years enveloped himself in a grey plaid. Whenever his lordship had a Derby favourite, he professed to put his pot on him throughout the entire winter, and gracefully preceded him to the place of starting; and what is more, if he was beaten, Jemmy never forsook him. When his great hero, the

Flying Dutchman, advanced to the enclosure, as the saddling bell rang for the Doncaster Cup, Jemmy walked before him, clearing the way, and announcing in the most oracular tones the impending downfall of Voltigeur; the odds being, as he remarked, "just a horse to a hen." Again, when we stepped up to the Dringhouse stables to see him brought out for his match, there was Jemmy refreshing himself with beer and pudding at the bar, and watching eagerly out of a little window for the signal of departure for the course.

"Sailor Jack" is another curiosity, with his alarming squint, and his utter disinclination to undergo the slightest examination on nautical subjects. Jack was sadly chaffed by his customers for not joining the Baltic fleet in '55; but he bore it with wonderful complacency, and will doff his naval garb for no one. He has very little humour about him generally, but is one of the maddest wags in existence when he is "half-seas-over," which, owing to the exhortations of a teetotal friend, is said to be only of rare occurrence. "Lord Castlereagh" is also an oddity; and it is recorded of him that he had such a favourite companion of his travels, in the shape of a little French dog, that he has over and over again been seen to cook beefsteaks for it, and dine off dry bread himself.

The profits of this strange crew are very various, and the prices of cards equally so; but on this head it is hardly fair to them to say more, except that Ascot is their great carnival, and Jerry has been known to make as much as 20*l.* clear on a Cup day. The number of cards bought by the "crowded profession," at Doncaster, is very various. Some contrive to dispose of two dozen, while others can get through fifteen dozen. This latter number is the maximum on a "great day," and six dozen the average. It is a saying amongst them, that "it's all

copper in the North and silver in the South," which is, being interpreted, the Northern card publishers will let them buy one or two cards, as the case may be; whereas in the South they must either buy half a dozen or a dozen if they want to be served. Several of them have regular customers, whom they supply either at their lodgings or in the street. Of such cards they profess to keep no account, but trust to their patrons' liberality when the meeting is over. The telegraph has quite knocked up both the entry and return-list trade, and not one-twentieth part of the number are sold now. In fact, there is a very slow sale for the latter, except for a few minutes at the close of the afternoon's sport. About 25,000 cards are sold during the Doncaster race week, 15,000 of which are disposed of on the St. Leger day; whereas on the Derby day 20,000 is the "sum tottel." At Manchester the sale is enormous, and said to average 15,000 a day; and at York about 10,000 are sold on the Handicap day, and 8000 on each of the other days. Very few cards are disposed of at Newcastle, as Benson's "Flying Sheet," which has the colours annexed, beats everything out of the field.

Fair Helen, and three or four other women, are far the most successful at present; but the profits of each during a fine Ascot meeting seldom on the average exceed 20*l.*, or fall below 3*l.* Even the cool-headed Lord George Bentinck is known to have flung down a sovereign for a card; and by such little *coup de mains* as laying in wait for the winner of a great race, either on the course or at Tattersall's, and popping in a well-timed allusion to his triumph, many a half sovereign has been extracted, especially by "the fayre ladyes" of the fraternity. There is a good deal of kind feeling, to boot, among them; and if one of them gets into trouble, and arrives at a race-town without any capital, they will club together and lend

him some; but woe betide the unhappy wight who dares to repudiate such a debt! Now that railroads are established, their path from town to town has been very much smoothed, and many of the "leaders of the circuit" travel thousands of miles during the year on the rails alone. When they walk, they generally do so in gangs of twenty each, the women sometimes clubbing together to hire a cart; but the gentler sex seem to step along quite as briskly as their companions, who have no reason to indorse the sentiment which a sour rustic once made to us, viz., "*That he would sooner take four umbrellas, and be bound to carry them all, than walk one female to the races.*" They usually walk about eight miles before breakfast, and then adjourn to some publichouse, and refresh themselves with bread and cheese; and in this fashion they jog on comfortably about five-and-twenty miles per day. Luggage is not a thing they much affect; and, in fact, two shirts and a "shimmy" is about the regulation package for a man and his wife, though Fair Helen and Co.'s wardrobe, is no doubt, far more extensive. They affect butter more than meat, and it is a singular fact that there is no sacrifice which poor people would not undergo rather than give up butter. Beefsteaks is their next "vanity;" but the majority live pretty carefully, and lay by something in store for the winter months. Such of the men as follow the hounds are of course never out of work, except during a frost; but the remainder are pretty hard set, and as steeple-chases are fast passing away, they are forced to frequent fairs, vend pencils, pincushions, and all such gimcracks. For races themselves they care very little; and one of them told us that he never left off his business to look at any race, except it was the Derby, St. Leger, or Ascot Cup.

They look sadly down, in accordance with the old orange-woman *versus* apple-woman principle, on the other "professors" who attend the racecourse. The

owners of the "Hydrocephalic Child," the "Fair Circassian with the Golden Locks," or "The Living Princess," who, "*When she wur born she weighed a pound and a 'alf, now she weighs four pounds*," are as nothing in their eyes; and with the small gimcrack vendors and singers, who are ready to do "annything to yarn a crust," they will hold no communion. Among the latter crew may be noted the fat acrobat, who has passed the best years of his life in lifting a needle from the ground with his eyelid, and the old man in shabby fatigue uniform, who goes about with a huge Crimean beard, and assuring every "Bono Francaize" he met, that if "*their brave chaps only got a chance, they'd go in at them Russians like a dog at his dinner.*" The singers south of the Trent never seem to us to have half the breadth and spirit of the Northern minstrels, and merely work away at ditties to the effect that "of all the girls that I do love, I love myself the best," instead of boldly chanting the deeds of great winners. Three-inch wax babies have also come in on the wreck of the "new guinea" trade, and "*Large families of babbies for one shilling, three on 'em for sixpence—who'll have a babby for tuppence?*" is the stereotyped appeal from the vendors to all ages and sexes. The "Wright" of the race-course, after all, is a thin man of about fifty, who spends his summer in woman's attire, with ribbons in his hair, a faded yellow fan in one hand, and a green and pink parasol in the other. If his face was a little stouter, he would strikingly resemble that great low comedian; and his opening dialogue about "*Well, Lady John, and how are the flowers to-day? I've seen the gardener*," &c., followed up by the song of the "Old Arm *Cheer*," with each stanza illustrated by a mock fandango, and a peculiar screw in his walk as he retires, is one of the most humorous *scenas* we know.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BLOOD SIRES.

"The Knight a dappled grey bestrode,
Whose haughty crest and eye of fire
Told of his tameless Eastern sire."

"THE young clovers were never so good as they are this year," was the juicy lure which once caught our eye, in a *Sheet Calendar* advertisement, towards the close of an especially frigid January. It smacked so strongly of the quaint stud-literature of the olden time, when Eclipse was in his glory at the Clayhill Farm, near Epsom, and less ambitious co-temporaries had visitors carefully consigned to them, from the "The Pyed Horse, near Chairing Cross," that we could not refrain from taking a copious survey of those musty paddock records. How strangely their laboured verbosity and facetiousness contrasted with the modest and meagre recitals of the present day—"The Hero, at Danebury, ten sovs.," to wit! To judge from their tenor, our forefathers must have thought differently to ourselves on some horse points, or else it would hardly be urged in a sire's favour that he "was a compleat strong horse, and well whited," or that he was "remarkably upright in the pasterns." The blendings of praise and apology are also wonderfully unique. Each owner seemed to feel that, if there was a blot in his favourite's fame, then or never was the time to explain it away. Petruchio's last defeat, for instance, is softened down by a suggestion

that, "when harassed with private work, he indiscreetly gave away his year, started with twelve stone, and fell lame;" while the owner of "Snap (late Mr. Latham's)," disclaiming all notion of a lengthy eulogy, snaps at Mr. L. on this wise: "But let it suffice to say that he has the best constitution of any known sire; and if he had been in the hands of any man of spirit, it is not doubted but that he would have made the capital horses of his time submit to his invariable powers, over The Beacon, or any other course." An Irish breeder would not have long doubted as to its being his duty to burn powder on such a provocation. The great thing in Young Snap's favour seems to be, that "he is a decided master of twenty stone"—a quality which must have endeared him to the equestrian Daniel Lamberts who rode a race over Knavesmire, about that period, at thirty stone each! Again, we are called upon by others to note that "judges consider" their favourite's "substance to lye proper, so as not to hinder action," or that "he is as perfect a horse to get racing cattle as ever came into England." One retires early from the turf; but the breeder is advised to take comfort, as his inability to stand a long training arose from "his off-hip being struck down before his birth;" while "a sagacious and powerful colt" did not prosper in the trainer's hands simply because "he was left to the care of a lad of feather, and spoiled by getting the ascendant." Then there is Sturdy, whom George III., of blessed pigtail memory, rode while he was at the stud—a "most proper horse," as his owner observes. Age is evidently of no account, as we read of one of "twenty-three years old, in full-toned virility, possessed of instinct in a superior degree, and, withal, a genuine spirit!" Tantrum's owner soars still higher into the regions of fancy. He supposes the owner of a mare, who has just seen the Tantrum, studiously "gazing at a picture of Flying Childers (who brought his haunches so well

under him)," and then exclaiming, with perfect propriety, '*Why, that's the very picture of Tantrum galloping!*'"

The fancy of the composers ran still greater lengths when an Arab was to be puffed, every one of which seems to have "a most sublime Hodget or certificate, and most perfect nimble action," to say nothing of being "of the best and most beloved breed in the royal stables of the East." Whatever the extra price of advertising, the certificates headed with "Praise be unto God! There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" and ending with "Sixth day of moon Ramdam, year of our Prophet 1127," were always given at full. Not satisfied with this, we read in the testimonials of one of these certificated pleaders for public favour, a long fairy tale as to how a beautiful horse rose one morning from the sea, and met the loveliest mare in Araby; and how the horse in question is in a direct line from these loveliest of mythical lovers. Of course, everything goes indisputably to prove their descendant a pure Cochlean. The tufts of long white hair on the shin of each foreleg, the double feather on the off-side of the crest, the curl of the lips when he is in movement, and even divers wounds, are all there to confute the sceptic. Beny Suckr, some great mufti or other, was so fond and careful of the horse he imported, that he "sent thirty men to guard him in his ten days' journey across the desert;" and another, "fifteen two without his shoes," has such wondrous muscle that, when the Russian General, Count Orloff, "who, though *perfectly well made*, rides 23 stone," gave him a strong gallop, he "blew no more than if he had carried a feather." A certain Mr. Gregory scorns a certificate, but offers, as a voucher for the pure caste of his brace of Arabs, that "they were bred by the King of Sinnan, in the Mountain of Moses, in the province of Yannam, in Arabia Felix." The *prestige*

of these children of the desert was even then (1771) on the wane; but we have it from General Clarke, the oldest surviving Indian officer, that, some few years before the close of the century, the native dealers brought a coarse-shouldered bay Arab to the Madras bazaar, and sturdily set their price at 10,000*l.* Only one nabob-elect was found bold enough to bid a tenth of that sum; and back went the dusky owners, in a state of great dudgeon, to the hill-country, wondering what could have come to the whites. At the Stuttgardt fair of '55, the highest prices were for a white ten-year-old stallion, about 240*l.*, and for a four-year-old mare, 190*l.* The late Mr. Attwood retained his love of the "delicate Arab arch" in his racers' necks longer than any man on the English turf; but their inability to stand "squeezing," in a strong finish, cost him many a pound and many a pang. Mr. Attwood's Clints mare is credited year after year in the stud-book with foals to a grey, bay, or chestnut Barb, and shortly after the Crimean war we were invited by advertisement to see a "true Seglavee Djederanee;" and, reading on, we found him to be "a horse of such surpassing swiftness, that Omar Pacha specially selected him to carry the news of the raising of the siege of Silistria to Varna!" Hugh Capet sent several German running horses to Athelstane early in the ninth century; the Spanish horse came in with William the Conqueror, and the first Arabian on record was introduced to the English isles by Alexander, King of Scotland, who presented it and its furniture to the Church! A writer on this subject in *The Field* informs us that—

"The Arabs, as well as the Turks and Persians, look upon those portions of a horse's coat, which seem to grow in a contrary direction here and there, as a certain means of determining its value. Any unlucky sign will immediately take away from the horse two-thirds of its worth, and sometimes more. Nearly all the Nedjdi Arab horses introduced into Europe are those considered imperfect by their owners. It

is said that 4000*l.* was offered by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia for the celebrated 'White Hamdani,' and refused. This horse, now in the breeding yard of St. Cloud, near Paris, had, according to the words of Mohammed Agha and the attendants, who brought him over, three or four unlucky signs, on which account he had been rejected from the stables of the Pacha of Egypt. These marks, which we should consider merely as a simple freak of nature, would inspire a Mussulman either with a superstitious prejudice against the horse, or an incredible longing to mount him; each mark bearing a particular signification according to the place it occupies, and the size and softness of the hair."

An Arab horse has, in fact, forty recognised marks, twenty-eight of which are negative, and the other twelve have an influence for happiness or misery on the owner. The mark between the ears shows swiftness, that on the girths increases the flocks, while that on the breast fills the tent with plunder; and it is especially unlucky for the hair to curl on the legs. The rival tribes are as jealous among themselves of the pure caste of their horses as the great short-horn breeders were wont to be, in the days when a baronet rather despised the herds of an earl, from a belief that their muzzles had a slight dark tinge, which bespoke a distant relationship to the Scotch ox or the Chillingham rangers.

Judging from his portraits, we should be disposed to side with those who considered that Lord Godolphin's celebrated horse was more of a Barb than an Arab. Hence, if this point is conceded at Gogmagog, we have the Godolphin Barb, the Byerley Turk, and the Darley Arabian, standing boldly out from the croud of Hemsley Turks, Sedley Arabians, Curwen Barbs, &c. (the importation of which was supposed to lay counties under a deathless obligation to their great families), as the three honoured founders—the Shem, Ham, and Japhet, as they have been styled—of English blood stock. It was not until seventy years after the Byerley Turk had borne his owner at the Battle of the Boyne that his memory was made famous by King Herod. This sire of Highflyer was

foaled, like Eclipse and Marske, in the paddocks of the Duke of Cumberland, who used to throw mains with Lord Sandwich when the hounds checked, "on every green hill and under every green tree," and whose name was as great in connexion with blood stock as that of the Duke of Montague, in Charles II.'s reign. Woodpecker and Highflyer represent the two great branches of King Herod's line; and the descendants of the former have been as renowned for their speed as those of the latter for their staying qualities. That wonderful trio of brothers by Buzzard (a fair sized chestnut with one eye), out of an Alexander mare, to wit, Selim, Reubens, and Castrel, were but two degrees from Woodpecker; and while Castrel was represented by his son Pantaloon, and by Hobbie Noble, Selim may be traced through Langar to Pyrrhus the First, and through Sultan to Beiram and Bay Middleton. Prunella, on the other hand, was the queen of the Highflyer mares, and Sir Peter Teazle—or Sir Peter as he was popularly styled—the most distinguished of his male descendants; and through his grandson Partisan, who was by Walton, out of Parasol, a daughter of Prunella, we have had Venison and Gladiator. The Partisan blood has thus a strong double stain of Highflyer in it: and although the effects of this rather close breeding brought no softness into the Venisons, it may have had its effect on the Sweetmeats; and the failure of the Actæon stock may also be accounted for by the fact that both his dam and grandam were by Highflyer. Agonistes, Haphazard, Sir Solomon, and Sir Paul were all very noted "four-mile" sons of Sir Peter, and Sir Paul transmitted his stoutness, through Paulowitz and Cain, to the stock of Ion, who was never a great favourite in England, and was consigned to the foreigners before Wild Dayrell was added to his Poodle and Pelion list of winners.

The Godolphin Barb blood courses through Cade

and Matchem, down to Trumpator, "the head of the negroes," as some were wont to term him, and his sons Paynator and Sorcerer. From Paynator (who was only small, like his sire), sprang the sire of Beeswing, the evergreen Dr. Syntax, whose muscular frame still lives, along with Phantom, in Ward's wondrous horse-studies. He was the result of a cross with a Beningboro' mare, and the staying propensities of the family were studiously preserved through the Lottery, or rather the Tramp strain in The Doctor, whose tight little son Black Doctor so completely revived the fortunes of Ashgill. Tomboy strains back to Sorcerer (a great fine black horse, who would run any length), through Jerry and Smolensko; and Melbourne claims the same relationship, through the high-blowing Humphrey Clinker and Comus.

Eclipse originally passed as a yearling into the hands of little Wildman for 75 guineas, Captain O'Kelly buying half of him when he was a four-year-old for 250 guineas, and the remainder soon after for 750 guineas. The only record we can find of his latter days, when his fifty-guinea fee was considerably reduced, is in a mock epistle, where he says, "Old age has come upon me, and wonder not, King Fergus, when I tell thee I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannon's, being unable to walk even so short a journey. I am glad to hear my grandson, Honest Tom, performs so well in Ireland. P.S.—Myself, Dungannon, Volunteer, and Vertumnus are here. Compliments to the Yorkshire horses." His four sons—Mercury, Joe Andrews, King Fergus, and Pot-8-os—transmit the Darley Arabian blood to us in its purest form. Gohanna and Catton form two of the links in the stout "catenary chain" between Slane and Mercury; Tramp stands halfway between Lanercost and Joe Andrews; and King Fergus may be traced, through Beningboro', Orvile, and Emilius, to Priam, on the one side, and through Hambletonian, White-

lock, and Blacklock, to Voltaire, on the other. Of all his sons, however, Eclipse has most reason (as Dr. Bullock Marsham would say) "to rejoice in *Pot-8-os*," as from his union with a King Herod mare came Waxy, the modern ace of trumps of the stud-book; whilst Whalebone and Whisker were the Waxy foals of Penelope, a daughter of Prunella. Whalebone was, in his turn, by a strictly-orthodox cross with the Selim, Reubens, and Wanderer blood, the sire of Camel, Defence, and Sir Hercules, and the grandsire of Touchstone and Irish Birdcatcher; while Whisker must, in consequence of The Colonel's failure, and Cobham's refusal to run to his splendid trials, in public, rest his claims to renown so far on the stock of Emma; or fall back in future years on his great grandson Rifleman. As Parasol, another of the Prunellas, was the dam of Partisan, there is much truth in the saying, that there is hardly a blood-thing in England without a stain of old Prunella in its veins. She was a bay mare, belonging to the Duke of Grafton, was not placed for the Oaks in 1791, and, in fact, only won three races out of eleven. In 1795 she was put to the stud, threw a Derby winner to Waxy (who was never happy without a rabbit in his paddock) in 1806, and died in 1811. Waxy laid the foundation of Robson's training fame, when he beat Gohanna, the pride of Petworth, in the Derby of 1793, on which memorable day three sons of Pot-8-os finished in the first four; and the same numerical luck attended the first three-year-old batch of the Lanercosts over the same ground. He was a very handsome rich bay, with a white stocking on his off hind leg, good length, and especially beautiful quarters, which he transmitted in the highest perfection to his son Whisker, who was perhaps the finer looking animal of the two. Whalebone was much smaller, and not so good-looking as either of them; barely fifteen two, and bordering, in colour, on a brown; and Woful was thought by many

to be a still handsomer horse than Whisker, but his legs failed wofully in his preparations.

Bay Middleton, Touchstone, and Melbourne, one from each of the great branches of the genealogical stud tree, are in the first class of turf patriarchs, although they are gradually giving way before younger rivals.* Venison ranked amongst them; but his last lot of foals ran in '55; Kingston, the handsomest of his sons, was out of a Slane mare. Irish Birdcatcher's stock are somewhat short and very speedy, and the stouter and less curby blood of The Baron, which got a double stain of Waxy through his Economist dam, has brought out this chestnut family in still greater force, by its cross with Pocahontas by Glencoe, which made both Tramp and Muley kinsmen to Stockwell and Rataplan. To these two, seeing that the handsome Chief Baron Nicholson has departed, the honour of this blood will have to be confided; as even 3000 guineas, or nearly twice the sum paid for him, has failed to tempt our allies to send us The Baron back. Still we are informed by a gentleman, who visited him at the *Bois du Haras*, that he was as rough and as uncared for as a bear, and that seeing how dirty and below par the whole establishment was, it was no wonder the young stock turned out ill. With the exception of Safeguard, who is out of a Selim mare, we believe that there is hardly a Defence horse left in England; and we have no worthy inheritor of the stag-like neck, long back ribs, and broad back, which Mr. Thornhill used to point out with such pride whenever he introduced his Riddlesworth visitors to Emilius. If Mr. Houldsworth, of whom it used to be said "that he could never lose over horses what he had made by *mules*," were living, he would find his magnificent Filho da Puta in the same plight; and

* Their grandsons are now at the stud.

Muley Moloch, the best living representative of the hero of the once-famed Underley stud, has been changing hands for 10*l.* and 15*l.*! and resigning his honours to his good-looking son Galaor.

The honour of rearing a popular successor to Bay Middleton has so far been left to Barbelle; although Andover is to our minds the best stamp of horse to look at, that has ever owned him as a sire. This dam of the Flying Dutchman is not nearly so powerful a looking mare as Crucifix, but short-legged and lengthy, and certainly not fifteen-two. She is very neat, and with that springy wire-hung action, which so far especially distinguishes the scions of the great "Rawcliffe Horse." This lack of size in Barbelle is rather telling on her descendants, and the young Dutchmen, like the Heroes, Chanticleers, and Vaticans, as a general rule, are as small as the Pyrrhuses, Cowls, and Flatcatchers are big. Sweetmeat, whose stock are somewhat shoulder-tied, but yet speedy for a mile, is no mean substitute for Gladiator, nor Cossack for Hetman Platoff. Whatever might also be the general opinion on the staying qualities of the Hetmans, Cossack's dam, Joaninna by Priam, was emphatically "a sticker;" and though she had only one pace, she could, when she had something to force the running, catch the majority of horses at the Duke's stand if they met her for a "Ditch In" plate. Though Crucifix has failed him on the whole, and thrown very infirm stock, the union of Priam's blood with Lottery's, in the case of Weatherbit, has had a success which bids fair to be lasting. Vulture died from a kick at the Hampton Court Paddocks soon after Orlando, who was only her second foal, was weaned. However, she had even at that early date done enough for her name, as her speed has been transmitted in the highest degree to his stock, which are generally preferred to his sire's. He is very little above fifteen-two, and rather cloudy-eyed; but he is one of those

finely-knit and strong-quartered horses, who look as if they would answer to a pull and "come again" under any amount of distress, as only an English horse can; and Scythian (whom we last heard of travelling 1600 miles by a cranky railway and in a negro's charge, to join Glencoe in Kentucky), Fazzoletto, and Teddington have not belied his promise. His yearling stock uniformly fetch the highest prices of the day, and stamp him as the most popular racehorse-sire we have. As a general thing they are a little gaudy; and one of the '56 Hampton Court yearlings, with a white face and four long white stockings, is the breathing fac-simile of Vulture. Nat does not perhaps think him so good as Glencoe, but he was the horse of all others he loved most to ride. He used to say of him that he never knew him change legs either in a race or at exercise, and that his stroke, as he watched it from his back, had all the wondrous precision of an engine piston; and he now adds that next to him he liked to feel himself on Rifleman. For look, there is no untried son of Touchstone we prefer to the lengthy, short-legged Newminster, who has the honour of old Beeswing in his stud-keeping, and is not likely to disgrace her.

A successful blood sire has been as good as a long annuity to many an owner, and earned its special will-clause like "The Black Mare" *in re* Pettingall, whose 50*l.* per annum "Account" was so carefully considered by Sir Knight Bruce in reference to the possible rise in hay and corn during her life. Matchem, whose galloping likeness, with his two hind legs on the ground and his two front in the air, still creaks on many a village signboard in the north, produced no less than 17,000*l.* to his owner. Eclipse realized nearly that sum; and Highflyer, whose stock were of every colour down to piebalds, an almost fabulous amount during a much shorter career. Orvile's fee was as low as ten guineas, but he was still worth

1000 guineas a-year to Mr. Kirby during the four seasons he had him; and although in the course of eighty-seven years he never treated himself to such an honour, that Father of the Yorkshire Turf laid out nearly 300*l.* in having his favourite's picture taken and engraved. His Lanercost might, like Orvile, be said to have "received all Yorkshire" at his paddocks; and it was perhaps owing to this cause that he could not hold the place he won in 1847, with Van Tromp, War Eagle, and Ellerdale. In the spring of the preceding year Mr. Kirby had been sadly teazed by the foreigners and their English agents to part with him for 3000 guineas, the sum at which he had bought him at Newcastle, "stripped of everything but his shoes—not even the halter in;" but he stoutly refused to let him go under 4000 guineas, and cleared 1600 by him in 1847 alone. Six or seven years after, he was sold, when barely eighteen, with Hernandez and a couple of mares and a foal, as make-weights, for 1500*l.* the lot! The earnings of Melbourne, after Canezou made him the rage, were also something very enormous. We have only heard of one stud horse being under suspicion of late years, as a counterfeit; and we believe that his owner had a hint given him, which answered its purpose. The trainer of the real Simon Pure, who was averred to have been thrown overboard in a storm in the German Ocean, looked him over, and said that the resemblance was very remarkable, but that one mark was about two inches too low.

When we find a little horse like Abd-el-Kader, whose dam worked in a fast Shrewsbury coach, and a cast-off of Lord Exeter's, doing the four miles and a quarter of the Liverpool Steeple Chase under ten stone in very little over ten minutes, we have no great reason to join in the elegies over the decay of our horses' stamina. Horologists assert that the five-year-old Sir Solomon and Cockfighter ran four miles

at Doncaster under 8st. 7lbs. in 7 min. 11 secs., and the most desperately run race of modern times was the Emperor's Cup in 1853, when Teddington, 5 yrs., 9st., and Stockwell, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lbs., covered the 2½ miles of a course where "*flat*-racing" is a mere euphemism, in 4 min. 33 secs. West Australian and Kingston are said to have done the distance in 6 secs. less, but the pace for the last three-quarters of a mile was not so severe. Velocipede, whom John Scott considered to be the best horse he ever trained, and Osprey, who beat everything of Lord Foley's, when he was out of training, for half a mile were immensely fast, as were all the stock of Buzzard and his descendants. Vulture had perhaps the highest speed of any animal that ever trod the turf, but we do not know that her half-mile burst was ever timed. Semiseria and Queen of the Gipsies are said to have done a half-mile match at Newmarket in 37 secs., while 1 min. 46 secs. is a good general average for a mile, 2 mins. 46 secs. for 1½ miles, and 3 mins. 46 secs. for two. The slowest race we ever saw was the Ebor St. Leger of 1850, in which, owing to all three jockeys being afraid to begin, the first three-quarters of a mile was walked, and the two miles happily completed, after a slashing head and head race, in 14 mins. 17 secs.! The Newcastle Cup (1855), when Dalkeith and King of Trumps fairly reeled past the post like drunken men, is also one "leading case" of distress; as Wanota's, in the Ascot Stakes, when Job Marson was three times compelled to indulge him with the lead, and then come and win at the fourth run, is of hard pulling.

With the exception of the Royal Whip and two Queen's Plates at the Curragh, the Queen's Plate at the Caledonian Hunt, and "The Whip" at Newmarket, there are no four-mile races left; and the massacre of cracks which has immemorially been enacted in the last-named race, is enough to drive

"the Beacon" out of fashion. West Australian was spared that public *autò da fe*, while Wild Dayrell met his fate "in another place," a martyr to his owner's too rigorous feeling of honour. Wild Dayrell was not quite so large as he looked, and only measured sixteen one and a-quarter. A more magnificent topped horse was never seen; but, like Ephesus, he was an inch too long in the leg for beauty, and rather light below the knee, and tapered so decidedly from his arm to the ground, besides turning his toes out, that his owner may thank the splendid mossy texture of the Weathercock Hill in Ashdown Park, that he kept on his legs so long. He inherited his size from his dam, Ellen Middleton, who was perhaps, with the exception of being a trifle straight in the hocks, as fine a brood mare as we ever saw. She was at Sweetmeat's paddocks when we saw her in 1855, and one of a long platoon of mares standing under a hedge with their backs to the bitter east wind, among whom were the dams of Mincepie and Sugarplum; while one of the first of the Mountain Deer foals, with hair as long and rough as a billy-goat, stood defying the breezes hard by. West Australian's form changed so completely between the Derby and the St. Leger, that his stable felt sure he must be 10lbs. better or 10lbs. worse; and we could hardly recognise in the smart well-moulded horse of the autumn, the sleepy-looking colt whom poor "Frank" mounted with anything but *ground*-less apprehensions on the Derby day. This infirmity prevented the world from ever half-knowing what "my hack" could do at four years old, although as a stayer John Scott ranked him below Touchstone. Hence Teddington must, to our minds, claim the palm for the best modern union of speed, bottom, and weight-carrying power. His make was a brilliant exception to conventional racing rules, as he was a small short horse, in fact quite of the Suffolk Punch order, in his two-year-old season—low

in the withers, straight in the shoulders, short, and upright in the pasterns, small-footed, calf-kneed, and only sixty-three inches in the girth when he won the Derby. With all these so-called racing defects, he looked a racehorse every inch of him. His head and neck were especially game and blood-like; but the great secret of his rare racing power lay in his high muscular loins, which sent him along the flat and up the hill like a hare. It was glorious to see Wells let Virago go at the Stand for the Great Metropolitan, but it was nothing to the style in which the little chestnut answered to the whip when "Job," with whip and heel, called on him to collar Kingston, who was then in his prime, for the Doncaster Cup, or the almost electric burst of speed with which he darted on to Stockwell, and then swerving from desperate distress while giving 9lbs. to a horse half as powerful again up the Ascot Hill, came a second time, and beat him a head on the post. Somehow or other, when we see a horse strike well out with the off hind leg, we always fancy that he means going, and this peculiarity was an especial characteristic of Tedding ton and Rifleman.

It is a common excuse for horses of no great running powers, that they have failed in the stud simply for the lack of having picked mares put to them. Merit will, however, be generally served in this, as in everything else; and glancing over a twenty years' list of great winners, we do not recognise more than thirty of them as high-class stud names. Perhaps the most distinguished cluster of future stud cracks came to the fore in the Derby of 1836, when Gladiator, Venison, and Slane finished behind Bay Middleton; and in the St. Leger of 1829, when Voltaire, with Sir Hercules at his quarters, all but reached Rowton on the post. The finish for the latter race in 1849, between The Dutchman, Nunnykirk, and Vatican, also showed us three elegant but

very different types of "terribly high-bred cattle." In point of what breeders emphatically call "quality," horses differ immensely. Orlando had a great deal of it, and so have many of his stock, as well as some of the Venisons. In Sultan, whose head might have beseemed a Belvidere Apollo among horses, it was seen to very great perfection; and, noble savage as he was, Phlegon, out of Lucetta, showed perhaps as much or more of it than any animal of the day. His eye, and his whole attitude, as he arched his beautiful neck, and half fixed his eye on his box visitors on the Burleigh sale day, as if by a species of wild fascination trying to woo them within his hoof range, was a study of animal nature such as we shall never forget. It was his temper which marred his racing career, and he would (like Slane) stop suddenly in his exercise gallops, and then think better of it, and go on and catch his horses again like the wind. The courtyard at Burleigh, that lovely August afternoon, was a perfect carnival of blood sires of every type and hue. Midas, *the* blood pony of the day, was kept in strict limbo by wooden reins, and sent forth an indignant chorus of whinnies as his less favoured companions were led past him to the hammer. Stockwell came ambling out in his peculiar style, with his Roman head and massive muscular points wonderfully fined down since he all but broke Teddington's heart. Phlegon glared on the assembly like a tiger, and was led snorting away when no one would go beyond 190 guineas; and Nutwith, with his almost matchless back and quarters, presenting a perfect line of beauty as you stood rather behind him, and did not care to query whether his shoulder was not slightly loaded, also returned to the place from whence he came for 1600 guineas. Then the lengthy Woodpigeon arrived, whose gentleness well beseemed his name, and was quite atoned for by the luckless Ambrose, who over and over again beat Stockwell in private, and yet

could never win a race on his private account, though Camel and Priam had left their undeniable traces on his quarters and head. He seemed by no means to feel his position, as, after clearing the Ring, and driving Mr. Tattersall with a Chifney rush from his box, he performed three or four distinct pas-seuls on his hind legs. There he was like a great black fountain of animal spirits towering over everything; a sight enough to make old Ducrow's dust "start and tremble under his feet, and blossom in purple and red."

West Australian was not deficient in quality, though he was not indebted for that to his sire; and if you go into a paddock, and see a lengthy plain-headed foal with lop ears gazing at you, it may be safely set down as a Melbourne. The Bay Middletons are generally easy to pick out, by the black speckles on one of the front coronets; the Alarms by their flesh-coloured noses, and peculiarly indented-in-the-middle outline of head; the Orlandos by their tapering heads, and tendency to white on the legs: the Cowls by their round quarters; the Birdcatchers by their smart airy look, low-set-on tails, and rich golden chestnut; the Touchstones by their black-brown skins, intelligent white-reach faces, and peculiarly high-bred nostrils; and the Sweetmeats by their "clear-cut icily-regular" foreheads, which caused a trainer to exclaim one autumn, as he looked over Mr. Cookson's lot in the Salutation yard, "Dear me! I wish I showed half as much breeding about the head as you do."

The pervading fault of modern horses is, that they are as beautiful as a picture before the saddle, and lack substance and coupling behind it; while the long shoulders, which are so much talked of, may tend to send them down, but do very little towards helping them up a hill. No "jumped-up" horse ever does much; while a heavy shoulder or quarters,

flat sides, light back-ribs, a light middle, legginess, a peacock forehand, straight weak hocks, and high withers, invariably denote an inability to stay. Straight thighs, though they seldom get a horse well up a hill, and long pasterns, are as generally an indication of speed, as slanting thighs and a broad chest are of the contrary, and very pretty two-year-olds seldom improve on their form. We have also seen many coffin-headed horses great gluttons for a distance, and we do not dislike those which go wide behind, though such a peculiarity does not suit short quick races.

Still the types of distinguished runners vary most wonderfully. Hambletonian was a very lofty lengthy horse, with a fine back and big well-coupled ribs; while Priam, on the contrary, was rather light there, and though a splendid animal when you stood up to him, he looked remarkably narrow as you examined him from behind. Glencoe and Haphazard were both rather hollow-backed; and the latter had a way of poking his head straight out at exercise, which made him appear one long level from his ears to his tail. Surplice's fore-legs "look as if they grew out of one hole"; The Flying Dutchman was narrow and light in the middle; Blacklock had huge calf knees and bad fore-legs altogether; Voltigeur's forehand is too massive; Plenipo was as thick as a bullock; The Colonel had round heavy quarters and a general lack of liberty about him; and Violante was a great fine mare who loved the A.F., while the little Meteora delighted in "the Beacon." Size has, after all, not much to do with success on the Turf, if a horse's lungs and loins are only sound and strong, and his machinery compactly placed for working. The eighteen-hand Magog rolled about hopelessly from distress before he had gone half a mile; and Wild Dayrell, Filho da Puta, and Birmingham, the latter of whom was about sixteen-three, are the largest

horses that we remember to have run with marked success. The turf "ponies," from Milksop, Ancaster Starling, Highlander, and Gimcrack, (who was never beat but once, and then by Bay Malton) down to Midas and Mickey Free, have averaged fourteen-two, and yet no horses have been more fortunate at all distances from a mile to four miles, and at all weights from 8st. 7lb. to 12st. Still, if the pace be strong and true from the start, horses have their distance measured out almost to a yard, and no reduction of weight, or training, or advantage in size, can get them beyond it. For power, combined with good size and speed, we never met with a finer unicorn than Stockwell, Longbow, and Lord George. "A ton," as the touts used to remark, was their "game." There has too seldom been a sweeter mare to the eye than Beeswing; and though Recovery was thought handsome enough to model from, and Pantaloon was the *beau ideal* of hosts of Englishmen as well as foreigners, we are inclined to think that there have been few more beautiful horses than Actæon, Kingston, Fazzoletto, or Envoy, and none more truly proportioned than little Rowton. Still for the type of what a really serviceable racer ought to be, commend to us the low and lengthy Fandango, with those great well-hooped ribs knit into the most muscular of quarters, and that stealing action close to the ground, and giving nothing away. It is on the perpetuation of points like these, and not on beauty, that our English horse fame depends.

It is a very remarkable fact, that although before Touchstone's time, Pot-8-os, Dr. Syntax, Sorcerer, Sultan, Sir Hercules, Catton, The Colonel, Taurus, Bay Malton, and Filho da Puta, were all first foals, such was the late Marquis of Westminster's prejudice against them that he always gave them away, and was only prevented from so acting in the case of the weakly white-faced firstling of Banter by despair of

finding a thankful donee. Had the Marquis kept hounds, little Touchstone might have been popped into the kennel copper, and not been the first of such Lilliputians who has furnished a dainty veal supper to the hungry spotted tribe of the Rummagers and the Rallywoods. Since Touchstone's escape, Melbourne, Liverpool, Ion, The Baron, Kingston, Elthiron, Inheritress, Wild Dayrell, and Fandango, have trampled on this ancient theory. Touchstone himself had magnificent quarters; but his stock have too often heavy shoulders, which sadly baffle the trainer's art. His sire Camel's shoulders and withers were high almost to deformity; and his quarters were so cloven and large, and his tail set on so low, that as you looked at him from behind, and missed his fine blood-like head, he seemed as strong and coarse as a cart-horse. Camel was an especial favourite with Mr. Theobald, and he refused an offer of 10,000*l.* for him, Rockingham, Laurel, and Tarrare, who stood along with Caccia Piatti, Cydnus, and one or two others at his Stockwell stud farm. There has seldom been a greater enthusiast in horseflesh than the old hosier of Snow Hill, and he perfectly worshipped Whalebone. If you called on him at his house of business, you were invariably told that he was so much engaged that he could see no one; but "*Perhaps you could say that I have come about some horses*," was the unfailing picklock of an interview. In a few short minutes the hosiery points were settled out of hand, and his massive figure would be seen looming in the distance, in top-boots and buckskins, and a capacious blue gilt-buttoned coat *à la* Duke of Portland. If he did not carry you off bodily to Stockwell, you were beckoned forthwith behind the glass doors of his *sanctum*, and there you sat, with the nuttiest of sherry and the most venerable of port at your elbow, and heard of Whalebone, the little "Whalebone weed" (Spaniel), who was bought for 150*l.* over the Petworth

dinner-table,—and won the Derby, with Mameluke, Loutherbourg, and "all the coltish chronicle," by the hour.

Dr. Bellyse, of Audlem, whose love of handicapping and cock-fighting was so infinitely in advance of that which he entertained for his pestle and mortar, that it used to be said he never would attend any case during Chester races, was an equally remarkable turf character, though on the whole he preferred the cock-pit to the racecourse. It was his cardinal doctrine that the most incestuous eggs produced the strongest fowls; and so jealous was he of his breed, that when one of his noted "crow-alleys" was sitting on a nest of such eggs, and a great cock-fighting nobleman offered him a fifty-pound note for her, he lifted her off the nest, then and there, and broke all the eggs. "*Why, sir! you sold me the eggs as well for the* 50*l.*," was the indignant remonstrance; and "*No, indeed, my lord, I didn't; I should have asked you a thousand for her and the nest,*" was the only rejoinder. To show how this daintiness about breed may be set at naught, we may call to mind how, after the memorable cocking match at Melton, which ended in a tie, one of the parties was actually so bare of birds, that he gave a lad ten guineas to scour the country, and out of the eleven cocks that fortunate youth collected, no less than eight won their battles. The Doctor's abstract faith in man was not great, as he was occasionally heard to say to one of his "feeders"—"*I'll just tell you what it is; if you thought you had one ounce of honest flesh in you, you'd run straight away to a surgeon and get it cut out.*"

The memory of Parson Nanney Wynn will also long be green in his own country; and he was never more in his glory than when he started Banshee to cut down Birmingham, and help Velocipede's sister Moss Rose at Chester. "*Howay—at him—Parson*

*lad—tak' the shine out of Brummagem buttons!*" roared a knot of burly Shropshire men who stood close beside him at the cords, as Birmingham went tearing past them at Banshee's girths, and pulling himself to pieces; and the "parson's lad's" response of "*Thank you, gentlemen, I'll take the running precious soon out of this Mr. Allhaste,*" was amply verified when they came round again. He adopted the name of Wynn for some property; but his horses, of whom he had a great many good ones, still ran in his brother's name. The sport was a perfect passion with him; in a morning you would find him riding on his old white mare round the paddocks with the stud groom, and as they used to have endless racing and pedigree discussions, the latter took care to arm himself, as he put on his hat and gaiters, with the Book and Sheet Calendar in either pocket. He also kept a pack of harriers; and as soon as his racers, which always stood at home in the winter, had been attended to, the whole *posse comitatus* would sally out to find a hare, and there was no lack of good cheer in the servants' hall on their return. Never was any man so delighted as when his favourite mare Signorina beat Lord Darlington's high-priced Memnon for the Manchester Cup. After the race he escorted her back to scale, and as her jockey was unsaddling, he gave her a fond slap under the tail, and said, "*How much for the Leger winner? What do you think of the old Welsh parson and his Welsh mare now?—they can beat every one of you. Can't we, old girl?*" The Church used to furnish an equally enthusiastic representative in the shape of Parson Harvey. He was always dressed in full clerical costume, though he was a sad sloven, and cared very little for his cloth, in either sense of the word. He was perpetually to be seen riding his dearly beloved Phantom in a hood in Hyde Park, and at one time he had this horse and three other sires in his Pimlico stables. No man had a happier knack

of taming them, a talent about which he was remarkably proud and mysterious; and few formed better opinions of running than he did, when he drew up his old gig by the side of the cords at Newmarket. He perpetually bought a sire out of the studs when he could get them cheap at the October meetings, and might be seen at the close of the races driving down the High-street with his new purchase tied behind him. In one of these strange processions Canterbury, whom he purchased from Lord Grosvenor, especially figured; but its new owner had long ceased to have any terror of the Archbishop before his eyes. He used to say that the Archbishop might pluck off his gown, but he couldn't pluck out his heart for Tattersall's; and he was never more in his glory than when he stood there, clinging on to the tail of Vandyke junior, and holding forth to the gazers on the wondrous change in his temper, under his pastoral care.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BLOOD MARES.

"Give my horse to Timon:
It foals me straight and able horses."
SHAKESPEARE.

TO the Turf enthusiast, stud annals are as rich in information as the Fasti and Athenæus are to the scholar. They tell how Eldon "drove Madcap" when she found herself bereaved, and took forcible possession of her foal; how Cælebs drank at Dan Dawson's poisoned trough, and was only saved by oceans of vinegar; how Milksop took fright at her foal, and flatly refused to suckle it; how Young Cyprus was wounded in the Peninsular War, and a Bugle mare mysteriously spirited away from her paddock one night for ever and aye; how Kappa out of Beta was killed by lightning; how Sir C. Bunbury sold his grey Diomede colt with a leg growing out of its chest to a showman; how Touch-me-not underwent the Cæsarean operation after death; how sister to Batteraway had a fire accident; how Languish was home-sick, and refused to breed under a foreign sky; how Vesta had her fourteen foals all greys, and Elis's dam was barren for ten out of twenty seasons; how Mrs. Candour broke her neck out hunting, and Altisidora died, heavy in foal to Blacklock, as she struggled to get out of the ditch; how Speed always made a point of killing her foals, while a Tuft mare could never rear one to live; how Resurrection was thrown

away as a foal for dead, and revived on a warm dung-heap; how Wanderer spent his life in carrying his litter out of his box into the yard, and never let any one catch his eye or see him lie down from the time he was put out of training; and how in the spring of 1825 nearly every brood mare and sympathetic she-ass on the Petworth estate cast full-grown dead foals from no apparent cause. Generations of Barnums might have made their market by watching stud-farms alone. The curiosities of breeding experience are, in fact, endless. Two foals are registered as having had five legs apiece; an Orvile mare, after going thirty-seven days beyond her time, gave birth to one with no feet; and her half-sister, not to be out-done, had another, shortly after, with no eyes. Lord George Bentinck was very fond of breeding experiments. Monstrosity produced such a good foal in Ugly Buck, when she was only three, that he determined to steal another year, and sent Experiment to Venison when she was just eleven months old, but her colt barely lived twenty-four hours. The dam of Montreal was the most remarkable prodigy that ever passed through his hands, as she was in foal only three times in 1842-47, and threw twins each time. In many instances mares have had twins their first season; but as a general rule it is hardly possible to rear one, much less both. The nurture of Tweedle-dee-dum and Tweedle-dee-dee was a strong instance to the contrary; and the strangeness of the "difference" between them consisted in the superior thriving of the one which was reared, like little Milksop, upon cow's milk. Occasionally a twin is put in training; but King Pepin is the only one, of late years, which has shown any form. Cedric, the Derby winner, may also be mentioned as a singular instance of a horse who never got a foal; and we remember one of less note which, season after season, refused to notice a mare, till he was left alone with one, and had sucked

her dry. Launcelot was also, we believe, very troublesome at first, and The Magnet held out for three seasons, but Tom Dawson still hoped on, and Magnifier was the handsome result.

Without a very stout cross indeed, it would be almost hopeless to expect the Selim blood to stay. Lords Exeter and Jersey have held the two great branches of it; and while the Burleigh stud generally retained the gaudy face and legs of Crockford's horse, the "Jersey bays" approached nearer the whole colour of their dam Cobweb, one of the finest and most perfect mares that ever looked through a bridle. She always ran in flesh, and with the exception of a few half-speed gallops, she did no work for nearly ten days before the Oaks, for which Lord Jersey's coachman had 1200*l.* to 200*l.* about her, and stood it out. Her own feet were very fine and sound; but her grandsire, Soothsayer, had a club foot, which compelled him to do a good deal of his work on straw. This defect, which slumbered for two generations, brought unsoundness into her stock (of which Achmet was perhaps the handsomest); and a slight contraction of one the front feet is observable in many of the descendants of Bay Middleton. To see this horse go curling and twisting up to the post, as was his wont, one would have thought him rather weak-built and faint-hearted, whereas he was quite the contrary, and only kept from a great Gold Cup career by his leg infirmity. Lord George Bentinck always believed that his last lameness did not result from a breakdown in the back sinews, for which he was treated, but from the snapping of a small bone in the foot. He was a very fine specimen of a cross between Selim and the Phantom blood, which was alike fortunately combined with Partisan's in Glaucus, and with Tramp's in Glencoe. It was equally well suited with Catton's in the Flying Dutchman, and with Paulowitz's in Wild Dayrell; while Pyrrhus the

First and Andover were fine combinations of it with Defence, and tended to make the Defence mares exceedingly valuable. We remember hearing Mr. William Etwall say, that it was from a firm conviction that he could not fail to "hit the blood" that he sent his "sister to Ægis" to Bay Middleton in 1850; and his idea of its being the proper cross was so much confirmed when he saw Andover as a yearling, that he sent the mare to him five times running. The late Duke of Grafton was nearly as fond of the smart Reubens' blood as he was of Waxy's; and in short, as a writer has well expressed it, "every page of the Calendar tends to fix this on the breeder's memory—that the Waxy blood, crossed with that of Selim, Reubens, and Castrel, invariably runs." Alexander's has always been a very sterling blood, and there has been no finer cross in modern days than that between Tramp and Waverley, which was united in old Inheritress. Don John was fathered on both of them, but the story goes, that his dam turned from Tramp, and that she was then sent by her groom, on his own responsibility, to Waverley. The luck of this mare was very remarkable, as she foaled Don John, and Hetman Platoff by Brutandorf, in successive seasons.

Penelope, Banter, a Canopus mare, and Gooseander all threw a brace of Epsom or St. Leger winners to the same horse; while Emma, Arcot Lass, and Barbelle had equal success to different ones. Queen Mary has also been alike lucky whether she visited Melbourne's, Annandale's, Iago's, Mosstrooper's or "Mango and Lanercost's" paddocks. Mandane has also quite a claim to rank with Prunella; and never was luck more strange than when Mr. Watt purchased her and her yearling, the St. Leger-winning Altisidora, along with Petuaria, Tramp, Manuella, &c., in one lot from Mr. Hewett. This prime daughter of Pot-8-os is not only credited with Altisidora by Dick

Andrews, but she had also Lottery by Tramp, and Brutandorf by Blacklock, when she was in Mr. Watt's hands. The great racing lines of Tramp, Blacklock, Lottery, and Brutandorf—which are represented in the present generation by Loupgarou, Voltigeur, Weatherbit, and The Cure—may all thus be virtually traced back to the stud farm at Bishop Burton. It was thought at one time that Physician would have done wonders for the Brutandorf blood; but his stock, although uncommonly smart and quick, were small and weedy, and sad cowards at three-year-old distances. In fact, we consider that for a time they did as much towards spoiling the stamp of thoroughbreds in Yorkshire, as Mountebank did that of the hunters in the Midland Counties. The Blacklock blood was kept up to the highest point in Voltaire, by a cross with a Phantom; and the dam of Voltigeur, who is coarser in his points than his sire, was a Mulatto. The Saddler blood is synonymous with stoutness; and "The Squire" was at one time as fond of it as he latterly became of Touchstone's, but that of Comus does not stand now where it promised to do in Reveller's day, when he and his two half-brothers—all from the Belle-Isle stables—were alone placed for the St. Leger; and even the great Lucetta did not sustain its *prestige*, when she ceased to bear the white banner of Sir Mark. One of the greatest racing bargains ever made was when Sir Charles Turner purchased Hambletonian, 3 years, Beningborough, 4 years, and Oberon, 5 years, from Mr. J. Hutchinson, with their engagements, for 3000 guineas, at York August, and won every race but one with the two first at the very next Doncaster Meeting. Mr. Thomas Parr, the Turf Talleyrand, who is certainly one of the most remarkable studies of acute man nature that the world possesses, gave at intervals something between 500*l.* and 600*l.* in all for Weathergage, Saucebox, Defiance, Clothworker, and Morti-

mer, whose sales and stakes alone produced him about 20,000*l.* How strangely this luck contrasts with the lamentation we lately heard from an owner's lips, as he looked at a little wretch, for which he had given very little short of 1000 guineas in a straw-yard, and devoutly wished that any one would take it out of his sight. The dams of Crucifix and The Hero, with those great racers at their foot, and a Wildgoose mare in foal with Blacklock, did not average 20 guineas apiece; Blacklock's dam was picked up for 3*l.* at a fair; the dam of Mr. Val Maher's wonderful grey hunter, Leatherhead, was bought for a guinea; and it may also be mentioned, that when the late Mr. Stephenson became tired of his brood mares, he offered a friend the choice of Martha Lynn (heavy in foal with Voltigeur), Yarico, or a Cain mare, for 25*l.*, and that he chose the latter. Earl Zetland, who scarcely ever seems to breed a bad one, sent the hollow-backed Castanette, out of compliment to his double victor, to Barton, in 1851, who was merely serving half-breds, and had Fandango as the reward of his loyalty.

The luck of the best and most fashionable sires is especially fluctuating. Lanercost had the picked mares of England in 1847-48, but without success. Irish Birdcatcher, on the contrary, had a wonderfully fine season in 1848, and his stock carried everything before them when they ran in 1851-52; but those of 1849 were of quite another stamp: and Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorne, although her Lord Falconberg looked big enough to carry his half-brother Young Hawthorne, had again a most unworthy representative of her own prowess. The Flea was equally eccentric when she produced the mite of a Cimicina, and then after a year's rest, the great roundabout Canary. Scarcely any sires run successfully after being once put to the stud. Even "Sammy King and Catton," who were almost invincible in their day, failed when

they essayed it; and Jericho's "revival" in the Flying Dutchman's Ascot Cup is the best modern performance of the kind.

Nature has no set laws, or at least no turf Newton can discover them, as to the best age for breeding from a mare; and, in fact, all our great runners have been born at haphazard, between three and twenty-three. A sire may go on for five or six years more; but a mare generally becomes very feeble after that age, and either misses or throws diseased foals. It is no doubt very desirable, as with greyhounds, to have youth on one side; and it invariably happens that if a mare is very old, or has been very much knocked about before she is put to the stud, she reproduces unsoundness, which may be slumbering in herself, and seems to lose all power of counterbalancing that or any other bad points in the horse. We remember a remarkable instance of a mare, who had hunted with fifteen stone, and been driven and ridden on the road with little cessation till she was nearly twenty; and although neither she nor the young horse she was then sent to had ever been doctored for a curb, or shown any symptoms of one, her two foals had their hind legs as curved as scythes, and age only very partially removed their deformity. *Apropos* of the subject of hard work, which may have had its effect on the Crucifix stock, it is worthy of note that Rebecca, the dam of Alice Hawthorne, Rowena, Annandale, and Fair Helen (the dam of Lord of the Hills and Lord of the Isles), never did a day's work in her life. In fact, we have it from her late owner, who leased her for several years before his death to Mr. Andrew Johnstone, that, to the best of his belief, neither she nor her dam, nor her grandam, had ever been broken in. Meteora, Plover, and Violante, who were all of them in Lord Grosvenor's hands at one time, never had a foal worth its corn.

Whether it be politic to breed from a roarer—or,

politely speaking (with a fear of a *Nisi Prius* before our eyes), "a high blower"—is still a fierce moot-point. This infirmity is unfortunately becoming more and more the rule instead of the exception; and if all the thorough-bred animals so afflicted were offered up a sacrifice to Æolus on Newmarket Heath, he would snuff the scent of at least two hecatombs a year. We have met with many who assert that it has increased among hunters very considerably since the habit of turning them out for a summer's run was abandoned—that in fact they have become roarers from stable idleness, and an inability to throw off, in that confined atmosphere, any throat ulceration they may have contracted. It has been gravely laid down as a great principle, that the throats of all "talking" blood sires should at once be cut; but we are strongly disposed to believe that the massacre should be confined to the other sex, and that the exterior conformation of the foal is for the most part derived from the sire, and the interior from the dam. As far as our observation goes, the foal of a roaring dam seldom fails to inherit it, while those got by a roarer very often escape it. A Northern veterinary surgeon has supported this conformation theory by the ingenious remark—that the produce of a horse and a she-ass always brays, while that of a mare and a jackass hinnies; but we cannot speak from ear on this point. It is said by some herdsmen that it is dangerous to put a polled cow for instance to a shorthorn bull, as she never loses the traces of that impregnation after. Stud owners seem to have no such fears before them, as Touchstone's own sister Pasquinade, the dam of Slander and the Libel, has been twice over successfully put to a cart horse after a season of barrenness by way of a change. Many odd stories are told about the enthusiasm of the tykes on mares and foals, and how a sly publican led an antiquary, who asked if there were any remarkable spots in the neighbourhood, to a paddock

behind his inn, and pointing out a large elm-tree, informed him that "a winner of t' Leger were foaled under it."

The calculations about blood-stock produce who are destined to fight the battles of Epsom and Doncaster are sadly imperfect, owing to the carelessness of non-racing breeders as to stud-book returns. The nearest approximation we can make to them is, that in 1853-56 an average of 1714 mares were sent to the horse; of these 53 slipped their foals and 434 were barren, while the average of colts was 627 against 600 fillies. In 1856 it seems that 1864 mares threw 1355 live foals, among which the fillies were in a 55 minority. Accidents and diseases effect such a highly successful elimination in the next seven months, that only from three to four hundred are found in the Epsom and St. Leger entries; while perhaps two to three hundred more must be set down as the property of breeders who do not care to engage, or do not think them worth engaging, in these great stakes. As far as we can ascertain, there were 1160 blood foals brought to the birth in England and Ireland in 1851, and certainly not 1100 of them were alive on New Year's Day, 1852. Watching their further progress through the pages of the *Racing Calendar*, we find that 574 of them ran in 1853. This number decreased, in 1854, to 516; but two seasons of training tell a fearful tale, and in 1855 the remnant of that high-bred band only numbered 280, as two-year-old racing lays the seeds of infirmity which even the "British Remedy" cannot baffle.

Old fashioned breeders like Mr. Kirby, who kept a dozen mares and a first-class horse, whom they changed every four or five years, the moment his subscription began to lag, were wont to consider 150 guineas a good average price for their yearlings. As a general thing, the purchases above this figure do not prosper in proportion to the fine looks which

have induced the outlay; and, absurd as it may seem, it is the worst luck in the world to christen a yearling by an outlandish name. Priam fetched 1000 guineas as a yearling, and Sir Mark's executors had to thank the untried Camarine and Lucetta for the wonderful success of their sale, where five yearlings brought 2235 guineas, and four foals 1181 guineas. If we add this latter amount to what Lord Durham got for eight foals in 1830, we have the absolutely apocryphal average of 350 guineas! Glenlivat, by Rowton or Cetus, out of Camarine, was the 1010 guinea premier of Sir Mark's yearlings; and a colt by Jerry, out of Lucetta, the 640 guinea one of the foals. The Dutchman cost 1000 guineas as a foal, and so did Barbelle's last foal Kirkleatham, while Van Tromp brought 300 guineas in his foalhood, and Zuyder Zee 1000 guineas in his yearling days. Such high prices for yearlings were, however, far from being as general as they are now, and bidders not unfrequently adopted the plan of not opposing each other, but of "tossing up" or "knocking out" afterwards. If our memory serves us, The Kedger and Weatherbit were bought on this principle, Lord George Bentinck losing the toss for both of them. Shortly before this, when Muley reigned supreme at Underley, sixteen of his yearlings plodded their weary way over the Yorkshire Moors by Skipton to Doncaster; but Mr. Nowell and the grooms came back rejoicing to the quaker-haunted Westmoreland with the astounding news that the lot had averaged 331 guineas apiece! Snowstorm, a son of Rebecca's, gave the late Mr. A. Johnstone a foretaste of his stud success by realizing 710 guineas, and he also made 500 guineas at the same lucky spot, in front of "The Salutation," both with a Morsel colt and Johnny Armstrong, who died before he could publicly prove the truth of a very high trial. General Anson had also good prices for many years, and the average of

his eight, including Hernandez, in 1849, was 344 guineas. Prices were very quiet in 1853, when Cavalier (520 guineas) was the premier; but the honour of being the Anni Mirabiles of the stud was reserved for 1854-55. The whole fourteen Royal yearlings, in the first of these years, averaged 441 guineas, six of the colts making 611 guineas, and a like number of the fillies 406 guineas. This one-thousand-guinea "Yellow Jack" epidemic soon spread: The Salutation, true to itself, heard Mr. Tattersall's hammer fall that autumn to 1020 guineas for Voivode, and before another year had flown we heard of two, if not three more 1000 guineas private sales, two of 1200, and another of 1500 guineas. In the autumn of 1855, Mr. A. Johnstone averaged 311 guineas apiece for his fifteen yearlings; but the average was unduly swelled by the sale of Lord of the Hills, who ran the gamut from 200 guineas to 1800 guineas, by a succession of rapid 50-guinea bids. Four commissioners were at work, one of whom left off at 800 guineas; while a Newmarket trainer, who had come with a commission to that amount in his pocket, never got a bid at all. It was the general impression that Mr. Crauford had as little intention of being beaten for this luckless colt, as he had when he was wont to send on The Shaver to a favourite meet with the Quorn. The Royal Stud has averaged about 220 guineas for its fifty-three yearlings in 1851-55, and 160 guineas in 1856; but still if breeders could calculate on 100 guineas apiece for every blood yearling they bring to the hammer, they would not do far amiss; whereas the average of yearling prices, at public sales, in 1854 was 136½ guineas, and 120 guineas for 1854-56. The largest and most furnished yearling within modern trainers' memory, is Hunting Horn, who, but for his mouth, might have been any age to look at; he was sold at that age for 570 guineas, and his owner, who lives at Doncaster, and only keeps

two mares, averaged 428 guineas annually for three of his yearlings, between 1849 and 1856: Fortune has, however, squared matters with him, as both his 1856 foals died. Cyprian also proved a golden mine to John Scott, with whom she may well be a favourite, as his average is far beyond Mr. Sadler's, and for twice the number to boot. The Streatlam Paddocks are, after all, the El Dorado of blood stock. Besides "The West," they have sent Mundig, Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, Hetman Platoff, Epirus, Springy Jack, and Fly-by-night to Whitewall, in little more than twenty years. Durham has, however, always been as renowned for thorough-breds as for short-horns. For nearly forty years Lord Darlington bred his best winners at Raby, and Voltigeur and Virago were also "raised" there. Prices of sires are wonderfully variable, and if they are put up at Tattersall's in a dull time, they often make next to nothing. Coningsby and Tadmor, if we remember rightly, had to be bought in at 50 guineas, and not a soul would open his mouth to bid for Touchstone's own brother, Launcelot. However, Mr. A. Johnstone made a hundred-guinea bid the next Monday, and got him. Old England on the contrary, was bought in on one Monday for 580 guineas, and sent again in the course of a month, when he had no bid beyond 300 guineas; and a Dutchman yearling, one summer, fetched only 14 guineas at the Rawcliffe Paddock sale, and 74 guineas at Tattersall's about two months after. So much for the fickleness of purchasers! Brother to Ban was the most painfully deformed object we ever saw at The Corner, and a couple of Auckland foals, which squeaked like sucking pigs when they were separated, after realizing about four guineas each, the most shaggy and starved. Their sire had a most wonderful escape from being scalded to death, as a yearling, on the North Western, which compromised his burns and the death of his companion filly for, as it was said at

the time, 3000 guineas, in consequence of their heavy forfeits.

The walk to the Bishop Burton Paddocks from Beverley lost half its beauty in our eyes, from the melancholy associations it revived of the olden time, when Squire Watt, in his "truly British" blue coat and buff waistcoat, made thorough-breds his heart's delight. We left Beverley by the York road, and wended our way through the pleasant common-lands of Westwood, along the side of the racecourse. The prospect from the hill opposite the Stand, on the morning we first climbed it, was one that would have softened an anchorite. Just in front of us was the Stand, whose silken jackets and burly crowd with their shouts of "T'oud Squire wins," and "she'll give him ten poond and lick his heed off," had given way for the nonce, to "Sim" and a quiet group of scarlets, who were awaiting The Holderness, as, with their "many-twinkling feet" and sterns, they trotted gently up the course. Pretty little Beverley, flanked by its magnificent gothic minster, and coloured here and there with the red-tile roofs so peculiar to this part of Yorkshire, just peeped over the undulating Westwood foreground, and we could not help contrasting its misty quiet, with the restless spirit of speculation, which went to and fro, month after month, the whole length and breadth of its republic, when Peter Simple—

> "With Cunning Tom upon his back,
> And half the tin of Beverlac"—

was the hero of English steeple-chasers, or when Nancy, the bay pride of Burton Pidsea, was luring it, as well as its neighbour, Hull, to sell the very beds from under them to back her.

Following the footpath, we arrived at a high white gate on the left, the proscenium to an avenue of elms, which leads to the Hall, and the church in which Mr. Watt lies buried. Here and at Bishop

Burton Hall, which he left about 1833, the old man was always roaming amongst his paddocks and watching his favourites with anxious care. The last of his brood mares, which still revels here, is a mare called Birthday, by Assault, out of Nitocris, who was foaled on his birthday. He never could find in his heart to have her trained; twice or thrice she was under orders for departure: but when the day arrived, he could not bear to let her go, as he said they would only break her down. There are not a few pictures in the Hall by Dolby and Herring. Blacklock by the former, and as large as life, faced us on the staircase; but Manuella, Altisidora, and Belshazzar were far more to our taste. Passing down the hill, and near the bachelor residence of Mr. Frank Watt, we crossed the road to the old Bishop Burton Hall, originally purchased by one Roger Gee, a Liverpool merchant, who rebuilt the place, and laid down a two-mile gallop on the Wold in front of it. Its late owner took a dislike to it, and the very mantel-pieces and door-frames have been pulled down. A narrow walk, with one of the best yew-fences we ever yet saw in "merrie England," led us to the stables, on whose doors the plates of Memnon, Blacklock, Belshazzar, Barefoot, Rockingham, Altisidora, Muta, and a host of other winners, still hang, as silent tablets of the luck of other days. Blacklock's box is still pointed out with especial reverence; and as the housekeeper guided us, candle in hand, through the half-ruined Hall, we came on the skeleton room, where the coarse frame of the "terrible brown" is encased side by side with Muta. The mare's off shoulder-blade still bore marks of the running sore, which no syringe could heal; and ere she died, it had eaten its stealthy way right through the bone. The strength of the pasturage and the beautiful combination of hill and dale make these paddocks a perfect paradise for blood mares and foals.

The large field especially is dotted here and there with wide-spreading chestnut-trees, to shade them from the heat; and our attendant told us how of yore the mares and foals would come dashing wildly *en masse* down the hill, through the valley, and up the opposite one, like a charge of Cossacks, till Mr. Watt and his grooms fairly looked on trembling, lest some of their brave little bits of Tramp, Blacklock, or Lottery blood should be rolled head over heels down the steep. The short-horns of a neighbouring farmer quietly browse on it now; but we would fain hope that the thorough-bred traditions which still linger fondly round it, will ere long be potent to drive these intruders from the spot, and people it with blood-stock, not inferior to those on which John Jackson in the harlequin so often rode back in triumph to scale.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BREEDING OF HUNTERS.

"Sad and fearful is the story,
Of the hunt in Leicestershire;
On that fatal field of glory,
Met full many a dashing squire."

"DO persuade Meynell to give up the chase: he has been hunting the fox these thirty years, but human glory has its limits." So wrote Sidney Smith to the mistress of Quorn Hall in the days of its highest renown, with about as much effect as when he preached the "sermon smelling of sulphur," in the training metropolis of the East Riding. Men, whose hearts are with the racer and the starting post, may sicken and tire as their years count up; but the votaries of horn and hound fondly love on to the close, with all the constancy of the turtle-dove. They want, as a Yorkshire Earl pithily expressed it, when he bade his annual good-bye to his yeomanry troop, nothing all winter but twenty couples of leaders, and to keep no lines but their own. While, however, they agree on these great points, it is strange to note how almost every sportsman of experience seems to have a pet theory of his own as to the qualities of a hunter, and the precise plan of breeding them—a problem which, year after year, puts to confusion the hoariest spae-wives in paddock lore. The mythical cit who is popularly supposed to have met

the Pytcheley, and asked "Who is Old 'Ard? I've heard the huntsman calling to him all day, and I've never seen him yet," would not be more baffled if he had to take Charles Payne's place, than breeders of racing stock have been in their most cherished fancies. Breeding for the turf has in fact become such a mere lottery, that many racing men trouble themselves very little as to whether a sire is perfect in the points where their mares are deficient; but if they fancy a horse or his running, they take a subscription, and leave the rest to fortune. "Everything can gallop a bit," was an old hunter-breeder's confession of faith to us, "with your eight stone seven of saddle and satin on his back; but it's not everything that can check hounds with twelve stone of scarlet!" One of them also assured us that he could never get the exact cut of a hunter he had set his mind on, till in despair he put his short-legged cart mare to a thorough-bred horse. Her first filly foal was laid up in lavender till she was rising five, and then crossed with a thorough-bred; and this union inaugurated a long line of fast, weight-carrying hunters, which have been the apple of his eye for years. Others, while they think that to carry weight nothing can beat the cross of a blood-horse with an active, high-shouldered cart mare, as firmly maintain that the second remove is never so good as the first. And on we might go through a perfect bede-roll of breeding specifics, alike plausible and speculative. The best instance of the first cross that we remember was a mare called Poll of the Vale, by Great Britain, who was bought at four years old out of a team for 28*l.*, with hair enough on her legs to stuff a moderate sized pillow. After carrying a seventeen-stone man for two or three seasons, she was sold for 300 guineas to the Hon. Wellesley Pole, with a promise that she should be given back when she could hunt no longer; and although she passed through several

hands, this contingency was kept alive, and she died in giving birth to a colt by Vandyke junior, in her old owner's paddock. A Sir Joshua mare called Cashmere was similarly bred, and after being bought at Melton Fair for 38*l.*, passing through Mr. Maxe's hands, and making 350 guineas at Tattersall's, she became the property of the late Mr. John Moore, of the old Melton Club, for 300 guineas, and was in his stud when he died.

Our own impression is that to secure a good hunter the size should be on the side of the dam, and the breeding on that of the sire. A large roomy mare should be put to a small, compact blood horse. Sir Harry Goodricke, whose courtesy and discrimination of character, both in man and horse, has never been surpassed, was especially particular on this point, and would never buy a hunter whose sire was not thorough-bred. Still, ideas of hunters differ so widely, that we can only observe that one of the very worst faults they can acquire is not to care for falling, and fall back ourselves on the following masterly analysis, with which we have been favoured by one of the finest horsemen and judges of the day. "Had I to choose a hunter," he says, "by seeing one point only, it should be his head; for I never knew one with a small, clean, intelligent face and prominent eyes to be bad. I like his neck also to be muscular, but not heavy; shoulders well back, with long arms; short from the knee to the fetlock; pasterns rather long, but not upright; his feet cannot well be described on paper, but they should be large and perfect, or all the rest is as 'leather and prunella.' His back should not be too short, and he should have stout loins and wide hips, and good length from the latter to his hocks, which should be rather turned inwards. Added to this, he should be large round the girth, but whether in depth or width does not much signify; and the higher he is bred the greater

his intelligence, and the speedier his recovery from the effects of a hard day."

We dare not attempt to decide the point of soundness between the advocates of large *versus* small feet; but, as far as our own observation goes, no foot that is low and weak at the heel will stand much wear and tear in the hunting-field. If, too, there is one thing more than another to be avoided, it is a short shouldered hunter: they may go well for a short distance, but the moment they get leg-weary terrible is their fall. When they make the slightest mistake at a fence, they topple over, with their legs under them, in a heap, without a hope of recovery, and down goes the rider before his horse. The long-shouldered ones have, on the contrary, so much more liberty about them, that they have always a leg to spare; and if they do put down their riders, they do it like gentlemen, and give them ample notice. It is the mail-driver's old parallel over again between a road and a railway accident—"If the coach goes over, why, you're there! but if *this 'ere steamer* goes over, where are you?" Depth of girth is generally a sign of speed, as width is of endurance; and the Melton men have for many years back declared that, to carry weight, their horses must measure at least six feet round. A noble lord was so tenacious on the point that he used to carry a six-foot piece of tape in his waistcoat-pocket throughout the whole season. On one occasion he went to look at a horse, with two friends, who, knowing his especial whim, contrived to get hold of his tape just before he went into the stable, and cut a couple of inches off it. "I've seen them measure more, and I've seen them measure less," was his remark, as he held up his tape to the light, and found that the horse was only two inches short of its full length. We don't know whether to this day he has found out the joke, but he bought the horse then and there, and rode him in the first flight for three or

four seasons. The measurement should, we think, be got as much as possible by depth, as most hunting men like a horse thin between the knees, which makes it nearly as difficult for him to get rid of them as to cast their own skin. Big coffin-heads generally betoken a bad mouth and a tendency to pull hard, and if they are not accompanied by a bold eye, the majority of hunting men will never look at them. Be the head large or small, it must always have plenty of meaning in it, or it is heavy odds that the purchase will be a sorry one, as far as jumping goes, and the rider be obliged to come out with a telescope in his pocket.

The measuring mania rather brought the Melton men to grief in one instance, when a well known Leicestershire sportsman, whose portrait on "Old Prince" appeared in the Royal Academy of 1844, imported a little brown horse by Cannonball, and marked exactly like his sire, out of Shropshire, to Melton, where he was originally bred. He was first offered to a noble earl for 200 guineas, but the reply was that he was "a sweet park horse, but has not length enough for Leicestershire." A similar answer arrived from another lord, and he was offered thirdly to the bearer of the white tape, who immediately whipped it out, and expressed his astonishment that so old a sportsman should recommend him "a mere weed." However, an afternoon fox of the right sort was found at Owston Wood, and the little fifteen-two "weed" took six gates in succession in one lane. Luckily, "The Squire" from the Pytcheley had come to the meet, and as soon as they killed, he called out to his rider, "My man! 150*l.* for your horse." And so the result was that "the weed" had left for Northamptonshire in less than twenty-four hours, with 200 guineas on his head. During the following Croxton Park races, as a main of cocks was being fought between Sir Harry Goodricke and Mr. George Walker, a letter written

with a skewer, as were all "The Squire's," was put into Sir Harry's hands, and its hieroglyphics deciphered as follows, amid immense merriment:—

"DEAR GOODRICKE,—I can scarcely believe that you Melton men know a horse from a jackass. Old —— offered to three of your noble lords the horse I bought from him, and I wish them to know that I am prepared to run any one of them, or any other Melton man, or any man in the world, four miles for 400*l.*! eight ditto for 800*l.*!! or ten ditto for 1000*l.*!!! twelve stone each, over Leicestershire, or any other county in England," &c. &c. &c.

Eight years after, the horse was in Lord Howth's stud at Melton, and went nearly as well at seventeen as when he was the subject of this dashing challenge.

The great nurseries of English hunters are the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, more especially on the Wolds, and the whole of Lincolnshire and Shropshire. The Lincolnshire hunters are still first-rate, but they are bred in fewer numbers than they were in Dick Burton's hunting prime, owing principally to the improved system of cultivation, which has caused much second-rate grass-land to be ploughed up. Hence the number of brood-mares is rather limited, and the farmers have to resort to Howden Fair, which is the largest market in the world for unmade hunters and carriage-horses. Scarcely any of them are tied in rows, but they are generally ridden or led about the town, whose long High-street is for four or five days one surging sea of animal life. Hosts of Lincolnshire farmers may be found there each September, picking up four-year-old hunters, at prices which once ranged from 80*l.* to 100*l.*, but now more generally from 100*l.* to 120*l.* The hunting dealers also attend, not to buy, but to glean information about promising horses; they learn where they go to, and occasionally, if they take a very strong fancy, purchase a contingent interest in some of them. Their new owners aim at keeping them at least a year, but

seldom more than two, and they frequently find them a temporary stable-mate at the great Lincoln Fair each April. The latter are expected to produce a profit of 28 to 25 per cent. for their three months' strong keep up to Horncastle, or else they hardly realize their new owners' sole idea of "paying for August." Dealers' payments, we may add, are obliged to be prompt and good, as the farmers are not "discount-men," although the reported prices at great fairs must be read with considerable mental discount. Sellers invariably state the prices they ask, not what they get; and we remember an instance where the actual price for three which were bought by a hunting-man, in one lot, was 380*l.* below what appeared in the newspaper report of the fair! The most successful private sellers of horses we know, are that sly, half horse-dealing, half farmer race, who stick their hats into the nape of their necks, and talk, quite simply and softly, close into your face; men, in short, who are wonderfully clever fellows, but who deceive you by looking like utter fools. Their great dodge is to crab the good points of the horse they want to sell: "Varra fine horse, but don't you think he's not varra good about the sh*oo*lders?" was the comment we heard one of them make, as he asked a rattling price (on the ground that he "didn't care to part with him for a bit") for an animal whose shoulders were faultless. Away went the intended purchaser to a friend, who knew the horse's points better than he did the owner's, and was told to buy him directly, as "the fool doesn't know what a good horse he has;" and "the fool" grinned in his sleeve accordingly. Perhaps a northern breeder of hunters, some twenty years since, got rid of three in the neatest way to a nobleman, who did not care so very much for two of them, but he had set his whole heart on the third. "I always said I would not sell that horse," were the words in which the bargain was clenched, "and I must keep my word;

but if you'll give me 900 guineas for the other two, I'll make you a present of *him*." The purchaser jumped at the offer; and although he found that the gift-horse for whom he ventured so much was a roarer and all but worthless, the terms of the bargain estopped him from complaining publicly, however much he might tell his grief in private. Mr. Mat Milton was, after all, one of the greatest originals that ever closed a horse bargain; and the American poet might with justice be supposed to have had him in his eye, when he wrote of a regular "Down Easter"—

> "He'd kiss a queen till he raised a blister,
> With his arm round her neck, and his old felt hat on;
> He'd address a king by the title of Mister,
> And ask him the price of the throne that he sat on."

We have hinted at the terms of his equestrian invitation to the Prince Regent; but he is said to have been a man of deeds and not of words only to a noble lord, who returned him a horse because he considered it to be a roarer. When his lordship next came to his stables, the subject was renewed pretty warmly. Mat ironically asked him, after making four horses grunt successively by a sudden blow of the fist, if that was the roaring he meant, and wound up his discourse by giving him a dig below the waistcoat, and an adjuration of "*Why, you're grunting now—hang it, you're a roarer yourself—be out of the yard with you!*"—which caused him to fly swiftly. Mat used to *profess* to give 5*l.* to each hunting-groom, when they returned a horse in good condition at the end of the season, but they had sad work to "draw" him of it.

The chief buyers of carriage horses at Howden Fair are the Messrs. Collins, Wimbush, Gray, East, &c., and the most paying colour is a brown or a "Jersey bay." This class of animal does not come there so much from the county of Durham as formerly, but is principally bred in the neighbourhood of Howden and

Holderness. The breeders of Durham horses confine themselves more to Northallerton and Newcastle fairs, which are also the great marts for the Cumberland men. The latter, although they kept the first and second blood-sire prizes against all comers, with Ravenhill and British Yeoman, and made the other horse-classes considerably less of a dead letter than they had hitherto been, at the 1855 Royal Agricultural Show, breed almost solely for the carriage, and hence it is next to useless to bring a chestnut horse, however fine his points, in the county. When Mr. Richard Fergusson, the owner of Ravenhill (who had been re-christened "Royal Ravenhill," in token of his triumph), introduced a coaching-sire about the year 1819, he was assured by his neighbours that the climate was too cold either for pure short-horns or anything in horse's shape, that was more than half-bred; and it was only when he sold a pair of his four-year-old Candidates for 150*l.*, which shortly afterwards reached the King's stables for, as it was said at the time, 300*l.*, that a contrary conviction dawned on them. Candidate, Bay Chilton, and Grand Turk, who were all Northern Lights in their time, had very little blood, but were fine sturdy specimens of a species of Durham or rather Yorkshire coaching-horse, which is now almost entirely superseded by thorough-breds. In size they were a medium between Magog and Lord Fauconberg, but decidedly the finest type of a coach-horse we ever saw was a brown one by Screveton. The light-boned Equator, the elegant little Royalist, and the flashy-looking high-tempered Corinthian did very little towards improving the breed, which was principally kept up by the travels of The Earl and Gregson, a remarkably fine specimen of a grey hunter-sire. When his day was over, Mr. Richard Fergusson kept up the grey charter by buying Grey Wiganthorpe out of Yorkshire, and followed up this infusion of the Comus blood into Cumberland, with successive strains

of Buzzard, Muley, and Venison, through Phœnix, Galaor, and Ravenhill. Lanercost was foaled in the west of the county, not far from the farm-house where old Velocipede died in 1850, and won his first victories under Harry Edwards (who was then a Carlisle V.S.), for Mr. John Ramshay, of Naworth Barns, who owned his sire, Liverpool, and also bred and ran the iron-legged Naworth and Mosstrooper. British Yeoman, who is, to our minds, the best-looking Liverpool horse left, and won the Royal Agricultural blood-prize in 1855, still sticks to Cumberland, where his stock are so much valued that his owner lately refused 500 guineas from an Irish breeder for him. The hunters by him, so far, have been of a capital stamp. Mr. James Fawcett, of Scaleby Castle, and Mr. R. Fergusson, send several young bay coach-horses to the Newcastle and Yorkshire fairs; and Mr. Charles Philips, of Cracrop, in the same county, is indisputably the most successful English breeder of the pure Clydesdale cart-horses. One of his two-year-olds was so much fancied when he arrived in Canada that he was sold at 4*s.* 8*d.* per pound, and realized upwards of 400*l.* on his weight. This is "Mr. Briggs's" querist over again—"How much a pound if I take the whole of him?" The grey sixteen-three Merry Tom, who has scaled one ton four stone, and measured 8 feet 11 inches round, is the best Mr. Philips ever had; he has already won four medals and about 240*l.* in cash, and was selected by a Scotch club for three seasons, to travel in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where the rarest Clydesdale horses are to be found.

The Shropshire men are rather short of hunter-sires, and are more careful, both as to pedigree and style, in their hunter-breeding, than the Yorkshiremen. In fact, many dealers maintain that the large bodies and the little heads come out of Shropshire, and the little bodies and large heads from Yorkshire. The probable explanation of this is, that the York-

shiremen generally direct their attention to quick returns, and try to breed great slapping carriage-horses, to be sold at three years old for from 80*l.* to 120*l.*, in the Howden market; and if they cannot get them big enough, they cut their tails and call them hunters. An allusion to the size of the head in the latter case would no doubt induce the venerable retort, "*What's the odds? a horse don't go on his head!*" Shropshire, on the contrary, determines to have a hunter, and nothing but a hunter, and has bred accordingly, since the days of the celebrated Old Tat, who combined the Highflyer and Matchem strains, and made the Shropshire-bred horses especially famous, about the time that Mr. Meynell gave up hounds. Rugely in June is a very great fair for hunters, Welsh and Shropshire, as well as troopers, but the prices are not up to Horncastle; and Stourbridge had also an immense repute, until Shrewsbury, which is fixed for two weeks earlier in March, dealt it a heavy blow. Rugby's horse fair, in November, includes all kinds, from the 300-guinea hunter down to the ten shillings' potter's steed, in which Rugbæans were wont in old times to invest, for the glory of one afternoon's ride between the callings over, on condition that their old owners took them back at half-price if they lived, or gratis if they died.

The Yarborough, South Wold, and Burton hunts are the great public schools, where the heads, hands, and heels of a legion of Hard-Riding Dicks are ever at work for five months of the year, in transforming the raw one-hundred-guinea Howdenite into the finished two-hundred-guinea candidate for Horncastle. It is, however, to the dealers in this as in every other county that they have to look for purchasers, as hunting men will scarcely ever buy from farmers, however well they may ride, and have to pay a handsome sum extra for their whim. Horncastle fair has long been the great Lincolnshire Carnival of horse-flesh, and far

the largest in England for made hunters. Sporting foreigners are *pénétrés* with its fame, and rush to see it and the sales of blood-yearlings at Doncas*tere*, with as much energy as their agriculturists demand to be led to "de beetroot," the instant they set foot from one of Ben Revett's chaises, on their Tiptree shrine. We have it, in fact, on "Scribble's" authority, that an elderly German Baron, not very long since, assured his English visitor, when they had drunk to the death and memory of their last wild boar, that if now he could only visit Horncastle Fair, he could die happy! Dealers and foreigners begin to be rife in its neighbourhood about the fifth of August, and there are still some lingerers on the twenty-first. Baron Rothschild's agent rarely comes, but purchases young horses at all prices from 40*l.* to 300*l.*, out of the best hunting stables in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The Welshmen bring nothing now; but the Irish-bred horses are to be found in numbers hardly equal to the demand. It takes a man some time to get accustomed to their buck-fencing style (which a clever, determined rider can soon modify); and when a novice tries, for instance, to follow The Essex on one, and finds it thrusting itself with its dainty heel-touch off those huge banks half way across the next field, he begins to fancy that he will never come to earth again. The great majority of them are called thorough-bred, but not exactly according to the English standard, which makes them about seven-eighths bred.

The hunting humour of the present day inclines very much to size, though welter weights, as a general rule, get along best on apparently small but even horses, rather under than over fifteen-three. The great majority of hunting men, if they can possibly afford it, like to ride with at least a stone in hand; and thus little horses, however clever, and up to ten or eleven stone, do not find ready purchasers as of yore, even among "the light division." The veteran

Sir Tatton Sykes has never fallen in with this notion about height, and his friends always expect his pleasant "*Too big, Sir! too big!*" when he looks over anything much above fifteen-two. Charles XII., in his very heyday, did not please him at all, but still he stuck faithfully by Sleight-of-Hand, who was much above his standard. To show how tastes differ, Mr. Davis, the Queen's huntsman, who was a lighter man and rather taller than Sir Tatton, once assured us that he had been carried equally well to his hounds by horses of all heights, from fourteen-three to sixteen-two; but that from fifteen-three to sixteen-two was his fancy size. Even on the subject of tails, the hunting men used to take issue. In Mr. Osbaldeston's day it was all the fashion at Melton to keep long tails on the hunters, a practice which he held in very great contempt. "*Gallop on, long-tails, you'll soon come back,*" used to be his regular saying, if they got away before him; and "*Where are the fine long-tails now?*" was his sarcastic inquiry at the close of many a run.

Among great horse-dealers, Messrs. Elmore, R. Dyson, and Tilbury (who has had as many as 200 hunters for hire) once held sway, but Mr. Collins, of Mount-street, Lambeth, has since become by far the largest purchaser of hunters at Horncastle. The Lincolnshire farmers generally get into the habit of doing business with one dealer, and Mr. Collins will buy about seventy from them during the Horncastle month, the best of which range from 160*l.* to 200*l.*, and occasionally higher. Many of these do not get to the fair to be sold, as formerly, but are purchased privately, and join the main string at a certain place of rendezvous; but scarcely half of them reach his London stables, as he now has a show of them both at Newark and Barnet, where purchasers and brother dealers attend to cull. He always buys according to what is required for the particular season; and if the

dwellers in Mount-street were to lose sight of their almanacks and the swallows, they would know that spring had come again by the endless supply of stout cobs and park hacks which would, week after week, take up their fleeting habitation among them. Mr. Thomas Sell acts as London salesman for Mr. Collins, who, along with his *fidus Achates*, James Brewster, visits every great fair out of the 190 odd which the trade professes to frequent, not only in the midland counties and the north, but in Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and, in short, wherever he can get a wind-scent of a likely horse. He is a striking instance of what honesty and good judgment can do for a man. We remember him, about 1840, driving his roan pony to Osborne's, in Gray's Inn-lane, to buy "machiners;" and his rise since then, through the successive stages of Aldridge's and Tattersall's, to be the wholesale Leviathan of the trade, has been wonderfully steady and rapid. The pretty general belief among the initiated is, that he sells upwards of eleven hundred animals in the course of the year, at an average of 80*l.* apiece; and, as a type of the universality of his business, we may mention that, as we strolled through his stables, we espied a first-class hunter almost cheek by jowl with a spotted cob, who looked quite ripe for the jocular society of the late Tom Barry over the way. All the great London dealers purchase from him; and their French brethren, Bénedick, Crémieux, Ançell, &c., are among his largest customers, and occasionally go as high as 170*l.* for a riding horse.

Mr. Joseph Anderson is also at the very top of the tree, and buys largely, through an agent, of first-class hunters and hacks; he has, in fact, long been to Piccadilly what Bénedick is to the *Champs Elysées;* and his brother, Mr. John Anderson, has a very rising business at Green-street, Grosvenor-square. Mr. Quartermaine, who once "hailed" from Oxford, buys

carriage horses as well as hunters and hacks, and gives and gets, without exception, as high prices as any man of the day. He cannot rest if there is a good thing in the market, and has always "a particular reason for wanting it directly." We seldom give a passing peep down those trim corridor-sort of yards, which make one feel more than anything else the high dignity of the horse in England, and see those mysterious, knowing little knots of purchasers which are ever scanning him there, without calling to mind how the Duke of Queensberry was wont, early in the century, to test the pace of his running-footman candidates, by timing them from his balcony, as they ran up and down that self-same pleasant dip in Piccadilly. But our note* must tell the rest. Mr. S. Cox of Stamford-street buys all sorts, from high-class hunters down to cart-horses, in which his uncle, the late Mr. George Cox, drove a very thriving trade among the brewers and distillers; and Mr. R. Phillips of Knightsbridge, assisted by his father-in-law, Mr. Tawney, buys very largely in Shropshire, and furnishes a great many entire horses and other thorough-bred stock to the foreigners. The Emperor of the French, who has been amongst his largest customers, christened one of his favourite riding horses "PHILLIPS," in his honour; and it was from his and and Mr. Quartermaine's stables that the King of Sardinia made his selection when he visited England. Along with Messrs. R. Dyson and East, Mr. Phillips holds the contract for the cavalry horses, nearly all of

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* The running footmen drank white wine and eggs, and carried some white wine in the large silver ball of their tall cane or pole, which unscrewed. * * * * * They put on the Duke's livery before the trial. On one occasion a candidate presented himself dressed, and ran. At the conclusion of the performance he stood before the balcony. "You'll do very well for me," said the Duke. "Your livery will do very well for me," replied the man, and gave the Duke a last proof of his ability as a runner by running away with it."—*Notes and Queries.*

which pass through their hands, and are gathered from every part of the country, by the aid of upwards of twenty commissioners. Messrs. Wimbush and Deacon, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Joshua East (who has succeeded Mr. Dickenson, and is in partnership with Mr. Phillips), Mr. Withers, and Mr. Hetherington, are the largest purchasers of carriage horses, though some of them do so merely in their own job-master capacity, and not to sell again. They supply themselves not only from Mr. Collins and the other London and country dealers, but attend the great fairs in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland. It is a nice question, which probably the surveyor of taxes alone can solve, whether Messrs. Wimbush and Co., or Messrs. East and Co., keep the largest number of horses to let out. We believe that they run within three or four pairs of each other, and that at times each firm has owned not fewer than 1400 pairs.

The Messrs. Mason, who succeeded Mr. Elmore, buy their hunters and hacks from Mr. Collins and the larger dealers, and not often out of the breeders' hands. Mr. Ibbs Brown—or Harboro' Brown as he is popularly termed—is also in that line; while Mr. Saunders, Mr. Attwood, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Philippo, and Mr. G. Waymark, &c., are what may be called general-purpose men. Mr. Pearl and Mr. Sewell draw, we believe, their supplies chiefly from Norfolk and Suffolk. Mr. Blackburn principally looks after black entire horses, for funerals, which he imports from Dunkirk and elsewhere; and Mr. Smith, of Whatton, makes his voyages of discovery into Germany and Denmark in search of cart-horses. Among the principal country dealers, Mr. John Payne, of Market Harborough, drove a first-class business for many years; and Discount, and a countless number of Quorn and Pytcheley hunters have passed through his hands. He has, in fact, been to the Leicestershire side of the country what Mr. Kench has been to the

Warwickshire. Since his secession, Mr. John Darby, of Rugby, has become one of the most eminent country dealers in hunters and hacks; and Mr. Denham, late of Derby, but now of Kegworth—a first-rate judge, and a first-flight man to boot in his twelve-stone days—must not be forgotten. Mr. Gething, of Orton, near Newark; Mr. Potter of Ashby-de-la-Zouche (who used to supply Sir Richard Sutton with nearly all his Irish horses); and Mr. Stanton, of Grantham, are known for hunters far and wide in the midland counties; while Mr. Barker, of Roade, near Northampton, passes an immense amount of first-class cart-horses, besides carriage and riding horses through his hands. The Messrs. Painter, of Bicester; Mr. T. Chamberlayne, of Southampton; Mr. R. Chapman, of Cheltenham (who has had the great run in those parts since Tom Smart of Cricklade died); and Messrs. Haines, of Highworth, are also constant attendants at the great fairs, and ever on the look-out for likely hunters and hacks. Mr. Murray, of Manchester, generally takes a large string of hunters northwards from Horncastle, and with Mr. George Garwood, does a thriving business in hunters, hacks, and carriage horses, in Manchester and Cheshire. These dealers, as well as Messrs. Ainger and Bretherton, of Liverpool, buy largely of Irish horses. In Norfolk, Mr. George Hill, of Scole; Mr. Robert Beart, of Rainham; and Mr. Coleman, of Norwich, have the leading business, which takes rather a first-class hack and not a hunting turn. Mr. Charles Symonds and Mr. Wheeler, of Oxford, deal exclusively in hacks and hunters, but the former seldom attends any other fairs than Horncastle and Lincoln, and purchases elsewhere through a commissioner. He horses Jem Hills and his whips during the Heythrop season, and sends the horses they have ridden up to Tattersall's each May. His stables are well known to every Oxford visitor as one of the most perfect things of

the kind, and are quite as orthodox in their management and appearance as the venerable *Alma Mater* herself.

Reverting once more to the North, we cannot pass over Mr. Robson, of Newcastle, and Mr. John Woffinden, of Malton, who buy extensively from breeders. Like the *beau monde*, the turf, and the bar, the horse-dealing profession has its "D'Orsay," whom it is not our intention further to indicate. The Messrs. Colton, of Eagle Hall and North Collingham, and Mr. Rawlinson, of Brant Broughton, near Newark, are in a very extensive way, and the former perhaps sell as many horses as any firm in the course of the year, a large proportion of which are Irish, and specially imported by themselves. Mr. Nat Welton, of Bredfield, in Suffolk (where Mr. N. G. Barthrupp heads the poll as a breeder of cart-horses) does business almost exclusively with Mr. Collins; and, as graziers and breeders of embryo Clinkers and Clashers, no names rank higher in Lincolnshire than Welfitt of Louth, Fowler of Kirton Grange, Greetham of Stainfield Hall, the Slaters of Commeringham and North Carlton, Bartholomew of Goltho, Nainby of Barnoldby, Brooks of Croxby, and Chambers of Reasby Hall; nor in Yorkshire than the Maynards of Harlsey, Hall of Scarboro', and Wood of South Dalton. The three last-named graze carriage horses as well as hunters. Mr. Hall is the master of the Holderness Hunt, and grazes from sixty to seventy young hunters and carriage horses annually in the neighbourhood of Beverley. At the York show, in 1853, he exhibited twelve hunters of his own grazing, valued at 200 guineas each, which were allowed, even by his critical countrymen, to be perfect gems. Lord Henry Bentinck had, exclusive of kennel hacks, about 55 horses at Lincoln during the hunting season, and not a few of them have an early remembrance of Mr. Hall's pasture land, from which, in some instances, they

have been transferred for a 400-guinea consideration. The Leicestershire hunting men have begun to buy their horses more directly out of the farmers' hands; and Burbidge of Thorpe Arnold, Sikes of Tilton, Simpkin of Hoby, Wright of Burton, and John Wood of Market Overton, have been of late among the luckiest sellers.

The lengthy short-legged stamp of hunter, slow over grass, but great over plough and strong fences, is gradually becoming very rare. No horses sell so well when they can be found, and their rarity may in a great measure be owing to the fact that blood-horses of this build are generally not successful in the T.Y.C. or one-mile races which are now in vogue, and are therefore cut, or sold to the foreigners very early in the day. They are not quick on their legs, and get quite overset if they are hurried in the first half mile, though they have perpetual motion enough to "bring back" the majority of horses to them over a T.M.M. or a D.I. course. We have always regretted that The Ban, who was quite the "Admirable Crichton" of this type of horse, should ever have been sent abroad. The muscular-loined Inheritor (who always kicked fearfully in his exercise) was cast in another mould, but was still a magnificent model for a hunter sire. Weathergage would have suited lengthy mares to a nicety; and Peep-o'-Day-Boy, in spite of his bad pasterns, was after our own heart, as he had a very perfect, and not too lengthy a barrel, and presented to the eye that best of all combinations, a big deep horse on remarkably short legs. Ex-racers of any note have very seldom earned a name across country, and Mr. D. Robertson's Edgar, by Shakspeare, who carried him for eighteen seasons, is one of the few instances to the contrary.

Shropshire always stood high as a hunting county, when Corbet, Hill, Graham, Puleston, and Mytton were its scarlet kings; but its enthusiasm has been

somewhat on the wane since the Hills gave up the hounds. Still, though the fields are not what they were, the breeders of hunters have lost none of their traditional renown. By the side of the gently-flowing Teme, and that pleasant Herefordshire Arcadia into which it leads, and in and about the mighty Norman fortress of Ludlow, the central point of view from so many broad dales, and bare heathery hills, jostling and crowding one another right into the heart of Wales, some of the rarest hunters of the present century have been reared. They have always been especially prized by the dealers, and generally run from fifteen-two to fifteen-three. As a class they are long and low, and quick striders through dirt, and so sweet and clean about the head, that "he's got the Shropshire head" is one of the most time-honoured phrases of the dealers' vocabulary. They invariably improve in this part as they get older, as the serum wastes, and nothing but muscle is left. In his day, Mr. Anderson, senior, used to be very fond of Shropshire hunters as a class, and he would get down before almost any of his brethren to Shrewsbury fair, invite fifteen to twenty farmers to breakfast at The Raven, and bring away fourteen or fifteen of their best nags. The breeders to the Ludlow country owe not a little to the late Mr. Lechmere Charlton, for the carefully-culled sires he introduced. At one time, however, the Shropshire men grew more careless about pedigree, and just selected the cheapest sire that happened to travel their way, or flaunted in ribbons through Shrewsbury market. The usual result took place: bodies grew less and less, and the beautiful heads, or "bonnets," which Comus and Strephon brought into the country, began to be replaced by a shapeless thing "as big as a sugar warehouse." The regular old Shropshire type of hunters, who pricked up their ears at the challenge of the Trojans, is derived principally from Black Sultan, Revenge, and Regulus,

who flourished about 1815. Black Sultan, who was the property of Mr. Hiles, a miller at Shrewsbury, was far away the greatest of the three, and to this day the Shropshire men vow that almost every hunter with a black or chestnut skin bears kindred to the old horse, just as almost every ugly-headed hunter, for the fifth of a century has been consistently fathered on Belzoni. An immense number of his stock, after a wondrous jumping career, went stone blind. The Yorkshire Comus, on the contrary (who seemed to get nothing but greys and chestnuts), went blind when he was rising four, and he was never known, that we heard of, to get a blind one. It is also a fact that a well-known second-rate blood sire went blind early in the year, and, contrary to his usual luck, almost every mare that was served by him during that season threw a filly.

But we are not yet done with Shropshire. Planet, by Dungannon, Driver, a three-parts bred, and Rosario by Ambrosio, a rather low-tailed horse; Mr. Gore's Hesperus, Pilkington, the maternal uncle of Ion, the sire of countless flashy fine goers, whom the dealers loved, and the long and low Gimcrack, the property, along with Planet, Rosario, Champion, and Pilkington, of the Clays of Wem, who never lacked a good horse, also rank among their paddock worthies. Then there was Spectre, son of Phantom, who came from the Ludlow district, and with the then young Jemmy Chapple on his back, made very short work of the Newmarket horses in the Audley End. No wonder the Heath-men did not fancy him, as he was a thick lumpy horse, and could not get a real racer, with the exception of Sceptic, and he came off *Second*-best so perpetually, that he was generally known by that name. His stock were all a thick style of horse, but not one of them are left in the Ludlow hunt, or indeed anywhere else. Manfred, by Election, became Mr. Lechmere Charlton's

property about the time he bought Sam, who tailed at the stud as much as he did in his racing career after the Derby, and, with the exception of rather twisted forelegs, a defect which was especially observable in Mr. Lindow's great Melton hunter The Clipper (who always went to cover in boots, and led by a man on a pony), a more gentlemanly blood-like style of horse has been rarely seen, and his stock, although not big, preserved all his quality. Brigliadoro was also from the Ludlow side; and Mr. Anderson, senior, as well as George Underhill, had always a great notion of his slashing but short-legged hunters. It is on record of these two admirable judges of horseflesh, that they agreed to price seventeen which the latter had in his sale stables, and when they compared their estimates, Mr. Anderson's was actually the largest by 15*l.*, and he accordingly took to the horses in a lot. This story is perfectly authentic, and has scarcely a paralled in horse-dealing annals. "Old George's" especial fancy, however, was his own Strephon, by Reubens, and at one time this horse, who was bought in the evening of his days by Lord Hill, Champion by Selim, and Mr. Wheeler's Snowdon, who latterly became quite white, were the great county rivals. Strephon's fame has lasted the longest, and the hunting-men still swear by his name, when the sprig-tailed, light-quartered, and thin-thighed Snowdonites are almost forgotten. The latter were always overrated, and the best of them, to our mind, were a grey mare of Colonel Biddulph's, and a grey horse, whose flying jumps became so noted, that a hard-riding divine christened him "Jumping Jack." Mr. Joseph Clay, of Sutton, rode him in the front rank with the Shropshire for two seasons; and he was latterly in Mr. Smith Owen's hands when he divided the country with Lord Hill; and gained the reputation of being the best horse in the stud, by the style in which, despite of his lack of speed and not very sound legs, he

carried the huntsman to the last. The Strephons were generally thick, stout-hearted, weight-carrying nags, with magnificent backs and shoulders, first-rate in the field, but vile as hackneys, always knocking their toes against the ground, and inheriting a beautiful head, the outline of which may still be traced at many a cover side. Stapleton, a contemporary of Pilkington, was one of his principal sons, and stood at Fryatt's of Melton for a time. The Champions were of a bigger stamp altogether, and with legs like waggon-horses, but they were rather loosely built, and seemed as if they had just one joint too many in their backs. In his hind-quarters their sire somewhat resembled Camel, though his tail was not hung so low; his face bore a huge white blaze, and his character in the country was to the effect that he was "a very determined devil." The county and the kennel stables were full of Jupiters, when Sir Bellingham Graham gave up Shropshire, and the triad of masters succeeded. This sire was the Belzoni of Shropshire, as his stock were great sprawling, high-tempered horses to begin with, and never at perfection till they were rising eight or nine. Lord Stamford bred him, and Will Staples, who had Jack Wiglesworth and Tom Flint (who died with the Duke of Cleveland), as his whips, adored him like a heathen of old. Poor Tom used occasionally to go like his old Shropshire self in Durham, and a more perfect horseman never rode at a fence. Originally he was articled to Page the trainer of Epsom, and had such a little notion of his business when he began, that he acceded to the other lads' proposition to wax him on to his saddle. When Tom's after feats reached him, Page used often to tell the story, how he stuck so tight that he was obliged to lift him and the saddle off the colt together, and then cut him clean out of his corduroys and his difficulties. Among more modern Shropshire horses, we may note The Steamer, by Emilius, out of

Valve (the dam of Pussy), who was bred and sold by Mr. Price, of Bryn-Pys, for 50*l.* His racing career was foiled by his bad legs, which gave way to such an extent that he could hardly bear walking exercise, and he was too strong a puller to let a light boy ride him. There are an immense quantity of good hunters out by him, though they are generally a little in at the elbows; and Hyllus, a hack of his get, was snapped up at a high price for the Royal stables. All of them are jumpers, but they are not exactly what are styled "dealers' horses." Necromancer has done something for the present and old owner's name; and breeders tell you that the thorough-bred Melibœus never failed to get a hunter, and are all on the alert when they hear of a Melibœus mare. The Greathearts are also especially fine goers, and very fair jumpers, neat, fifteen-three, and in fact quite "the good old style back again;" but their sire has departed for Ireland. Ion, who is a very popular blood sire in France, stood one season at Shrewsbury; but he is rather a light-girthed unattractive style of horse, and had very few mares.

Will Staples, of whom it used to be said, and with little exaggeration, that he could hunt a Shropshire fox without hounds, looks back to the grey Moses as the best Strephon he ever rode, while Ludlow among the Brigliadoroes, Longwaist and Gazelle among the Jupiters, Melibœus by Melibœus, and Plynlimmon by The Colonel, are still among the other pleasant memories of his great hunting career. If we mistake not, Mr. Mytton's The Duchess was a prima donna among the scions of Hit-and-miss, who was, like Herbert Lacy, quite a Shropshire worthy; and Fitzjames, whose stock were all bad-tempered, never got a superior to the "Squire of Halston's" Armchair. Mr. H. Clive of Styche's Annette was also a gay feather in Strephon's cap, when it was no easy task for a man to hold his own with Will and his cover-side cavalry.

Well may we hear the horses, and the men who rode them, and raced them towards The Wrekin as their gigantic winning-chair, still household words among the "proud Salopians"! Those were the days when Lord Hill "on Paddy of Paddies the wonder"; John Arthur Lloyd on Grenadier; Smith Owen on Lop, or "Banker so honest a trader, he pays draughts at sight without any persuader"; Lyster, "King of light weights, on The Doe;" and countless others who live in the ballad, were all in the foremost flight; and when "The Curate rough-riding the Rector was seen," or else "with his coat buttoned up, and his tongue very still," earned the poet's praise as

> "First in the field and dashing away,
> Taking all in his stroke on Gehazi the grey."

Smoker, whose stock have often rather coarse heads and not the best of hocks, belongs to Montgomeryshire, where breeding has been rather flashy than sound for some time past. Its horses were but little tested at home, as their fine look attracted the dealers, who pounced on them and made "swimmers" of them forthwith; and several of those that did stay on this side the Channel had their weak places found out. A well-informed writer in the *Sporting Review** states the case much more favourably for the breeders of South Wales, or rather its three more western counties, which support five regular packs of fox hounds. He considers that the best stamp of a Welsh hunter is a well-bred compact horse, not exceeding fifteen-two in height; he must be very handy and clever at on-and-off work, a good one up hill and through dirt: a fast horse is always an advantage, but a perfect fencer is of more importance in this rough hilly country, as there are too many days on which a Welsh fox-hunter is employed in riding through interminable

* January, 1857.

woods, and up and down break-neck dingles. Many of the horses in the V. H. C. country, old-fashioned hunters with rare loins and back ribs, have a power of creeping which absolutely borders on the miraculous. The Castlemartain country, which until 1855 was hunted by the South Pembrokeshire, and holds as good a scent as any in England, is the principal breeding district for hunters; and the "sporting Castlemartain yeomen" (as they delight to be called) keep at least one three-parts-bred brood mare, which is generally put to a thorough-bred horse. The youngsters are mostly kept till five years old, by which time they are usually perfect fencers, and find a ready sale for the English market, at prices varying from 90*l.* to 150*l.*; and the principal buyers are Messrs. James and Jacob of Cheltenham, and Harvey of Manchester. For some years back the leading sires have been Pilkington, Uncle Toby, Ascot, Mango, Ballinkeele, Gaper, St. Bennett, Firman, Benedict, and Sultan; and, subsequently, Pharaoh, Cheops, Langton, and Shannon (h. b.) have joined their ranks. Ascot, Mango, and Ballinkeele have perhaps got the best hunters, and Gaper's stock are usually very good fencers, but their forelegs are sadly deficient.

The most fashionable hunting sires in Ireland (1825-1855) have been Old Welcome, Bob Booty, Tiger, Sir Hercules, Birdcatcher (Old), Smallhopes, Windfall, Freney, King Arthur, Navarino, Blackfoot, Whitenose, Philip the First, Cock of the Heath, Colwick, Seahorse, Lottery, Bobbygore, and Roller; while the stock of Brown Molton, Vulcan, The Great Western, King of Kelton, Mayboy, Tearaway, Large Hopes, Shawnboy, Sir Richard, Young Windfall, Tom Steel, Arthur, &c., were in great vogue. The Irish have now quite recovered the check which was given to hunter-breeding by the famine, and we believe that an almost unprecedented

number of mares were sent to the horse in 1855. Their most valuable mares for this purpose are more than three-parts bred, roomy, deep-shouldered, and with good heads and crests; and the characteristics of their best stock, are small intelligent heads, with the eye almost standing out of it; short lean necks, great depth of shoulder, fore legs well put on and all sinew, wide back, with large hips, quarters rather drooping, and great length from the hip to the hock, which gives them their splendid propelling power at fences. The average height of the best is fifteen-three, and they are well up to fourteen stone. They have always that peculiar slope of the croup nearly at the same angle as the gaskins, which invariably marks a horse as clever across country. In fact, as a general thing, horses short and straight in the croup seldom manage to drop fence handily, or have good action with their hind legs, whatever they may have with their fore ones. The young hunters are sent to the Irish fairs, principally between the ages of six and eight, but the best, as in England, are bought from the breeder long before they reach a fair. They are principally bred in Westmeath, Meath, Longford, Kildare, Roscommon, Wicklow, and Wexford; and among the largest breeders we may mention Mr. Richard Reynell, of Kelynin; Mr. A. Cook, of Cooksborough; Mr. H. Morrow, of Longford; Mr. M. A. Feuile, of Sonna; Mr. W. Ryan, of Edgeworthstown; Mr. J. Weir, of Tullaghan; Mr. Duke, of Sligo; Mr. Pollock, of Meath; and Mr. J. Connelly, of Celbridge. The largest fairs for hunters are Ballinasloe, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of October; the Great Munster Fairs, which are held at Limerick in April and October; and the Cahiramee Fair, on the 11th and 12th of July. Young horses and colts are principally shown at Mullingar, where three out of the four fairs (April 6th, July 4th, and August 22nd) are entirely devoted to them; whereas that on Nov.

11th, is more especially for made hunters. To these we may add Spancelhill (June 24th), Ballintubber (August 25th), Boyle (July 25th), and Hospital (July 9th), where nothing but quite youngsters are shown.

These aspirants are put into a jumping tutor's hands at two years old, and first taught to leap by being driven over all sorts of fences for three or four weeks. They are often fitted with a snaffle and surcingle during these gymnastics, and one man leads while another follows them with a whip over these fences, which consist principally of high rotten banks; and the result of the system is, that they cannot pitch on their heads, but learn to drop lightly on their haunches. Having been thus initiated, the future hunter is turned out till he is four years old. All his by no means forgotten lessons are then renewed; a boy is put on to his back, and when he has been made perfectly handy and quiet, he sees hounds at intervals, and in the fulness of time is shipped off with his fellows to England. During the summer months Irish bred animals, in very ragged condition, and of all heights, from ten to sixteen hands, are to be found in the Leicester market; and it was here that Mr. Pratt, of Shankton, picked up Shankton for 12*l.* 10*s.* at three years old. On the whole the Irish breed of hunters was never better than it is at present; and to judge from the number of good sires which have gone over, they are not likely to degenerate. Among English dealers, the Messrs. Colton of Eagle Hall and Newark, are very large purchasers. They import on the average about five hundred hunters, trained and untrained, every year, at all prices, from 50*l.* to 300*l.* and keep two agents (Wilmott and Nugent), one of whom lives at Mullingar, always on the look-out for them. Mr. Potter, of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, also buys very largely, and at stiff prices; and the same remark applies to Mr. John Darby of Rugby; Mr. Murray of Man-

chester; and Mr. Hall of Sedgefield, Durham, who, however, directs his attention more especially to harness and young horses. The principal "colt-buyers," as they are termed, are Mr. Parish, of Birmingham, (who will buy as many as 150 in a year); Mr. J. Hall, of Derby; and Mr. P. Shields, of Dublin; who bring great numbers of juveniles across the channel, at all figures from 5*l.* to 50*l.*

Perhaps the most remarkable Irish hunter of the present century was Mr. Assheton Smith's Fire King—a sixteen-hand, very large-limbed, light-fleshed, and deep-girthed thorough-bred chestnut. He was bought by Mr. William Denham, of Kegworth, from Mr. Robert Lucas, of Liverpool, in the January of 1840, for 25*l.* only, and was just as unmanageable a savage as ever wore a bridle. However Mr. Denham contrived to beat all Derbyshire on him, both with foxhounds and Lord Chesterfield's staghounds; Will Derry, the huntsman, who was riding one of his lordship's thorough-bred 300-guinea chestnuts, frankly acknowledging on one occasion that he could not live with him any part of the run. He also distinguished himself in Leicestershire in two runs; one from Cream, and the other from Sir Harry Goodricke's Gorse. On the day after the latter, Mr. Assheton Smith rode up to Mr. Denham, at Croxton Park races, and made him an offer of 200*l.* for him, which Mr. Denham declined unless he would make it guineas. On this Mr. Smith jocularly remarked that he was "the most independent horsedealer he had ever met with;" and was told that if he had been independent he would not have taken 2000 guineas for the horse, as he was sure that no man could expect to have more than one such in his life. He was very much blemished at the time by curbs; so much so, in fact, that Mr. Smith could hardly credit the assurance that he was sound after having "been repaired so often." At this juncture Lord Chesterfield

rode up, and on hearing his lordship endorse Mr. Denham's statement that he had never in his life seen a horse that could go better, if so well, to hounds, the bargain was then and there closed for guineas. At first they had rather a weary time with him at Tidworth. Mr. Smith sent him home on hunting days seven or eight times before he could ride him with confidence; and there is a legend that he not only ran clean away for miles with George Carter, but the latter assured his master, when he proposed another mount, that he would rather run on foot than get on him. His master, however, charmed the chestnut into a softer mood at last, and on December 15th of the following year, he wrote Mr. Denham to say that he had "got him to go as quiet as any horse in my stable;" adding, "I have hunted a great number of years, I have kept hounds and hunted them for thirty-eight years, and I am quite sure I never had such a horse as he is before, and fully believe I never saw such a one." In reply to his further request, that Mr. Denham would trace his pedigree, the later could only reply, "All that I know is that he came from Ireland, rejoicing in the name of The Devil, having run away with nearly all the people that had ridden him, and he gave me several wet jackets before I could manage him." The Widow, a fine sixteen-hand brown mare, was also a great wonder among Irish mares; and it was no ordinary sight to see her carry Mr. John Massey Stanley, who must have ridden full seventeen stone, in the front rank over the stiffest part of Cheshire, for five-and-thirty minutes, till she was absolutely beaten to a standstill by the size of the fences and the weight and stick-at-nothing style of her rider.

At the time (1811) that Will Danby, since of the Hurworth, who "has hunted every corner of Yorkshire, from Spurn Point to Westmoreland, and from the German Ocean to Derbyshire," during his long

and honourable career, first sported his boots and spurs under the late Duke of Leeds, his lordship's stud principally consisted of the stock of Pandolpho. This horse was the sire of Mowbray, and a long series of some of the very best hunters that the Yorkshiremen ever crossed. When Will joined his Grace there were no less than fourteen hunters by him in the Duke's stables, all equally good, and up to heavy weights in the longest day. They were Pan, Pandemic, Panada, Panadian, Panegyric, Pandora, Pandolpha, Pancake, Jenny, Jacky, Mitchell, Dolly Mitchell, Young Mary, and another. It was on Pandora that Will finished almost alone on that complete Billesden Coplow day, when they found a fox at Howe Bank, and ran him out of Wensleydale into Swaledale, and killed him at Craik pot, after a burster of three hours; while the great Applegarth Scaur day, when they found above Richmond and went right away into Westmoreland, fell to Young Mary's lot. Pandolpho's stock were well represented in all the Yorkshire hunts, and the fourteen fetched very long prices when the Duke went abroad. Among other hunting sires in Yorkshire during the present century, Screveton by Highflyer, is entitled to a very high place, and the blood of his half-brother, Sir Peter Teazle, has been as well known in the field as on the turf, and most especially through the Sir Harry Dimsdales. The stock of the latter (who was named after the mock Mayor of Garrett) were much prized in Leicestershire, and their peculiar characteristics of a beautiful dapple-grey, broad backs, pointed Arab-like heads, and orange-shaped quarters, are still to be traced to the third generation. Some would have it that he was a bit of a roarer; but at all events Mr. Maxse rode 15 stone on him over Leicestershire for some seasons, and Dick Christian had but little fault to find with him. We once looked carefully over a large field, and could find nothing of the

hunting stamp of an almost superannuated son of Old President, whose stock, with their fine brown skins and still finer tempers, have jumped magnificently time out of mind. As regards the second point, we could almost say of them as Captain Barclay used to say of his friend Cribb—"That's the beauty of Tom—you can't make him cross—hit him where and how you like—you'll never meddle with his temper." Camillus, who first spread the stud fame of Hambletonian, was also the sire of some rare talent in this line, and so were Old Woldsman, Grog, and the renowned Tramp, who was not a big but a very even horse. His stock had remarkably fine hunting action, and we have often heard Will Danby recount how his favourite son of Tramp carried him twenty miles to cover one day, when he whipped-in to the Holderness; went through a very fast thing of fifty minutes and home again; heard the whaw-hoop in two runs, one of them of forty and the other of an hour and fifteen minutes next day, and eighteen miles home to kennel at night;—and then ask, like a true-born tyke—*Can any of your South Country horses beat that?* In fact, he thought this horse better than even his President mare of four hours and twenty minutes' memory in the York hunt.

Orvile, Grey Orvile, Grey Walton, Sandbeck, Emilian, Young Phantom, Cervantes, and Cerberus, have all sent wiry representatives of their name from Yorkshire to Horncastle; and Lincolnshire has not been behindhand with Quicksilver, Hippomenes, Pilgrim, Negociator, Robin Hood, Darnley, Bellerophon, and Mandeville. Don Juan, with his strong but somewhat inelegant stock, must not be forgotten; nor Orion, the sire of countless browns with especially broad backs and plain tan-muzzle heads. Catterick, in spite of his bad colour, has also a claim to be remembered; and Fernhill and Humphrey are now the Lincolnshire representatives of the stout Venison and

Sandbeck blood. The Pelhams were always noted for their breed of horses, and there are but few English horses that have not some distant tinge in their veins of the Bay Barb and Brocklesby Betty. The foundation of their more modern stable-blood was laid about the beginning of the present century, when the first Lord Yarborough bought a Sir Peter mare (sister to Hermione) from Lord Grosvenor. He also regularly sent his mares to Earl Fitzwilliam's and Earl Egremont's crack horse, and a Driver filly did great things for the Brocklesby Hunt stables. Its sire was the original old Driver (the "old, old hat," in fact, of Lord Palmerston's Tiverton speech), and was kept by Lord Egremont on his own property between York and Beverley. The first noted sire Lord Yarborough purchased was the chestnut Quicksilver, a rather small horse, remarkably blood-looking about the head, and with abundance of quality. His stock, to which he communicated great character, were nearly all chestnuts, and there was no mistaking their duck noses, wide nostrils, and glove-like skin. No horses were so good to know. "*Quicksilver for a quart*," the very labourer would say to his fellow, as he plodded along the road, and espied a young chestnut dancing and throwing up his heels in the harrows, and the guess rarely failed. The county was at one time as full of his stock as it was rather later on of Sir Malagigi's, which had, one and all, very dubious tempers. This own brother to Sir Marinel was a loose-built style of horse, and it was difficult to say why the Lincolnshire men took such a fancy to him for two or three seasons. His owner was wont to boast that the proceeds of one of them was 400 guineas in two-guinea fees, and that he carried every stiver of the money home with him when he took the horse back across the Humber to his winter quarters in Holderness! It was from a Brocklesby draft filly by him that Mr. John Richardson, of Horkstow, near Barton, bred

Peter Simple, and at one or two Horncastle fairs his stock showed in such force, that he was unanimously pronounced quite the premier among sires.

Nailer was the best Quicksilver that rare huntsman, the late Will Smith ever rode. He was a good-looking chestnut, and in spite of his family failing, gentle in Will's hands, though sadly violent with every one else. Even under Will, he always feinted to pull, and went with his head turned almost to his rider's toe; but he made himself an old horse long before his time, by his intemperate style in the field; flying small drains as if they were six-barred gates, in the most unorthodox or rather un-Holderness style. The blood was much liked by the Woldsmen; and the Prince of Wales, through Mat Milton, gave Mr. Richard Nainby of Barnoldby (whose eldest son Charles has no superior in the Brocklesby hunting field) 400 guineas for a bay gelding by him, which was bred by Mr. Phillipson, of Bradley. Sir Harry, who was by Spartacus, and bred by the first Lord Yarborough, was after all Will's crack horse—deep-bodied and short, with wonderful elastic action, and as wild-looking as an untamed Arab.

The late Mr. Richardson, of Limber, had, however, the honour of breeding Ploughboy by Hippomenes, and seeing Will (who was in his glory with Will Mason and Bob Caunt as his whips) on him for some eight seasons. Few horses combined so much blood with such stout legs; his eye was also quite a curiosity, from its power and prominence; but his peculiarity was his short-sightedness, and owing to this failing, it was not three times in a season that he would take anything at a fly. Will used to say of him that he feared no fence if he could only pull him up and take it standing; but the old bay was fated to die in other hands. That noted Lincolnshire sportsman, Tom Brooks, of Croxby, had often wished to ride a run on him, but never did so till one day, when, as Will

was going away with his fox from Bradley Wood, he suddenly hailed him, and said he had a pain in his back, and Ploughboy was pulling him, adding—"You had best take your ride now, Tom; old Ploughboy will never hunt another season." Will's words were only too prophetic. They had gone seven miles, best pace, and Ploughboy was striding away across Healing Field (so called from a small mineral spring in the lordship), with his head down, after having just jumped a stiff ox-post and rails, when he put his foot in a little grip, fell on his chin, dislocated his neck, and turned tail over head as dead as a stone. His rider was standing over him as Will galloped past. "*Not hurt, Tom, I hope.—Well, it's an honourable death for old Ploughboy to die.*" And on he went with his hounds, and killed his fox in Lord Yarborough's private room at Brocklesby. It seemed as if "the red rogue" had just struggled so far to tell his lordship that his race was avenged on Ploughboy at last; and a knife, mounted with his pad, a present from Will, and bearing date April 6th, 1829, still does duty at Croxby. Incredible as it may seem, almost every muscle in Ploughboy's legs was found to be filled with thorn-pricks, and yet he had scarcely ever gone lame. But sixteen years more, and Will's own voice (which, like three generations of Smiths before him, had so often rung out a death knell) was hushed for ever, while he was still in his prime. Some of the elder branch lie at Nettleton, and Will, "aged 56," is now the latest tenant of that grey row of flat-stone graves in which the rest, fathers and sons, huntsmen and whippers-in, are garnered side by side near the chancel door at Brocklesby. On that sad day he was riding a shifty Waverley horse, and owing to a high thick hedge, was unable to get to his hounds, as they had some cold hunting up the ascent from Bradley Wood, towards Barnoldby Church. "*Holloa, my lad! holloa!*" he shouted to a lad in the distance, who had just

viewed the fox as he skirted the village, and his "*Voick Ranter, boy!*" as his favourite hound hit it off up the hedge-side, still seems to sound in the ears of the few who were up and heard it. It was the last cheer he ever gave to hound, and it seemed strange that the sad honour should fall on one of the blood which has been the special pride and stay of the Brocklesby pack. Over a small hedge, and into a plot of garden ground he went; but the leap out of it, a rotten hedge with a ditch on the near side of it, was to be his last. Will scarcely knew it was there, as he kept his eye on the hounds who flew to Ranter in the corner of the next field; his horse caught its leg in a binder, and was drawn back so suddenly in its drop, that he fell over on his head. He turned a complete somersault, and lay on his back with his arms and legs extended and powerless; and when he was picked up, perfectly black in the face, it was found that dislocation of the vertebræ had brought on paralysis in every limb. For nearly five days he lived a complete death in life, with his mind and his voice as clear as ever, and waiting calmly for his end. His fall occurred just beneath the shade of Barnoldby Church, in a field belonging to Mr. Nainby, at whose house he died; and we believe that a small granite obelisk, planted round with evergreens has been erected to mark the spot. The lapse of years has not quenched the fondness with which every Brocklesby man still clings to his memory. Three more keen and steady sportsmen than "Old Will," Charles Uppleby, of Barrow, and Philip Skipworth, of Aylesby, never went to their rest.

A Devi-sing mare, whose Eclipse sire was imported into Lincolnshire from the royal stud by the late Lord Yarborough, had also the honour of throwing to Pilgrim that mare of Mr. Frank Iles's which won the first steeple-chase (April, 1820) ever run in Lincolnshire.

Field Nicholson had just returned from his first season at Melton (where he afterwards shone so brightly as a steeple-chase rider, on Magic, Plunder, &c.), flushed with triumph at having won a small match there on a fourteen-hand pony, and bringing with him a mare which he fancied fit to beat all the Brocklesby Hunt. Tom Brooks, of Croxby, had been a rival of his in riding, from their very boyhood; they had sat on the same school bench, thinking doubtless more of foxes than fractions, and then taken their fences, stroke for stroke, for some years before Field graduated in Leicestershire, whither Tom followed him for a season. Field's boasting was not to be borne, and accordingly Tom told him that his animal, who was a magnificent jumper, but slow, was "a nice bagman's mare," and followed up this home-thrust by offering to run him ten miles within a month for 50 guineas a side for the honour of the old county, each to carry fourteen stone. From Thoresby Mill to Aylesby steeple, with some seventy or eighty fences in it, was the line chosen. Every man, woman, and child that could walk, ride, or drive, lined the ten miles, and it seemed as if all the horsemen of Lincolnshire were drawn up in array at Barton Street. The pair went the first half mile together, and then parted. At Ashby and Brigsley, Brooks was in difficulties, as his mare three times refused a water-course with post and rails. All seemed lost, but at the nick of time Nicholson appeared over a fence. "Why, Field, you're just the man I want!" roared Tom; "give me a lead over." "I'll show you the way to jump, my boy," was the jaunty reply; and Tom's mare followed him like a bird. They met no more in the race, as Field went below Barnoldby and got too far out of his line; while Tom kept the high ground on the other side of the village, and reached the steeple, out of which those two ancient elderberry bushes still persevere in growing like a couple of ears, in the very teeth of archdeacon and

churchwardens, as clever a winner as his fondest backers could wish.

But we must bid good-bye to Brocklesby and all its hunting glories, and wend our steps to the little hunting metropolis of Leicestershire. It was here that Cannon Ball made himself a name, and season after season proved the sire of a very gentlemanly class of brown and chestnut horses, which ran from fifteen-two to fifteen-three, and inherited almost universally his white face, round barrel, and short legs. He was himself a beautifully rich brown, with a white blaze and three white legs, but his stock had all rather upright shoulders, and his success was not proportionate to the immense amount of superior mares that were sent to him. Umbriel bears some strong general resemblance to him, as we remember an ex-jockey coming up to him as he took his last parade round the paddock, before the Derby, and apostrophizing Templeman with—"Why, Sim! there's old Cannon Ball back again!" We think it was a young Cannon Ball which took Sir Tatton's fancy so much in one of his Leicestershire journeys, that he purchased him, and for fear of accidents, led him all the way back from Loughborough to Sledmere himself, and was hailed by Lord Althorp from his post-chaise on the road. Even in Sir Tatton's early days (when he thought nothing of riding to London to be measured for a new coat, and walking eight miles before breakfast simply to see his horse fed), he was always wont to walk by the side of his hunter the greatest part of the way to cover, and he still preserved his old practice, even at eighty-five, twice a year, when he set off at four o'clock in the morning with his young horses to and from the marshes. Yorkshiremen still proudly avow that in handling young horses and hedging tools he had no rival, let alone his quiet Quaker-like readiness and terseness of retort, on such as ventured to take a liberty. How quiet his reproof to a young blood,

who "*thought*" the hounds were not so near, when he jumped almost into the middle of them—"Now you know, sir, you never *thought* at all." This horse-leading trait reminds us of one in the late Sir Charles Bunbury, who trained his horses in private almost entirely under his own eye, and fearing lest they might be nervous in public, frequently made the lads (who were never allowed to use spurs or anything but a small stick to them), wear his colours when they cleaned them. The Suffolk baronet latterly would never have his horses sweated or tried on a Good Friday, as during a trial on one of these anniversaries, both his horses fell and broke their backs, and each of the jockeys got a fractured thigh.

Vivalda got big bad-mouthed stock, but as stout as the day was long, and Knight of the Whistle bid fair to tread in Cannon Ball's footsteps in Leicestershire, up to 1855, when the Irishmen purchased him. The Knight's stock are principally roan chestnuts, white-legged and white-faced, like himself; and we doubt whether he ever got a bad hunter, although the whole of them are a little short in the back ribs. Despite this defect, they are rapidly becoming favourites with the Melton men; and one of them, Mr. Angerstein's The Rapid Roan, beat off everything in a very fast thirty-five minutes from Stanford Gorse, with a second fox, late on a March afternoon in 1855. We should fancy this horse pretty nearly if not the premier of the Knight's stock so far, and although he is about sixteen and a half hands, he was out of a low, white-legged, black, pony sort of mare, which ran in a carrier's cart, after acting for six years as hack to an eighteen-stone surgeon. There seems to be a special luck attending surgeons' hacks both on the turf and at the coverside. Lancet, who was bought not for 501 guineas but 620 guineas, from Mr. John Nethercoat by Mr. Cooke over the Pytcheley Club dinner table, was, as we have seen, originally one, and

so was the mean crooked-ankled dam of Castrel, Reubens, and Selim (all by Buzzard), whose Newmarket owner, Mr. Sandiver, would often ride her for a bye-hour on to the Heath, which was to be trodden by such countless winning descendants, on his way to see patients on the race afternoons.

The Cure, rogue as he ran in the St. Leger, was a great favourite in the North Riding, from whence he emigrated to Lincolnshire, and his stock invariably catch his finely-chiselled head and fiery eye. In the hunting classes at one of the Catterick Horse Shows, we find him the favoured sire of the "best colt foal for the field," while President, Voltigeur, and his brother Barnton, were alike honoured in the competition of yearling, two-year-old, and four-year-old "colts or fillies." The Sandbeck toast of "King and Catton" might be drunk without any inappropriateness at a hunt-dinner, as the old horse has left a long line of stout hearts behind him. The Duke of Buccleuch's Norman by Scarborough, who carried Williamson through many seasons, after being ridden by one of the whips for two, is his grandson, and was bred along with an elder brother, fifteen-three, and with bay and black legs like himself, in Dalkeith Park. Norman is one of those wonderfully docile handy horses, who seems as if he "could canter round a cabbage," and owing to their stoutness, the pair have generally gone by the name, in the Hunt, of Stuffie Major and Stuffie Minor. Some call them "Huffy;" but, if Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary be any authority, they pay them a very ill compliment by such a nomenclature. Cardinal Puff's stock were rather few in number, but his hunters were much liked; and Melbourne's half-bred stock is generally coarse and overgrown. The Ratcatchers have been successful, and Theon's stock are generally very true-made and handsome, but we do not like the style of the Liverpools we have seen at the cover-side, as they rather partake of his tendency

to weak loins, a fault not observable in the stock of British Yeoman or Idas, which are realizing high prices. Mundig's stock are nearly all chestnuts, many of them shot with white hairs, and have fine size and power, being in fact seldom below sixteen hands. Although their sire's temper was bad enough at times, they do not seem to share it, and some of the highest class ones have belonged to Lord Henry Bentinck. They take to fences as naturally as ducklings to a pond, and Cranebrook did very little towards supplying their sire's stall in Northamptonshire, where Vortex was in great force. The fashion of a landlord giving prizes to their farmers for the best hunting young stock might be said to have originated in this county; and about sixty years ago, a Duke of Grafton not only gave them, but added a "fiver" for the farmer's son, under a certain age, who could ride best. The Duke, whose picture as he appeared in his "cock and pinch hat" on the Steyne at Brighton, at the beginning of the century, is well-known to old collectors, used to station himself about four fields ahead of that where the lads were drawn up in line, and mark their seat and hand as they raced to him; but few of that high-mettled corps are now left to tell the tale. As on the turf, the blood of Derby winners is perpetually to be seen in the first flight. The late Sir Richard Sutton was especially fond of his Whitenose, by Emilius, who has been shot and stuffed since the 1855 Quorn sale; and when it was not Valentine's day, Mr. Savile Foljambe liked best to find himself on Playfellow, by Pan, out of a Waxy mare. Waxy carried 12st. capitally himself, and beat his old rival Gohanna at even weights for four miles under it. The form of these perpetual rivals was quite as near over the longer distances of that day, as Celia's and Oakley's were of late, and it was computed, that if both were in form, Waxy would beat him at 3lbs., but could not give him 4lbs. We can scarcely remember to have

seen a Sultan in the hunting-field, and they certainly had not much girth to inherit from him, however pretty their forehands might be.

Whitenose, who is said to have carried Sir Richard over the greatest jump he ever rode at, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Barkby Holt, would have given us quite the idea of being a Touchstone horse and by no means a hunter-model; his thighs seemed almost as straight as Partisan's were, and his withers perhaps the highest we have ever seen. Sir Richard had three falls the first day he rode him, but he never gave him another during the twelve seasons they enjoyed together. His black half-brother, The Emperor, was also a wonderful horse, but for power Sir Richard had few to beat Flambeau, and his thorough-bred seventeen-hand Hotspur was extraordinary enough to make converts of those who are not fond, as the late baronet was, of size. The style, too, in which Ben Morgan steered the grey Patch, as well as the veteran Lop, and Doctor Smollett, while "Tearaway Jack" tore along on Ptarmigan and Durham are "great facts" in the history of Quorn. Speaking within limits, between 1847 and his death, Sir Richard had no less than twenty-five or thirty horses of a class that could make themselves remembered over the pasture lands of Leicestershire. The Muley blood is well represented by Drayton, whose stock is getting very valuable, and Little Known; one of the latter's colts at Beverley Fair, about 1852, struck us as a dainty model of a heavy-weight hunter: but, after all said and done, dealers will tell you with truth that there are not more than six or seven *hunters*, so to speak, foaled in England each year. The Freneys, King David to wit, are very good, and have always a clean wiry look about them, without that temper which their sire used to show by perpetually snapping round at his jockey's legs. The judges at Malton, too, who gave the prize in 1855 for the best hunting sire to

Burgundy, had their fiat indorsed by every member of the great horse-flesh congress, who saw him aired up and down the High-street at Doncaster on each of the race mornings. Russia knew his value better than Yorkshire, but he died almost immediately on landing. Fencing has always been the *forte* of the Ishmaels, and although Burgundy's performances were confined to the turf, the tastes of the family have come prominently out in Switcher, Shinrone, Israelite, and Abd-el-Kader. The fact of his dam being an Ishmael also augurs well for Augur, who is so wonderfully muscular, that at first sight he would seem to have a bend-sinister in his escutcheon. The inartistic application of Major's Remedy threatened at one time to strip every vestige of hair from his legs, and to eat off his hoofs as well, and he actually lived on his knees for weeks till they secreted again, the most extraordinary object that veterinary ever beheld. Racing mares, after this, seemed likely to claim his sole attentions, as well as Rataplan's, and the hunting interests to suffer accordingly. During his illness, Augur might have been shown as "a frightful example;" and, oddly enough, when we were last in his adopted Lincolnshire, we met with a pony in a park, which had run wild so long that her coronets seemed to have entirely merged in the hoofs. In fact, she stood to all appearance on her fetlocks, and the hoofs had become nothing more or less than long strips of horn curled up, and exactly resembling a Chinese boot. Several efforts had been made to pare them into shape, but nature had had her own sweet will too long, and would not be denied.

The Julius Cæsars, of which the late Sir Harry Goodricke's Limner was one of the very best, were very bad to beat over the Midland Counties, in the days when "Frenchmen" and the multiplication of covers had not begun to produce so many ringing home-bred foxes. Sir Harry, who always rode rather

slow at his fences, except when he found a young horse careless at timber, and in want of a fall over something that would not break, liked Limner so much, that he went to Mr. Lynes of Oxendon, from whom he had purchased him for 200 guineas, at six years old, and gave him a long price for the dam; but, with the usual ill luck of all fancy purchases, she died very shortly after, during foaling. Limner is still remembered in the Quorn Hunt, as being the most perfect hunter that Sir Harry ever had in his stud, and was always ridden in a plain snaffle. He was a golden-coloured lengthy fifteen-three chestnut, on short legs, immensely fast, and safe at his fences, until a very foggy morning after a frost seemed to make him a roarer, as if by magic. Owing to the mist, Sir Harry's groom had not found his master till after they had killed their first fox at the end of a mile run. The hounds had just broken it up, when Sir Harry said to a friend, "Listen! here comes a banging roarer;" when, to his horror, his own favourite loomed slowly in sight from the same field. Julius Cæsar was up to fifteen stone himself, and regularly took his turn in the hunting-field; and we have been told that he carried Earl Lonsdale's postman on off days between Cottesmore and Oakham. His lordship always spoke of this horse, to the last, as one of the best he ever rode; and seeing that his devotion to the chase once tempted him in desperation, after he had been hopelessly frozen in for three weeks, to have out his hounds and show his visitors one of the best runs of the season through six inches of snow, and to be perpetually led by his groom through a run, in the sad interval which preceded his 1000-guinea couching operation by Alexander, he was no mean judge of their capabilities. Bishop Bathurst, who seized a gun out of his son's hands, and shot a cock-pheasant at eighty, was not more enthusiastic; and his ear, like that of Fielding, the blind police magistrate, who

knew the tones of three thousand pickpockets' voices, was marvellously accurate. In one instance, when he was quite "dark," he heard a gentleman, who had not seen him or hunted with him for twenty seasons, speak to Lambert at the meet, and he immediately hailed him by name, and gave him a most cordial welcome back to the Cottesmore. The leviathan stud at Cottesmore, where every horse had its price, was principally replenished by drafts from his tenants' paddocks in the north, who were never allowed to lack a well-selected hunter-sire; and Julius Cæsar, who would have been perfection if his feet had been quite sound (the failing point of too many of his stock), stood at Fryatt's Melton Paddocks for many years, and had even a larger average of visitors than Belzoni. The produce, which made great prices, were large, and had remarkably fine tempers, an eulogy which could not generally be passed on the pride of Lutterworth. This illustrious hollow-backed son of Blacklock, who was originally bought for 450 guineas, after he broke down at Northampton, spread his name broadcast over the hunting-fields of England, for about twenty seasons; and his list of mares for one season alone, when he was in his prime, numbered about 120. His hunters are after one type—big plain browns with sour tempers, and still sourer forge-hammer heads; fine propelling quarters, light and leggy at four, but "growing down" after that period, improving vastly between five and seven, and not in their prime till about eight. Still it is said that a great many of them go lame, and invariably in the same foot. If Mr. Lucas had done nothing but buy Belzoni, he would have richly deserved the 500-guinea testimonial he received at Rugby, in 1855, from three-hundred friends. The Belzoni stock have always a wonderful dislike to medicine, and it used to take Mr. Lucas nearly three-quarters of an hour to get a ball down the old horse, whose trick of always striking with his off front foot on these occasions has been

duly transmitted to his children. He died about six years ago, and the only relic we saw of him, after duly visiting Wickliffe's at Lutterworth, was a pair of slippers, which had been made for the groom out of his skin, in honour of their eleven years' intimacy. The animal which did as much, if not most, for his fame, was a mare, The Gipsey, who was bought by the late Hon. Augustus Villiers from Mr. Kench, of Dunchurch. She had been used in harness; but under his able handling, she soon became first-rate in the field, and he won the Melton Steeple-chase and a match against Lord Maidstone, in Leicestershire, as well as another at Leamington, on her. From his hands she passed into Earl Craven's, and often took a front place in the field with his lordship's brother-in-law, the Hon. Robert Grimston, on her back. She stood only fifteen-two, lengthy and very thick through, big plain head, of course, and had strong but heavy shoulders. In her fencing, instead of landing on her hind legs, she "pitched" upon her shoulders, probably owing to the formation in that part, but still she never fell. Earl Craven afterwards put her to the stud, but she never threw a foal worth its corn.

While a thousand guineas for blood-yearlings is becoming an every day occurrence, the rage for giving that price for hunters has quite died away; and we have not heard of such a figure since it was refused both for Harlequin and Limner. Up till 1770-80, even two hundred guineas was hardly dreamt of, and the first hunter we can find any trace of as having fetched that price, was one sold about that period by Mr. Valentine Knightley to a Mr. Alexander Small, the son of a well-known Buckinghamshire rector. Stubbs has preserved the outline of this favoured horse, Monarch, in a pleasant Fawsley shooting picture, where he stands "steady" behind his master; but he gives one much more the notion of an animal ready

to screw and creep through any kind of fence on a cold scenting day, than one which meant going. Prices perhaps reached their culminating point in Lord Plymouth's time. His lordship (who could never be called a hard rider) gave Sir Bellingham Graham 1000 guineas for Beeswax and Freemason; while 700 guineas was the figure both for Little John and a very soft mare, which he fancied from the style in which she went along with Mr. Peter Allix in a single run. He also gave 600 guineas for the sixteen-hands Cervantes horse, off which Mr. Osbaldeston broke his leg for the second time in the Atherstone country, and out of which "The Squire" had already had six years' work. This mania has had its day, and although a racing man has three three-year-olds in his stable which averaged 1200 guineas as yearlings, it is very rarely that a hunter fetches more than 400 guineas, though 500 guineas was said to be the reserve-bid for Cock Robin at Tattersall's in 1855. Sir Bellingham Graham (who always had an agent in Yorkshire on the look-out) seldom sold his best horses under 400 guineas, and Parchment and The Baron both fetched it. We do not find any trace of the price of Norton Conyers, a chestnut horse, who looked as if he could manage 20st., and was the most splendid of gate-jumpers. The handsome grey, Hesperus, a wonderful animal over a deep country, also came into Mr. Foljambe's hands from the baronet, at 400 guineas; but Will Butler, to whom he was assigned, had to do all his cub-hunting on him that season before he could get him quiet. Confidence was sold three or four times over, for all prices from 750 guineas to 600 guineas; and emulous of his first and last owner, Mr. Lockley, who died from a fall he received out hunting at fourscore, he lasted for nearly nineteen seasons. Some said that his price to Lord Plymouth was 1000 guineas, but at the end of two years he was returned by his lordship to Mr. Lockley, as

he had become quite scaly from surfeit. The Infant, a chestnut horse nearly seventeen hands high, was the biggest Mr. Lockley ever rode. He bought him originally from Lord Foley at Whitley Court, and sold him, with his usual luck, to Lord Edward Mostyn for 450 guineas. Lord Alvanley, who now rests, after his hard-riding and jovial days, in a pleasant little grave of bay and cypress near the north entrance of the Brompton Cemetery, also stuck at no price; and whenever he had given a very long sum for one, he was always excessively hard upon him for the first few days. A friend once asked him what on earth could have made him go out of his line to have a shy at the widest part of the Wissendine, and all his reply was, "Whath is the uth of giving 700 guineas for a hoth, if he's not to do more than other hothes?" After losing 20,000*l.* in St. James's-street, he gaily spoke of himself as being only "a little crippled;" and it was in the enthusiasm of a steeple-chase home to Melton, with Dick Christian as fox, that he declared—"*what fun we should have if it wasn't for these —— hounds!*" "Dick Gurney" refused 800 guineas for Sober Robin, from Mr. Maling, of Bath. This horse was originally purchased by Mr. Anderson, senior, for 80*l.*, at Lincoln fair, when he was four years old, and was sold to Mr. Gurney for 100 guineas. He was then put into the hands of a Norfolk farmer, to ride with harriers for a year, before Mr. Gurney took him into his own stable. He was a handsome short-legged brown animal, perhaps a trifle under sixteen-one, and his power even under such a fearful handicap as nineteen stone for twelve seasons was incredible. One of the very few horses of that time which equalled him in substance was Mr. Edge's Gayman: but as Mr. Edge was a Quorn man, and Mr. Gurney invariably hunted with the Pytcheley, the Mammoths were never fairly laid alongside each other in a run. Mr. Gurney did not begin to ride till late in life, and then he went

bruising away from his first find as if he had been at it all his life, comforting himself with the notion that "if heavy men break their horses' backs, light men break their hearts."

It was a royal sight to see him go pounding along on Robin, with a pound weight of gold and silver jingling in his waistcoat; and if he did not jump through a gate, out would come half-a-crown and a very forcible sanatory recommendation to any old stick-gathering lady who had the luck to open it for him. In spite of his always getting so forward, he sat like a sack, and could never be said to have any hands on a horse. Old Prince was also another of these thorough-bred waggon horses; so good, in fact, that the late Lord Forester and Sir Robert Leighton posted a thousand-guinea challenge at Tattersall's, about the year 1813, for him and his owner (old George Marriot, of Melton) to run against any or all comers over Leicestershire at sixteen stone for 1000 guineas. One morning, just as the hounds found at Whetstone Gorse, Sir Robert said to his owner—"For goodness' sake don't ride to-day; Canning's brother is here to get your measure and make the match." But the reply was—"You are too late; the horse would break my neck if I tried to stop him now." So away went "the heavies," side by side, till they reached a brook, which the old horse, pricking his ears as was his wont, took in his stride, while his companion floundered, fell, and was no more seen, and thus ended all hopes of the match; but the old horse went on through the fifty minutes without a check, and Mr. Assheton Smith was only second up that day.

The late Lord Sefton's father, when he hunted Leicestershire, had the finest stable of horses that ever man possessed; they were most of them thorough-bred and as strong as dray-horses. He was the first to introduce the second-horse system, which he did in right good earnest, as he had not unfre-

quently four in the field ; and thus, although no horse could go much longer than ten minutes under such a bruiser, he was always able to ride with the light weights. As an instance of the effect of weight, we may mention that the late Lord Spencer had once a thorough-bred horse called Brocklesby ; a finer horse could not be seen, but nothing would make him jump. They took him to the bar, and he would go over it almost any height ; but when they weighted him with twelve stone of lead, he would not even rise at it, and was used as a carriage horse ever after. A jumper of old standing and less eccentric mind would have not taken to the collar so readily. The celebrated John Warde is reported to have had a proof of this when he put four of his retired Blue Ruin stamp of hunters into his High Sheriff's coach. The two law-chiefs found themselves describing a sort of zig-zag movement behind the javelin men and trumpeters, who had no doubt revived some old hunting-horn associations ; and on appealing to the Sheriff, he simply put his head out of the window, saying—"They're my hunters, my lord, and they're all jibbers—hang it ! but I'll get out and walk."

Mr. George Payne's sale, about 1826, was the greatest ever known, and twenty-six hunters and hacks realized 7500 guineas. An odd incident occurred at it, in consequence of a noted horse, called Cottager, having had his name changed, when he entered Mr. Payne's stud, to distinguish him from another Cottager, which was there already. Hence a gentleman at the sale, who knew of the greatest of the two Cottagers by report, and had never seen either, bought the one in the list for 400 guineas, and found that he had got the wrong horse after all. It is also not so very long since a commissioner was sent to Tattersall's to buy "The Bank of England," and bid for "The Banker" by mistake. The latter was knocked down to him for 38 guineas, while

"The Bank of England" went for 180 guineas, and turned out to be by far the worst lot of the two. The sales of Discount might form a chapter of themselves. He was a short-topped fifteen-three chestnut up to a very high weight, but so slow on the flat that the racing world doubt whether he has really come in yet for the Goodwood Cup (1844), and fancy he must still be working his way home round the Clump. He was by Sir Hercules, out of Minnikin, by Manfred, and foaled in 1838 in the paddocks of his breeder, the late Mr. John Fowler, of Erdington, near Birmingham. After being beaten at Warwick, in 1842, for the Members' Plate, he was sold that afternoon to Mr. Denham for 70*l.* His new owner merely put him over a few small fences, which he took to the first day: but as the ground was hard he could not do much with him. Lord Chesterfield looked him over, and thought he could carry him well in another season; and Mr. Greene, who was then at the commencement of his memorable Quorn mastership, declined him at 120 guineas, on account of his being curby. Within a few days Mr. Payne, of Market Harboro', purchased him as an untried hunter, after a little consideration for 150*l.* but sold him in less than a fortnight to Mr. Pochin, of Barkby Hall, for 200 guineas. The horse then put out a curb, and Mr. Payne bought him back at 150*l.*, and let Mr. Quartermaine have him at 170*l.* He then threw aside his old name of Magnum Bonum, took that of Discount, and entered on public life. It has perhaps never before fallen to the lot of any man to have picked up two horses like Discount and Fire-King, and so close on each other; and December, whom he sold the same autumn for 200 guineas, to Mr. William Coke, was also a first-rate performer. Discount's triplet of steeple-chases at Liverpool, Worcester, and Coventry, soon caused 1000 guineas to be refused for him, and he was sold at Tattersall's,

where he was put up with three other of Mr. Quartermaine's, whose sale he would have injured if the private offer had been accepted, for 820 guineas to Mr. Anderson, who made, *it was said*, 1100 guineas for him, and the public heard of him no more. The Messrs. Hall, late of Neasdon, got 565 guineas for a hunter from a Crimean officer, shortly before he sailed, but its price fell sixty per cent. at least when it was put up for auction a few months afterwards. No such price has, to our knowledge, been given for a hunter for many a long day, and the last seven-hundred-guinea hunter within our memory was a bay half-bred Arab, who first changed hands at 30*l.*, when his jumping powers were still under a bushel. At Tattersall's in May 1856, eleven out of one stud averaged 283½ guineas; and in one week of May 1857, eight top prices from five studs averaged 305½ guineas, though the average was enormously swelled by Lord Stamford's 560 guinea purchase of Mr. A. Thomson's splendid sixteen-two bay Maximus by Cotherstone, who carried him so splendidly in his 1 h. 30 m. Claydon's Wood run. Thirteen at the Quorn sale just averaged 294 guineas, thanks to the frost. We have seldom seen a lot of horses with better backs, quarters, and shoulders, than the late Sir Richard Sutton's, but many of them seemed to have remarkably plain heads, a remark which does not apply to the Milton hunting stud. The 360-guinea Shankton was originally sold by Mr. Pratt to Sir Richard for 80*l.*, when he was rising six, and a five-pound note extra if he turned out well. He is an Irish horse, perhaps a trifle short, and with not very nice legs, but very fine in all his other points. Somerby was so great in his jumping, that his old Leicestershire friends predicted of him that "he would jump two fields at once" when he was once set going across Cheshire, and we have perhaps never stood behind a horse in that stable with greater

pleasure. Freney was also after our own heart, while Malakhoff was a magnificent sixteen-one fellow, and quite the fastest and finest-actioned animal in the stud. He is Irish bred, and was bought at York, under another name, for 130*l.* in 1854, and gradually rose the gamut to 400 guineas, at which price he passed into Sir Richard's hands, with the assurance that he only wanted a couple of falls to make him perfect; but his lamented owner was never on his back in a run. As far as we can hear, the horses, with the exception of Mr. Richard Sutton's (the average for whose five best only fell from 328 guineas to 298 guineas, when they came up to Tattersall's), as a lot, turned out anything but well in their new owners' hands, in comparison to what their prices warranted. One of them, in fact, was sold that very night at an 80*l.* sacrifice. It must have been the anxiety to have a relic of Quorn which forced the prices at least thirty per cent., at that eventful sale. The thermometer was below freezing point; and as we looked round at the old Hall, so rich in hunting recollections of Meynell, Bellingham · Graham, and Osbaldeston, with its dingy yellow walls, its frozen ponds, and its sad front door escutcheon, we could hardly realize that the master-spirit of Leicestershire had but six short weeks before sallied forth from it, with his horn at his saddlebow, and his sons at his side, to open his ninth Quorn season at Kirby Gate. Sir Richard was only ten years old, and under the care of a clergyman at Burton, when his hunting days began. "The Squire," who had bought Lord Monson's hounds, and was then hunting his seven seasons in Lincolnshire, thought he seemed to have a taste for the thing, and often persuaded his tutor to let the boy-baronet leave his Cornelius Nepos for a morning, and take a lesson under himself and Tom Sebright, mounting him on a grey pony which belonged to the latter. His fox-hunting Mentor, who was a perfect

horseman at eighteen, had previously kept a pack of harriers on the Yorkshire Wolds, and one of his first moves was to challenge Sir Mark Sykes, to run a couple of them four miles against a like number of his foxhounds. Tom Sebright, and the late Tom Carter rode the good old-fashioned drag, a small wisp of straw in which a fox had lain overnight; but the foxhounds went right away from their presumptuous rivals. This little mishap rather sickened him of the Holderness country, of whose Beverley Club, Colonel Mellish, Mr. Gascoyne, Mr. Martin Hawke, and himself were the members, and he sought for rather a wider field of distinction. His greatest Lincolnshire day was when he met at Glentworth, ran his fox ten miles straight, and lost him within two or three fields of Gainsborough. Not contented with this, they found again instantly at Lea Wood, and streamed away across the flat to Ingleby Wood, leaving Carlton on the left, and on past Dunham Corner, and Riseholme, where the hounds were observed by a Lincoln butcher, who succeeded in coaxing them on to the road, casting themselves near Greetwell turf-pits. From Glentworth to that point was about twenty-five miles straight, and the kennel huntsman happening to hear from someone on the road that there was not one scarlet with them, sallied forth post-haste on his pony and brought them back to Burton. Mr. Osbaldeston got further than any of the field on his old Scrivington horse, who was, however, hardly so good as "the little mare," whom he bought from Colonel Elmhurst, on condition that she was to be returned when worn out. She was only fifteen-one, and rather warm in her temper. "The Squire" first fell in love with her, and determined to have her at any price, from seeing Tom Sebright (who was riding her for the Colonel, to make her a little more temperate) take a five-feet-six stone wall out of Norton deer park, near Spital, when the hounds were running. The grave where Tally-ho

sleeps in his shoes is forgotten at Quorn now, but "The Squire" has not forgotten how he carried him right through a run with Mr. Musters's hounds when the latter gentleman finished on his third horse. This old horse did not long survive his triumph, and died from coming out rather too fat, to the great sorrow of Tom Sebright, who rode him on that fatal day.

In his power of bearing fatigue, the late Mr. Conyers was almost a match for "The Squire," and at times he would ride upwards of sixty miles to and from cover. He was seldom seen to take a fence, but he knew Essex so intimately that he was always up, especially when he was on his pet Canvass, whom he rode (as Earl Wemyss did his celebrated Prince Le Boo) for seventeen seasons. This grey horse was purchased originally for 150 guineas from Lord Chetwynd, and Mr. Assheton Smith offered 300 guineas in vain. Tabor, Tomboy, and Banbury all did good service to Jim Morgan during his fifteen years with the Essex; but Haydock, a fifteen-one Partisan horse, and most wonderful at bank jumping, was his best; and one day he was nearly seventeen hours and a half on his back. This wonderful old horseman, at upwards of seventy, dropped into a lane or took the most cramped of stiles, on Sultan or his rat-tailed Boot-maker, as if it was mere child's play; he was the son of a tenant farmer at Flottonbrook, in Suffolk, and commenced his career on a pony given him by his uncle, when Mr. Lloyd, of Hintlesham, kept harriers there. He distinguished himself so much by charging a gate out of a lane, when nearly a whole field got set fast, that when the harriers were transmuted into foxhounds, their master and Parson Tweed went to his father, and got his consent for Jim to become a whip. It was during his eleven years' service that Mr. Lloyd had his 4 hours 20 minutes from Swallins Grove, and another of only five minutes less,

ending with a kill near Coombes Pie, after they had run through twenty-four parishes. On the first occasion Jim rode his own black horse Mungo, whom he bought and sold four times over, twice for 70*l.*, once for 20*l.*, and finally for 15*l.*, when he had still something left in him, though rising twenty-three! In the second of the runs the late Marquis of Anglesea made one of the 141 out of the 150 who were beaten out of sight; and even Miss Beverley, the hitherto-untired mare of Harry Fenn, the huntsman, shut up in the middle of a field, a mile from the finish. Some few years after this Jim whipped-in and acted as kennel huntsman to the Tickham hounds, when Giles Morgan, a neighbouring farmer, had 100*l.* a year to hunt them, and find his own horse. Those were days when Lord Sondes would bring out seventy couples, harriers and foxhounds, in one great chaotic mass, run a fox to ground, and get back to Lees Court at night, some thirty couples short, so that the men of Kent could not complain of lack of variety in their field sports. Jim put his arm out five times, and so badly on one occasion that his whips could not pull it in, and had to ride on with the hounds and leave him. However he was helped on to his horse, where a chance pressure of the limb on the saddle sent it once more into its socket. Hence the reason he characteristically assigns for his daring riding, "As I cannot open gates, I must ride over them:" a sentiment about as terse and decisive as any in the English language. No wonder his sons, Ben, Jack, Goddard, and Tom, ride to hounds as four brothers never rode before.

The most fortunate sale we remember, of the produce of one hunting mare, was in the case of the dam of Panza, Clipper, and Clinker, which noble leash averaged 633 guineas apiece. They were all the property of the then Mr. Holyoake, who sold Clinker, after he had ridden him a couple of seasons, to Cap-

tain Ross for 900 or 1000 guineas, and retained Panza, who was less than Clinker, and generally deemed the cleverest of the three. Clinker, along with his great rival, Clasher, Assheton, and Jack-a'-Lantern, were popularly considered the heroes of the Homeric age of hunting, as Moonraker, Grimaldi, Vyvian, and Lottery were of steeplechasing. He was rather a short thorough-bred bay horse, of great power, between sixteen and sixteen-one, up to fourteen stone, with a long lean head, long in his pasterns, and very fast, but rather high-tempered, as all the Clinkers were, and, like Lottery, a very nervous water-jumper. Good judges differed a good deal about him; and while many, including Mr. Osbaldeston (who ranked him with his hound Vaulter), thought him bordering on perfection, others have told us that he by no means came up to their notions of a first-class hunter. He was eventually sold by auction, along with Polecat and the remainder of Captain Ross's stud, opposite the George at Melton, and was knocked down to Lord Willoughby D'Eresby for 350 guineas. Upwards of two years afterwards Dick Christian was at Grimsthorpe Castle, and his lordship said, "Christian, will the old horse know you, do you think?" "Very likely, my lord," said Dick, and on going into the stall and speaking to him, he seemed to express, by rocking about, the very greatest pleasure at the visit. His sire Clinker was by Sir Peter Teazle, and he and his two half-brothers were bred by a Lincolnshire farmer of the name of Wagstaff, out of, we believe, a Sancho mare. It was from his High Sheriff's seat in the York court that "The Squire" answered Captain Ross's challenge to run him against Clasher, who was a very good-looking fifteen-three brown horse, well up to thirteen stone, and able to live in the front rank in those jealous days, when it was all the fashion to "ride at" his owner. Ride as they might, "The Squire" was not to be caught, even with second

horses, when he was on Assheton, of whom he fondly avers, "*He was the very best horse I ever had in my life, or ever saw in my life.*" He was a complete racer to look at, and barely measured fifteen one and a half; and those who have had the pleasure of looking round Mr. Ferneley's Melton studio will remember his admirable painting of "The Squire" charging a gate on the little horse, while the late Sir Harry Goodricke (who always looked out for an odd cramped place) on Doctor Russell, and Mr. Holyoake on Crossbow, are coming over the fence on each side of him. Dick Burton rode him for three seasons before his master took to him for three more, and he was never known to tire in the longest day, or to give either of them a fall. He originally belonged to the Rev. Mr. Empson, who bought him from his breeder, Mr. Brackenbury, in the Spilsby neighbourhood, for 200 guineas, and then found that he could not ride him. He was always falling at his fences, and his constant practice was to get rid of his groom, when he was out at exercise, and jump all the white gates back to his stable. Things became so bad with the two, that Mr. Emerson told Dick Burton he must have a try with him; and accordingly, when the Quorn met at Owthorpe Knotts next day, the little whole-coloured blood bay arrived with two snaffles and a martingale on. The groom had led him sixteen miles on foot because he dared not get on him, and he looked such a picture that Beau Brummell might have tied his cravat in the reflection of his coat. Dick vowed, before he mounted, that he had never yet seen such a beautiful animal. Once on, he found it was hopeless to try and hold him, and was obliged to let him lead from end to end, over heavy plough and blind fences, in a run of an hour and thirty-five minutes; and at the end of a run with a second fox only a quarter of an hour less, the little horse was neither "sick nor sorry." To the groom's query

Dick only replied, "He carried me middling;" but he did not rest till "The Squire" had bought him next day for 120 guineas. Perhaps his greatest feat was when the latter rode him in a tremendous run of ten miles from Billesdon Coplow to Ranksboro' Gorse. The pace was so great that at the bottom of Ranksboro' Hill only five out of some 170 scarlets were left, and at this point Sir Harry Goodricke, Mr. Holyoake, and Mr. Maher were fairly choked off; while Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. Greene, on his noted bay mare, ascended it side by side. The hounds dwelt a little in the gorse, which let up some stragglers, and pointed away towards Whissendine with a fresh fox; and it was the wondrous turn of speed he showed when Mr. Osbaldeston raced to stop them, as they were running a hare, which jumped up right in their line, when they had run about two miles, that so astonished every one who saw it. The run this day was still hardly so fast as that from Thorpe Trussels to Rolleston, in Mr. Greene's mastership, which was done without a semblance of a check in fifty minutes, the hounds fairly racing away from the field. The Quorn have seldom had as fast a thing, except when they ran Burgess's black-and-white terrier three miles without a check, and finally earthed it under some of the large lumps in its owner's coal-hole. "Have you seen the fox?" roared the puzzled huntsman to a ploughman on the line; and "Noe, but I seed a little bit of a hound, a hundred yards ahead, *leading 'em beautiful*," was the still more puzzling reply. Even Mr. Meynell would quite have condoned such an offence; as, when a gentleman once complained to him that he had been out on a very wild-scenting day, and that the hounds "had commenced with a fox, had a turn at a hare, and wound up with a polecat," he replied, very much to his friend's surprise, that he "wouldn't give a fig for hounds who wouldn't run riot on such a day." The words were scarcely

out of the great maestro's mouth, and he had resumed his conversation, when a hare jumped up before his own hounds, which were reputed the steadiest in the world, and away they went. "Lucky for me, ——, I answered that man as I did," were his first words as he returned with the rioters, after a hard two miles' gallop.

Assheton was christened after his owner's distinguished predecessor at Quorn, whose name will always be associated with his gallantest of chestnuts, Jack-a-Lantern. Jack was a wonderfully compact horse, of moderate substance, not much over fifteen and a half, rather cow-hocked, and a very handy and quick jumper of every description of fence. There used to be a sort of magic sympathy between the two. Mr. Smith, who always seemed to teach his horses to throw themselves sideways over their fences, would trot along, with the reins carelessly held in his left hand, and waving with his right to the hounds at a cast, and Jack would take him over fence after fence, as they came, such as would have stopped nine-tenths of a field in a run, while he never once seemed to take his eye off the hounds. He was one of the most careless of roadsters, and though generally so gentle that a child could have ridden him, he was at odd times, if he was at all ruffled, perfectly ungovernable. It is on record that just as the fox broke away from Burbidge Wood, he took the bit in his teeth, and dashed off for a couple of miles in exactly the opposite direction, before his owner could get a pull at him. This he did with quite as much apparent gusto as the late Mr. Musters, who delighted, whenever he did not like the "thrusting-scoundrel" look of his field, to blow his hounds out of cover, and to go as straight as a crow for another some five miles off; thus not only shaking off three-fourths of his field for the day, but deluding several of the rest into a belief that they had a very fast thing. On one occasion, in

the Oxton Warren country, according to *Actæon*,* he craftily ran five miles after a fox's head, which his second whip, according to orders, had tied to his thong, and finally thrust down a strong head of earths, over which a sneak of a gamekeeper presided. After exacting a solemn promise that the latter would not dig him out, Mr. Musters returned stealthily from Colwick at dark, and found him busy at it with three assistants, and trying "to comb his jacket," as he pleasantly remarked, at intervals, with a long rose brier! Mr. Hugh Bruce Campbell speaks thus of the "Nottingham Squire's" riding† in a very spirited memoir:—

"Although one of the most determined riders that ever got across a horse, Mr. Musters was not a graceful horseman: he put the saddle too near the chine, and was wont to remark that the saddle could not be too forward for hunting, nor too backward for the road. His mode of getting over a country was peculiar, especially during the last twenty-five years that he hunted: he rarely took a leap flying; he either made his horse jump standing, or he thrust him through the fence; timber of course he could not so treat, and when he was obliged to charge it, he always put his horse at it, however high and strong, at as quick a trot as the animal could go, but never at a gallop, or even a canter, if the horse could possibly be restrained to a trot; for he said that at a trot the horse can always measure his ground, and when to make his rise; but at a gallop or canter he might get too near, and be unable to recover himself. He never, or very rarely, struck his horse at going at a fence, and strongly objected to it, for he said, 'the whip or the hand up directed the horse's eyes and attention behind him instead of before—hence many a mis-

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* *Sporting Review*, Feb. 1850. † *Ibid.*, Jan. 1850.

take at a fence, for which the rider only was responsible.'

"At a brook his axiom was, if only two yards wide, you could not go too fast, for it was always soft lighting: by riding full gallop at a brook the horse's heart was prevented from failing him at the sight of water, and thus he got safe over by his own impetus and spring; when ten to one, by the rider going slowly at it, the horse would thence infer danger, and refuse altogether.

"His weight (from 40) induced his establishing the above close mode of riding over or through fences. The skins of his horses' legs were pricked; but the concussion of their limbs was saved. It was a troublesome business for the groom carefully to examine the horse's legs after a hard day's work. Truly might be quoted of him the well-known line from 'Life let us cherish,'

'He seeks for thorns, and finds his share.'"

We cannot close our quotation without giving the following refreshing scene from the same memoir :—

"A few seasons ago, almost the last that Mr. Musters hunted South Notts, the Quorn hounds, with Tom Day, found their fox at Bunny, and brought him by Bradmore, Ruddington, and Plumptre to Tollerton. On the same day the squire had found his fox at Edwalton, and was running him by Gamstone towards Cotgrave, when either his hounds got on the run of the other fox, or *vice versâ*. Both packs, however, immediately joined and ran all well together, with their sterns down, up wind, by Clipstone and Normanton Wolds, pulling the fox down in less than ten minutes from the junction, in an ash holt near to the Melton turnpike road. It was a scene which none who witnessed ever can forget: the old squire and Tom Day each claiming it to be his run fox, riding side by side over every fence with all the

keen ardour and genuine pluck which each had always possessed: each recognising and pointing to particular hounds then ahead, and running for their fox as *his;* each cheering on his own favourites. 'Look at my Watchman and Anxious,' exclaims Mr. Musters. 'Ah! but, Squire,' answers Day, 'see our old Lounger and Purity; Purity means to have at him first, and will.' The finish soon takes place. Day jumped off his horse quickly, and was as speedily over the fence and into the plantation, the squire close after him. Day seizing reynard, ejaculated, 'It's my fox, Squire. I'll swear to it among a million, I will;' and he strutted along, holding him in his hand, and crowing like a bantam-cock of the purest breed, the Squire at his side looking like a fine old game cock that had won his hundred battles, and could afford the other's triumph. He denied, but Day persisted that it was his run fox, and there was no further wrangling except by the hounds in eating him. Then occurred another pleasing scene. The Squire and Day drawing by alternate calls their respective hounds, which was speedily done, all jealous feelings subsided, and civil greetings were exchanged on departing."

An anecdote is told in illustration of Jack-a-Lantern's gentleness. When Mr. Lindow had broken his collar-bone, and was quite unable to hold The Clipper, even with the "Clipper bit," Mr. Smith changed horses with him for the day. The meet was at Scoling's Gorse, near Melton, which has long since fallen under the plough. Mr. Lindow rode Jack with one arm in a sling, and the Clipper was brought out with bit-cheeks some eight inches long, and the huge attendant curb-chain. Every one thought Mr. Smith bewitched because he would not mount till the curb-chain was taken off; and after pledging themselves that he would never be able to pull him up till he reached the sea-coast, they heard early in the afternoon that "Mr. Smith had run away with The

Clipper," and that he could never go half fast enough for him any part of the run. *Apropos* of this runaway match, the best riders almost universally agree that although some horses get their heads up and cannot be rounded without a curb, it should only be used as an auxiliary, and that if a horse runs away with you, you must have recourse to the snaffle. Mr. George Talbot, who formerly managed Lord Vernon's hounds in the days of Sam Lawley, never allowed a curb-bridle to be used; and Dick Knight, Lord Spencer's huntsman, and the finest of horsemen, adopted the same rule. Clasher was bought by "The Squire" from a farmer in Lincolnshire; and both Lottery and Jerry were picked up at Horncastle Fair, each, if we remember rightly, for 180*l.* The former was beaten shamefully in his first race, but James Mason soon taught him his work; and it is stated that till the day of his death, when he was working as leader with Carlow and one or two other ex-steeplechasers in Messrs. Hall of Neasdon's team, he was ready to fly open-mouthed at his old "light-blue and black cap" confederate, whenever he caught a glimpse of him. His notions of Auld Langsyne differed materially from Clinker's. George Dockeray had the use of him as his training hack for some time at Epsom, and his skin as well as Duenna's, the "long-headed old dun girl," who made him quake in her day, now serve as rugs at the Dudding Hill farm. How changed the scene at this "Short-horn Tattersall's" since the editor of the Herd Book came there! Oxen and kine for sale are beginning to fill the 107 loose boxes; the short-bull Vocalist, grandson of the 1000-guinea Grand Duke, now feeds from The Libel's bin; and old Vulcan and Chabron are the only sires in that row where seven, headed by Harkaway and Epirus, once stood. Jerry, by Catterick, changed hands much oftener than Lottery. He was an idle and by no means a brilliant horse; but if he began quietly, he

could go on for ever. Three hundred guineas was the highest figure he ever reached, and that sum, or 250*l.*, was given twice or three times over for him, by Lords Suffield, Uxbridge, and Messrs. Elmore and Anderson. Of all "mud-larkers," the Uxbridge-born British Yeoman was the premier. He was "light everywhere, all wire in fact, and with far more of the cut of a carriage-horse than a hunter;" but although wonderfully steady, he was rather too slow at his jumps for the present light-weight steeple-racing. He was by Count Porro out of Pintail, who bred such bad animals, weak hocked, and not able to go a yard in dirt, for several seasons, that "Nimrod" advised her owner to save himself an income by cutting her throat. Alas for advice gratis! she lived to produce British Yeoman.*

Peter Simple's steeple-chase prowess is still fondly remembered in Lincolnshire, and we have often been amused with the habit which prevails there, of comparing the points of every grey hunter, by "Old Peter," as he is familiarly termed. He was a grey light-fleshed varmint-looking horse, not very big, but all muscle and wire; and, be the fence what it might, he would, like his more modern namesake from the Holderness country, have it some way or other, and without a mistake. Such light perfect action as his has been rarely seen, and this knack of moving was peculiar to all the stock of Arbutus. It was in a run from Bradley Wood to Irby Holmes, during a very foggy morning, that a few of the leaders first began to suspect that something extraordinary in the horse-flesh way was coming out, as they never could get rid of the grey spectre. Gaylad, a lengthy coaching-sort of horse by Brutandorf, was another of the Lincolnshire steeple-chase cracks, but he was unable to get through dirt like Peter Simple; still, what he lost by

* *Sporting Review*, February, 1850.

being slow even on good ground, he made up by his power of going on in his stride after a fence, and although he seemed to gallop over them, he rarely, if ever, made a mistake. The Greyling, Cigar, and Grimaldi were also the incarnation of "gallant greys," and the latter was a fifteen-three horse on short legs, and at least half a hand less than his leggy steeple-chase rival, Moonraker, of whom, with "The Squire" up, he cleverly disposed, in their great 1000-guinea match. Moonraker was originally bought for 20 sovs. at Birmingham Fair, and won the steeple-chase at St. Albans, whose tutelary saint he quite ousted for the time being. He never reached a higher figure than 200 guineas, as his speed was far inferior to his great raking style at a fence, and he was fired and very tender on both his front legs. Cigar was also fully sixteen hands high, and won, in Mr. Anderson's hands, the only 100-guinea sweepstakes ever run across country. Fourteen stone was about his mark, but Lord Southampton (who bought two three-hundred greys from Sir Harry Goodricke) gave Mr. Anderson 300 guineas for him after he retired from the steeple-chase world, and rode seventeen stone on him for three seasons. He then came into his old owner's hands again, but he never mounted him, and had him mercifully shot soon after, rather than let him down in the world, after such faithful service.

The greatest riding period with the Quorn is generally allowed to be that of Lords Jersey, Germaine, and Forester, and Messrs. Cholmondeley (afterwards Lord Delamere), Assheton Smith, Lindow, &c. Of Mr. Lindow and his twin-brother, Mr. Rawlinson, who was as famous over Leicestershire on Spread Eagle as he was on the turf with Coronation, it used to be said that the latter's riding was better for his horse, but that the former sold his horses better. One well-known character used to come out of the fen district at intervals, with his nags in the primest

order, and only attended the picked Quorn meets, for the purpose of riding them for sale, in which he was eminently successful. During the summer months he did a little quiet touting; and we think it was Lord Charles Somerset who, after drawing all the covers bordering on the B.M. unsuccessfully, caught him lying in a crop of coleseed, close by the spot, where a great trial was to come off. This break-up of the Meltonian outsider's touting habits long ranked with the stories of how the spy who lay in the loft over Dick Andrew's stable (which was let separate from it) was deceived into believing that the horse had no cough, by changing him out of his usual stall for a couple of days; and how Sam Chifney was put on the worst of the two horses, about whose relative forms there was some mystery, at the Ditch stables, and was transferred to the other, who had only a groom "up," the moment the long odds were "got" about it. This was certainly the sharpest piece of practice in the Heath annals; and only a few horsemen, who followed the field as they walked down towards Choak Jade, saw it done. Some years later in Oxfordshire, the celebrated twins (the two Dromios could not have been more alike) were riding as well as ever, and when both were in their straight waistcoats bound with black, their brown tops, and their white cords, one was perpetually saluted for the other. Mr. Lindow on Landscape, and Mr. Rawlinson on Vernon, jumped everything before them; but Mr. Ben Holloway, of Charlbury, was rather a thorn in their sides on Snitterfield; and one day when only Mr. Rawlinson was out, and the two were taking their fences side by side in a very fast forty-five minutes from Churchill's Heath, Vernon dislocated his pastern. A more elegant horseman, and with finer head and hands, than Lord Jersey never crossed Leicestershire, and he could steal along, when hounds were running, as if he was

only in a canter. Still no man got so much out of all sorts of horses as Lord Forester. It is told of him that he sold a horse which was very difficult to ride. The first time his new owner got on him, he could do nothing with him, and rather remonstrated with his lordship for having sold him an animal he could not ride. "He carried you very well, my lord, but he wont carry me." "Well, sir," was the reply, "I sold you a horse, but I didn't sell you horsemanship."

There have been many modern horses in Leicestershire little if at all inferior to those whose fame Nimrod made European about 1825. Since then Mr. Little Gilmour has gloried in his cow-hocked, or as some style him, sickle-hocked horse, Vingt-et-un, who was, nevertheless, only a shade better than his grey. The latter has been christened "Lord Grey;" and with his owner's sixteen-stone hamper on his back, he beat every one out in a very fast thing from Sproxton Thorns to Harby. Lord Gardner, who still adheres to his great axiom of never racing to catch hounds, has never been better carried than by his king of the hog-manes, Dun Clown by Amadis; and besides Brush, Asmodeus, Pilot, Gipsey King, and Varnish, &c., he has gone especially well on a Whalebone chestnut and three bays by Mulatto, Brutandorf, and Jack Spigot. Mr. Greene has had three especial favourites, the grey mare who was popularly known as the Timber-mare, from her wonderful cleverness in that department of hunting science, Mrs. Caudle, and Piccolo; and although the latter was only fourteen-two, he was not to be beaten over a strong country. None of them were, however, so good as his bay mare, "the swallow on a summer's evening," and at water she was far beyond them all. Lord Cardigan's best horse was The Dandy, but he died from check perspiration on the afternoon of a

run, in which he swam the Wreake. It was on this magnificent black that his lordship led the field from Lord Aylesford's cover in the Six Hills country to Ranksborough in the Cottesmore—thirteen miles as the crow would fly—in an hour and five minutes, and never drawing rein but for three minutes, when the hounds checked in Stapleford Park. Lord Waterford killed his 300-guinea, but somewhat under-bred, Dusty Miller in his second or third run, and never went better in his Melton days than he did on The Sea, who won one steeple-chase match under him "without touching a twig." In his 1000-guinea a side match on Cock Robin against Vyvian, he did not ride so steadily, but let Captain Becher get the high ground close at home, and was beaten some lengths. The four miles were marked out by Mr. Greene (who was at the winning-post with the two thousand guineas in his pocket) from Shankton Holt to the Ram's Head. Cock Robin was a splendid animal and a perfect jumper, but by no means so fast as Vyvian, who had very few signs of the "h. b." about him but his rat tail. Lord Wilton's cracks have included successively Bijou, a bay half-bred mare; Brilliant, a thoroughbred chestnut, with a flaxen mane and tail (who originally belong to Sir Francis Goodricke); Longtwelves; Prince, the horse on which he appears in the Melton Hunt picture; Roland the Brave; and Pigeon, who has found a grey stable rival in old Wanderer, from the Quorn sale. Prince was fifteen years old when his lordship bought him, and his manner was to gallop over his fences. Great things were vowed in Flacrow's name when he went to meet Vyvian and Jerry in the Leamington country, after his victory of the previous year, in honour of which Mr. William Coke presented Mr. Thomas Haycock, of Owston, the best "brown coat" in Leicestershire for twenty-five years, with a silver shield; but as a steeple-chaser none of the modern Leicestershire horses have perhaps per-

formed so well as Mr. Stirling Craufurd's sherry-bay horse, The Shaver. He was rather high and round in his action, but he could go on till he almost made his opponents lie down. The present Lord Forester has also had a long succession of good horses under him, from Jack and Justice down to Whitelips, Conrad, Cold Port, and Will-o'-the-Wisp. But Dick Christian will have his say about Leicestershire, and here our researches into its horse-history must end. More and more of its pasture-land is being gradually laid under the plough, and the fencing has not decreased in severity since the days when that splendid horseman, Sir James Musgrave (the owner of those two peerless fifteen-three greys, which he scarcely knew from each other), used to declare that he never rode at one of its fences, however big, that, feeling sure of getting over it, he was deceived. Those on the road who watched Mr. Richard Sutton leading the field on Brandy-Face, from Vowes Gorse to Stoke End, with even more than his usual power, over the terrific Keythorpe country, can make affidavits by the dozen about fences which they dare not look at on their own account; while Wartnaby's farm, near Clipston, with its spiked gates and mortised rails, still exists to take the conceit out of the present and the rising generation, and "pound" them, as he did their fathers before them. "They're all welcome to ride over it if they can," was its late owner's boast; and he always maintained that "There never were but two men fit to come out hunting—Lord Alvanley and 'Gumley Wilson'—they were the only men that ever rode straight across my farm."

Half-bred Arabs are often very clever in the hunting field. They are generally very enduring horses, but with lumpy shoulders, and too fond of going with their heads and tails up. Still Mr Child, of Kinlet, could beat almost everything across Leicestershire on one of them, by Lord Clive's Arabian, in Mr. Mey-

nell's day. Mr. Charles Davis's grey horse Hermit, whom he considers the stoutest and best hunter he ever had, was by an English horse out of an Arabian mare, which was hardly so handsome or so good. Many would have it that Hermit was out of a Trumpator mare, while others equally stoutly asserted that he had a more martial origin, and was out of a trumpeter's mare! His real history is on this wise. Mr. Gates, who lived at "The Hermitage," in the very heart of that tangled grove of pollard and holly bushes, Brookwood Stumps, near Woking, and was the owner of the roan mare Miss Craven, bought a white Arab mare, which had formerly carried a trumpeter, on his return with a dragoon regiment from India. Luckily he decided to send her to Grey Skim, who then stood at Petworth, and Mr. Davis's never-to-be-forgotten grey was the result. That gentleman bought Hermit at six years old, in 1832, for 150 guineas, after he had led gallops for Mr. Gates's racers, and rode him for nine seasons. He then unfortunately broke down, after making a deep drop into a lane, with hounds, and it was ascertained that he had broken a small piece of the coffin bone of the near front foot.

As regards leaping, one of the cleverest things we remember, was done some years since by a Belzoni-bred hunter who had never been known to refuse a fence before. A lad of about fifteen was riding him as straight as an arrow to hounds, and put him at an apparently easy bank and rails, when he suddenly closed up in his stride about twenty yards from it, and refused to face it. On examination, there proved to be an old stone quarry on the other side; the lad thought it a good joke, but the horse lost all his jumping nerve from that hour. One of the handiest animals we know of, is an old bay horse of Lord Galway's who seems to have the power of a cat in crawling down or up any bank, and leaping any

fence, however crabbed, with or without his rider. In fact, he may almost take rank with Captain Evans' noted retriever "Sam," who could act either as huntsman or valet, as well as any Christian, with the exception of shaving his master, a point on which Wychwood authorities still differ respecting him. An immense deal of talk was made about King of the Valley, a sixteen-two grey by Usquebaugh, and with bone like a dray horse, clearing thirty-three feet with Dick Christian on his back over the Billesdon Brook, during a steeple-chase, in 1829; but an authenticated thirty-four feet was jumped twelve years afterwards by Vanguard, at Rugby, and he does not, we believe, stand alone. Worcestershire claims a similar feat for Vainhope, and we have heard that a Warwickshire horse, Potiphar, also covered that distance. Melton Mowbray used to say that the little piebald Magpie could clear any bar she could walk under; but the Beverley men have, after all, the most wonderful leaping legend about Euryalus, who jumped out of his box at the Rose and Crown yard, through a window only thirty-three inches by twenty, and four feet and a half from the ground, without leaving a hair on the window frame. His stock did not belie him in the field, and if anyone doubts this feat, let him seek the descendants of the ostler, and he will doubt no longer. It was also the extraordinary style in which he cleared a hurdle on a hedge that induced Mr. Mytton to take entirely to Oliver, whom he had only borrowed from his whip, who rode up when his own mare had given him a header in a brook; and it is recorded in Shropshire that he did really take a lane flying on his one-eyed Baronet, a feat which is generally thought to have been confined to Moonraker. Will Goodall, who was Mr. Drake's second horseman at thirteen, in a moment of inspiration, once attempted to do the same, and excused himself, when the master wigged him for giving his

horse such a cropper, by declaring that he "thought it was a *bruk*." Will is enthusiastic and brilliant, both in the field and kennel. Fox-hunting historians in the 2000th century will have rare stories to tell of him. We heard of him leaving his wearied horse in a ditch, casting his hounds in the middle of the next field, and then going back to get him out; and he twice killed his fox on foot within three months, running on one occasion more than three-quarters of a mile. In the days of his cropped horse by Negotiator, his genius was put to no such straits.

For the comedy of errors in crossing a country, amateur steeple-chasers are worth watching. None of them have the noted Bill Wright's fine knowledge of the art of being "*brought to the post just right*." They are either under or over-done. Now, in Mr. W.'s sense of the word, "just right" meant "three parts of a bottle of port wine, two glasses of brandy-and-water, and a pipe." When he was fairly "*in condition*" he spurned the idea of reconnoitring the ground. "—— the ground," said he; "looking at another glass of brandy-and-water, will do me more good than that." We saw one of them so desperately flurried at taking the lead and winning, that he stuck to it, when he went to scale, that there had been no brook in the race, although he had cleared it in fine style with both stirrups flying. Another, too, who, by-the-bye, was a coroner, of all people, after giving his antagonist such a cannon at a fence, that the two came down together, sailed past us over a couple of fields, and *then* found out that he was on a bay horse instead of the brown mare on which he started. The strongest piece of horsemanship we remember, was James Mason, that Emperor of steeple-chase riders past and present, recovering Lansquinet when he made a mistake in a Hippodrome steeple-chase; and Earl Fitzhardinge will bear us out that

Mr. Allen M'Donogh was equally great in a similar difficulty at a gate, when he rode Sir William for a Cheltenham steeple-chase. It was curious to note the difference of temperament between Mason and poor William M'Donogh when they jumped into the corner of the last field, at the Dunchurch steeple-chase of 1839, at the same instant. The latter in hot Irish haste drove The Nun slantways across ridge and furrow, the nearest cut to the winning flags, pumping the wind out of her at every stroke, while Mason cantered along the bottom furrow till he got to the one running straight up to the flags, and then sent Lottery out like a shot, and beat the mare a good two lengths. Lord Waterford's Blueskin, however, should not be forgotten among steeple-chasers, as with his "owner up," and at all weights from 13st. 7lbs. to 12st., he won three four-mile steeple-chases successively against fresh horses, one afternoon, at Eglington Park, in 1843.

Sir Charles Knightley's leap of thirty-one feet over a fence and brook, just below Brixworth-hill, has ever since gone by the name of "Knightley's leap." It was accomplished, we believe, on his celebrated black horse Benvolio; but he was on his nearly as famous bay Sir Marinel when he led Mr. Gurney on Sober Robin over a gate, such as a nineteen-stone man has never yet jumped, and never will again. The Pytcheley had a fast thing from a gorse of the baronet's, at Dodford, and ran to the Nen, near Heyford village, where there is a bridge across the river, and a six-barred locked gate in the middle of it. They were just running into their fox, about 200 yards ahead, when Sir Charles, with Mr. Gurney about as far behind him, reached the gate. Finding it locked, he turned his horse round and went over it, and to his amazement, as he glanced back, the Norfolk welter and his horse were in the air. Fortune favoured them, and although Robin rapped it like

thunder with every leg, they landed safe. "What do you think of that?" was the question put to Parson Walker, who wouldn't have charged a hurdle for a bishopric, at a county table that evening—and "*Why, that my friend Dick has more guts than brains!*" was the prompt reply. This leap made quite "a sensation" in the neighbourhood, and was visited by hundreds for many a week. Benvolio and Sir Marinel were a very different style of horse, and while the former was bigger and better through dirt, he was not so uniformly to be depended on for temper. At first he would not fence at all, and it was only after a very long coaxing match at Pytcheley, commenced before luncheon, and concluded after, that he was induced to take his maiden fence. Even in his zenith, he would suddenly decline a fence, after leading the first flight for a quarter of an hour, and the two were left alone. In spite of this drawback, which lost Sir Charles several good runs, when he had to give him up (after eight seasons) he always said that he could never find real pleasure in riding another. He was bought out of Robson's stable at Newmarket, where Sir Charles often repaired during the meetings, to look, among the ruck in a race, for a thorough-bred hunter to his mind. Frank Buckle had ridden him on one occasion, and it was by his advice that he was purchased in the spring of 1811 for 300 guineas, or 100 guineas less than the smarter-looking and higher-actioned Sir Marinel. Northamptonshire was distinguished in after-years as the birthplace of Mameluke and of Harriet, the dam of Plenipo, the former of whom saw the light at the paddocks of Mr. Elwes, who was long confederate with Lord Jersey; and it was from the blood of Boadicea, own sister to its great hunting crack, that Touchstone sprang. Sir Charles's riding of Benvolio had become such a Northamptonshire proverb during the first 1811-12 season, that General Grosvenor, through whom he

had originally bought the horse from the late Lord Wilton, happening to be at a sale in Cheshire in the spring of the latter year, gave 150 guineas for her, and sent her to Sir Charles, with, we believe, a filly at her foot. Her new owner got her into condition; but although she became very handy, she was hardly up to his weight, and he accordingly gave her away to Lord Spencer, who was then master of the Pytcheley, and whose huntsman, Charles King, she carried splendidly for four seasons. Eventually she went to Tattersall's with Lord Spencer's other horses, and Lady Westminster ordered her to be bought for her for 100 guineas, in consequence of having been bred by her father. She was a mean little mare, with none of the appearance of the thorough-bred, about fifteen hands high, tail low set on, extraordinarily wide in the hips, and in at the elbows. Except when in constant work, and rather in fine condition, she carried her saddle on her shoulders, and her action was perfect both with fore and hind legs. She was about twenty years old when she threw Banter to Master Henry, who was bred by Mr. Lechmere Charlton in the Ludlow country, and through this foal she became grandam to Touchstone and Launcelot, and great grandam to Satirist. Camel, the sire of the two former, was supposed to be the quickest of the Whalebones, but he was generally lame, and his real form was never known. Touchstone's old Eton friend, Pantaloon, had not many half-bred mares while he was at Cawston paddocks, but The Clown, of Melton steeple-chase fame, was one of the produce. Cattonite has also left some powerful but coarse stock in Warwickshire, where the Black Princes and Retrievers are coming forward. The chestnut was one of the neatest of the neat, and the black-brown, a son of Touchstone and Queen of Trumps, took especially after the male side of his house in look, and is blessed with a gentle temper and a rare barrel, though his legs are hardly

so stout timbered as we expected to see them. Their neighbour, Meteor, will have a hard task to follow Belzoni, and if his stock grow up like himself, great bone and power, combined with plainish foreheads, Roman noses, and chestnut skins, will not perish out of the neighbourhood of Lutterworth. From the sires which the Duke of Richmond, the late Lord Egremont, and Sir John Shelley brought into the county, the principal jumping blood of Sussex is derived; and Gohanna, Grey Skim, and Whalebone were only three out of a host which all tenanted the Petworth paddocks in their turn, and whose descendants have worked their way to the fore, like those of their kennel brethren the Justices, and the Jaspers, in many an English hunting-field. Whalebone was sold at Tattersall's for 500 guineas to the Duke of Grafton after Lord Egremont's death, and he was generally thought a plainish-looking horse with decidedly small feet. This was the great failing of Soothsayer, who had one of the finest tops that ever fell to a horse's lot, combined with feet little bigger than a mule's. He was one of the descendants of Sorcerer, who sadly poisoned the breed of horses, as far as soundness goes. His stock had very great speed, and he got many of the best racers of the day; but nearly all of them were infirm after a certain time. He was upright in his pasterns and light in his ankles, and never, that we heard of, got a hunter worth a farthing. The Sorcerer mares threw many very good foals, but they were chiefly put to the horse at four or five years old.

In the first quarter of the century, Norfolk had an almost European fame for its strong-made, short-legged hackneys, which ranged from fourteen-three to fifteen-two, and could walk five miles an hour, and trot at the rate of twenty. Fireaway, Marshland Shales, and The Norfolk Cob were locomotive giants in those days, and the latter was the sire of Pheno-

menon, who was sold into Scotland when he had seen his twentieth summer, and astonished his "canny" admirers by trotting two miles in six minutes. The few left are descended from these breeds, but as they arrive at maturity they are sold to go abroad, mostly to France. Four or five very good hackney sires remain in the county, and among them a roan of Mr. Baxter's, for which 500 guineas is said to have been refused. The chestnut Prickwillow reaches about the same fifteen-two standard; and a son of his, out of, we believe, a very noted mare of Mr. Cooke of Litcham's, which is said to have never been "outstepped," is also highly spoken of. Mr. Wright's bay combines an inch more size, with rare action; and a black fourteen-two cob of Mr. Baldwin's earned a much more worthy mention than we can give him, by winning the first hackney-stallion prize at the '55 Norfolk Agricultural Show. Lord Hastings had also two hackney stallions of the Fireaway breed, which are occasionally seen in harness; and his horse Beehunter, so famed for his Clincher and Knight of Avenel struggles, is well adapted for a cross with the agricultural mares (as strong and active a colony of bays and browns as any country can show), which are almost the only ones left to plod over this great sheep and partridge preserve of the East. Tom Moody, dam by Smolensko, and the winner of the 30*l.* Hunter Stallion Prize at the '55 Royal Agricultural Show, by The Flyer, has long since earned his laurels there; and besides a number of valuable hunters and harness horses, Sebastopol, who went to the King of Sardinia's stable for 500 guineas, and the Unfortunate Youth, must be placed to his credit-side. The latter, whose stock have abundance of size and good looks, derived his name from his having been injured in his youth by the bite of a boar, which rendered him lame for life: a catastrophe which furnishes a grand historical

parallel to that of poor Gameboy and the scythe, or the horse of an unhappy clerical friend of ours, which nerved itself as effectually as a V.C. lancet could have done it, by treading on the handle of an axe, that lay across its path in an inn archway.

Hampshire is not a great hunter-breeding country, and many of its best young horses reach Collins through Mr. Henry Barnes, the dealer, of Andover. Mr. Assheton Smith's stud, of which Apsley (who was bought from Lord Bathurst), Escape, The Sultan, Raglan, &c., are among the best known, used to be purchased principally from Tom Smart of Crickdale; but since his death, Mr. Smith principally dealt with Mr. Reeves, of Marlborough. The crack home-bred Hampshire horses are decidedly the Safeguards and the Bowstrings. "Etwall's old horse," as he is always called, is quite a county hero, and returned some three or four seasons ago to his Longstock quarters. Hence a second series of big fifteen-three, weight-carrying, dark chestnut hunters, with white blazes and remarkably fine tempers in the field, are coming forward. Safeguard himself is quite blind, but his stock have not that fatal heritage. The Bowstrings are much of the same stamp—dark chestnuts, but more whole-coloured than the Safeguards,—and there are a great number of them in the Stockbridge district. He was subsequently sold into Devonshire for 300 guineas.

It is only lately that the farmers of Suffolk have bred from thorough-bred horses to any extent; and when the late "Squire Jenney," as he was always called, brought St. Hubert from Newmarket (where they principally hunt on retired racers), about 1825, they would hardly look at him, much more use him. However, after seeing him hunted some seasons with The Squire's "merry harriers," they began to think better of him. He was a chestnut

horse, by Williamson's Ditto out of Mockbird's dam, and got some famous hunters, with fine size, especially good shoulders, and deep ribs, but rather inclined to have long lop-eared heads. The best mares in the Suffolk breeders' hands are his daughters, who, like himself, were never tired in the longest day. St. Hubert, who died in 1842, was not at all unlike Rataplan, and may be described as a strong horse with rather a straight and low-put-on fore-end, but with the best of shoulders behind it; he went in a low, striding, swinging sort of way, not pleasing to the dealer's fancy, but good action for a hunter nevertheless. About 1842 Lord Stradbroke had Alpheus, by Sultan out of Arethusa, by Quiz, at Henham. He was a chestnut horse, with some white on his legs, and particularly good action; in short, a nice round-made level-looking animal, who got some very good and high-priced horses, and clever natural jumpers, although their shoulders were a shade too heavy. Some of them, however, were badly whited about—no great recommendation in a purchaser's eyes, except for a hunter or park hack; but many of the best horses ever bred in Suffolk were got by him, and from their good action they were "good to sell."

Lory, another son of Williamson's Ditto, was bought at the sale of the late Mr. Wilson of Bilderton (who owned Smolensko, and a succession of higher-class sires), by a coach proprietor at Ipswich, and covered a few years in this district. He got some very good hunters, and as stout as those of his half-brother, St. Hubert. Unfortunately he was stone blind, having become so, we have heard, after some very severe race, and many of his colts were afterwards similarly affected. He finally ran leader in the old Ipswich and London "Shannon" for many years, and is still remembered as a little wiry horse, with a

straight neck. Young Whisker, by Whisker out of Memina, travelled this country about 1838-1842; and coming from Lord Stradbroke's just after the Alpheus colts were selling well, he had a great run of popularity, and actually died from over-service. His colts, however, though wiry and saleable, were soft and bad as hunters, probably from his Smolensko blood. He had been severely injured in a wire fence in Lord Stradbroke's park, when a yearling, which prevented his being trained, and thus he came to travel the country at an early age. After this, Lord Stradbroke's Sycophant, by Muley, out of Clare by Marmion, came out, one of the greatest peacocks that man ever saw, and the largest thorough-bred horse too; in short, a fine coach-horse looking animal, with an extraordinarily high fore-end, and feet like cheese-plates, which he dished about sadly as he went along. The farmers were delighted with him, and he got some coach and cab horses for London, but they were rather of the flatcatcher sort, and, like himself, often made a *noise* in the world. The bad success of these colts at last somewhat sickened farmers of breeding from a "blood hoss." "If such a fine animal as Sycophant," they argued, "could not get horses to pay, what could?" He eventually went to Russia, after having no mares here for a season or two, and it is to be hoped they liked him; still, to give him his due, he got a fair racehorse in Tufthunter. Sir R. S. Adair had a small horse called Linkboy, by Cæsar out of Brilliant, by Lamplighter, for some years, who has got some good chargers and harness horses. Mr. J. G. Sheppard (at Ash High House) kept old Lamplighter, who was quite a model, for a season or two, about 1835; but he had but few mares, and being over twenty years old, the colts he left were small, though very handsome and wiry. The late Sir Edward Gooch bought Weatherbit for 200*l.* from the Duke of

Bedford, and after having him a season at Benacre, Weathergage came out, and then the Duke hired him back for two seasons, giving Sir Edward the use of Oakley in his place as well. The former was sold at Tattersall's for 400 guineas, after 1000 guineas had, it is said, been refused for him. He is rather deficient in action, and tied in his shoulders, which are short and small, but especially handsome and good in his hind-quarters. We thought, as we looked him over in his Tattersall's box, that we had seldom seen quarters descend so gracefully into the thighs, which are, by-the-bye, a little too straight for a hill. Among the lights of other days in Suffolk we must not forget the half-bred "Cook's Pioneer," by Pioneer, whose hunting stock were hasty and hardy to a degree. Oakley is a showy but light horse, which accounts for the fact that he never could get much beyond the T.Y.C. in his racing days.

Captain Barlow, of Hasketon, near Woodbridge, had a succession of sound blood sires through his hands; among others, Minotaur, Sotterly, Robinson, Haxby, Wollaton, The Caster, and now a chestnut horse by Recovery, dam by Hampton, who is perfect in symmetry, but not very big. He was Sir Tatton Sykes's favourite hack, and has the honour of being painted with him in Grant's picture, the good old baronet having ridden him from Sledmere to London in 1850 on purpose! Elevated by the honour, or the previous sight of his sire's model in the city, the little horse was very riotous in Rotton Row on this occasion; and he was equally gay when the late Tom Carter, the huntsman, who was no feather, rode him with the baronet's pack. Minotaur left but few foals —a bad fault in a stallion—but the few he did get were good and wiry, but rather high on the leg. The stock of the others, Robinson's excepted, had not been tried. Poor old Robinson, who died of inflam-

mation in Captain Barlow's hands about 1853, was well known in the East Riding as perhaps the very best hunter-getter they ever had. After winning twenty-five races he won ten premiums, and his colts for years carried off all the prizes at the East Riding shows, as well as the highest prices at the Horncastle and Howden fairs. Mr. James Hall had a succession of splendid hunters by him in his stud for many years, and he purchased the Hunter Prize colt at the 1855 "Royal Agricultural," which was also one of his family, for 250 guineas. They are short-legged, with great substance, good colours, and "so *selling*-looking;" flashy fore-ends and clever heads, with the handsomest possible hind-quarters, and "flags" which they invariably carry away naturally, without that abominable "spice." As we once heard a Yorkshire dealer say of them, "They save a man 10*l.* a year in ginger!" If his colts had a fault, it was that they were a little apt to be pigeon-toed, and their hocks stood rather far behind them; but, take him for all and all, Suffolk can never supply his place with a better.

The farmers have still a lingering love for the cock-tail stallion, with the Rainbow neck and flowing mane; and if such a Fireaway should pass their gate, they will be sure to use him, rather than send a mile or two to a better horse. Generally speaking, they dislike breeding "riders," as they call them; and when we consider the great prices they have made of their Suffolk cart stock, as foals, yearlings, and two-year-olds, while they must keep their "riders" till four years old, this prejudice is not to be wondered at. Suffolk farms, too, are mostly small, and conveniences for keeping riding colts till four or five years old very limited; besides, looking at the half-bred stallions they have bred from, it is not surprising they should be disgusted with the result. They might, with care, surely shine as much in riding-horses as in

cart-horses, and they certainly are improving. Still, their young things do not seem to get the size their Northern brethren do, perhaps owing in a manner to the dry soil and air of the East of England. Their cart stock are small, compact, and hardy; and any recruiting sergeant will say that the Suffolk lads are proverbially small, though strong. The "riders" bred are mostly wiry and good, and when ridden over this cramped and thickly-fenced country become very clever, and sought after accordingly by the dealers (Mr. Collins especially), who are almost the only customers, at all prices from 75*l.* to 200*l.* Still there has been no particular breeder of hunters since the late Mr. Jenney's death, and there are but few good mares. A few have been brought from the North, but generally Cleveland mares, with coaching shoulders—a mistake in a county where they so seldom get the size for a coach horse, and had better try for hunters and hacks.

Go where you will, you always find some one who wants a good hunter or a good hack; but although every one wants either one or the other, few will take the trouble to breed one. Many have not the conveniences, and many think they may not live long enough to ride one they do breed. The wonder is, not that there are so few riding horses, but that there are so many. All people in these days look to a quick return; and as a riding horse is at least five years old before he is worth anything, they think it "a bad spec," and too long to look forward. There are plenty of race horses, cart horses, and coach horses bred; and the why and wherefore is, because they come quickly into use. A racing colt is put into training at twenty months old; a good cart colt is worth at least 35 guineas at a year old; and the London coach horses, by thorough-bred horses out of Clydesdale or Cleveland mares, are bought by the dealer at three years old at an average price of 100

guineas. As regards the two latter descriptions, the mares are put to the horse before they are three years old, and don't "lie rest" more than two months in the year; and, being young, throw strong healthy foals. Still, even when they have plenty of good blood-horses to pick from, farmers are sadly careless what their mares go to. We have too often seen them flock, for the sake of saving a guinea or two, to one of the seventeen hands clothes-horse kind, with legs like stilts, a middle like a tobacco-pipe, and a back of a length which would put him at a premium in the Portsmouth market, where sailors are popularly supposed to consider it a great point gained in their equestrian exercises if five can "get on deck" at one time. As to hunters, the great majority are not in the market till they are sufficiently grazed and have their "mouths up;" but purchasers little think how many of their "five year olds" are only four, and some little more than three. It is, we regret to say, a notorious fact that this rascally system of "forwarding the mouth," which was first commenced in the North, has struck root very widely of late.

But a truce to such homilies on the "Night-side of Nature." We must go back once more into Northamptonshire, and say a word on Earl Fitzwilliam's hunting stable-blood, which is principally derived from his Amadis, a powerful staring big-boned horse, but neither very deep nor big in the body. His stock were all very noble-looking and fine-bottomed; and Patriot, a light-bodied sixteen-hand, whole black with the exception of the near hind-foot, was the flower of the basket. Tom Sebright, who completed his thirty-fifth season at Milton, March, 1857, had only two falls off him during their eleven seasons; and Patriot roamed about the park at Milton as a superannuated pensioner till he was rising twenty-four. He was wont often to steal close up to the dining-room window, and thrust in his flesh-coloured nose for a

greeting; and one morning in 1851 or 1852, he lay down and died in sight of it. He was originally bought from a tenant, and was a much pleasanter horse to ride than the warm and fidgetty Martingale by The Saddler, on whom Tom appears in his son's well-known picture of the Milton pack. The chestnut Reformer was another very good son of Amadis, and among the Earl's other favourites may be reckoned Little John, by St. Paul, who unfortunately broke his leg; Don Quixote; Zara, the grandam of Don Quixote; Asplendion, by Cervantes; Tanner, by Cervantes, and bred by Mr. Russell, a Yorkshire tenant (who also bred and sold Patriot to his lordship); Tenerchiffe, by Smolensko; Camelleopard, by Don Quixote; and a Quiterza mare, by Cervantes, for which he refused Lord Exeter's offer of a thousand guineas, when his hounds met one morning near Burleigh. The latter had no luck in breeding, and kicked her first foal's eye out. Confederate was another of the Earl's well-known sires, but his stock were nearly all roarers, and his career was cut short by a kick from a recusant mare. Sandbeck was unfortunately sold for ninety guineas when his fame as a hunter-sire was unmade; and Humphrey Clinker (the sire of Melbourne), a fine big close-ribbed short-backed fellow, with a trifle too much leg, but a splendid middle-piece, also left for Ireland, and was bought back shortly after by the late Mr. Allen, of Malton, the Earl's agent, for himself. Zara was by Camelleopard out of an Amadis mare, and it was upon her that Tom Sebright finished his celebrated Hunt's Closes run in 1837, when the grey horse on which he commenced threw a shoe. The late Lords Liverpool and Milton were both out that day; and Mr. J. Walker, of Eaton, also went wonderfully well on an Amadis mare. When Bedford was past, the veteran Mr. Magniac called to Sebright, "Why, Tom, we're going to London;" and Tom, whose mare could now

hardly raise a trot, made reply, "Yes, sir, I think we're driving on that way." Only six, including Sebright, who got first to the hounds, saw the finish of this run, of which the following is the official account:—

"The meet was at Bythorn Toll-bar. We tried and found a fox at Raund's Meadow, ran him a ring of twenty minutes, and then a second ring of fifteen minutes. The hounds were then stopped and taken away, as we were afraid of spoiling a good day's sport with bad foxes. We then trotted off to Hunt's Closes, when a good fox was found immediately, and went away in view; ran by Covington, leaving Dean village on the left and Swineshead on the right, through the Wood and Keyso Park, over Thurleigh parish by the Gorse, and through the spinneys to Ravensden Grange. Here, owing to an unfortunate view, the hounds ran their fox heel way, and could not be stopped till they got back to the cover. Once put right, we went over Renhold parish into Goldington field, and had the town of Bedford in front of us. We went down Goldington field, leaving the village on our right, the fox evidently pointing to the river Ouse, but turned to the left, across Hunting Park, over the parish of Great Barford, by Green-end, Birchfield, and Roxton Spinneys: and when near Chawson the hounds were stopped. The fox was killed by some workpeople with a timber-cart, about a mile from where the hounds were whipped off. We were then forty miles from home, and so much tired that we were obliged to stop at the Cock at Eaton all night, and returned home on Sunday morning through a most violent storm of snow and hail. The distance, as near as could be guessed, was about twenty-five miles, and was done in two hours and forty minutes."

Lord Exeter's racing blood is to be found not only in Northamptonshire, but in many of the hunting stables in Berwickshire and North Northumberland (which still remember the dead Rocket, and boast of the equally famous Charley-boy), as Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk had both his Patron and Dardanelles. Lamplighter was also bought by this gentleman at Lord Berners' sale; The Colonel, too, had his turn there; Rodomeli, who looks up to sixteen-three with hounds, was one of his latest importations, at, we believe 300 guineas; and Harkaway, who was bought for 100 guineas less, was proxy for Little Known, who owns no superior as a hunter-sire. The old "Fergusson chestnut's" stock are generally chestnuts

of fine substance, like himself, and Tom Ball declared that his Harkover carried him quite as well as even his beloved Grouse or King Pepin.

Hunter-breeding at Badminton is not now conducted on such an extensive scale as formerly. Black Sultan, the pride of Shropshire, came there for two seasons, and was then sold, when he was rising twenty-eight, to a resident in Bristol. He was a fifteen-three horse himself, handsome and stylish-looking, but with thin thighs, and his stock all ran about an inch less. One of them, a fourteen-and a half black hack, especially distinguished himself across country, and earned an honourable mention in the Badminton hunting song. Will Long rode another of his get, St. Paul; and the late Duke was very fond of his son Rubens, as he could indulge on him to the full in his favourite mode of letting the reins lie on his neck, and larruping his laziness along. "The Squire" rode Rubens once, and declared he was never on a more idle but enduring horse—the same at night as in the morning. It was in this country, in "a sharp, short, and decisive" thing of fifteen minutes over walls, from Aston Gorse to Farmington Gorse, that the Squire led on Grimaldi, who was bred by the late Mr. Clifford, of Swell Bowte, in Gloucestershire. Will Long on Draper, however, lived with the grey, as well as another individual, who vexed "The Squire" so deservedly by riding among the hounds, that he complained to the Duke of him when he came up, and offered to have him "anywhere you like—pistol or fists," with all that fine pluck which came so well to his rescue a quarter of a century after, when a number of "riflemen" were beginning to hustle him at Doncaster. Steeple had his day, and Worcester was nearly the last horse the late Duke rode; and Lion, whom he bought from Mr. Niblett, of the White Lion at Bristol, and whom he would suffer no one else to ride, his very last. Lop,

by Crop, came before Black Sultan, and was the most successful sire they ever had. The sixth Duke's True Blue was by him, and so was Philip Payne's favourite grey, Cherrington, which he rode for some eighteen seasons. In fact, early in the present century, half the stud were Lops, grey like the old horse, and as neat as pictures. The hounds were not exactly to match, as although they were very fine and powerful, they had not that genteel appearance which Will Long, by immense attention to lines of blood, gradually introduced. His Grace was also very fond of Percy, a chestnut stallion of nearly seventeen hands high. Will Stansby whipped in to Will Long on him, and when his day was over the farmers bred very extensively from him. Tamburino, a very fine-tempered animal, came before Wandering Boy by Langar, who carried Will Long for four seasons, and then broke the small bone of his hind leg. Among Will's other pets (during the forty-eight years he wore the Badminton green, ten as second whip, eight as first, and thirty as huntsman) were four Lops—to wit, Nora, Dairymaid (the dam of Milkman), Little Girl, great at water, and Gawky, the heroine of the twenty-mile Stanton Park day. Fond as he was of Bertha, after whom his cottage on the confines of Badminton Park is named, Milkman was the one Will loved best to reserve for the lawn meets; and in his 1844 speech, when a testimonial plate was presented to him, he calculated that this horse had carried him about thirteen thousand miles during their seventeen seasons, and that those who could keep up with him, though then in his twenty-fourth year, "would not lose much of the fun." This celebrated bay was by Shirza out of a Lop mare; but his half-brother, Gimcrack, who was as grey as the Shirzas generally were, was much below his form. Sir Richard Sutton's nimble giant, Hotspur, was bred by the late Duke. He became latterly most dreadfully crooked in the

knees, and was sold, we believe, for something under 100*l.* to Mr. James Mason, at Tattersall's.

Of the breed of Spangle, the darling of Jem Hills' heart, we have no trace, but simply know that he was purchased from Mr. Tilbury. Jem afterwards rode Sailor and Betsy Baker, both fine sixteen-handers, but not so far bred, and decidedly not up to Spangle's mark. Blood Royal has never had a rival in the Berkeley stud, although he was in his prime as far back as 1815. He was purchased from the Rev. R. Winniatt, of Guiting Grange, Gloucestershire, and was a very superior horse to Imperial Tom, although tradition has somehow or other involuntarily connected the two. Long head, thin neck, great shoulders, very deep back ribs and immense quarters, on a dark bay sixteen-hand frame, were his leading features; and Gloucestershire hunting men still say that they never hope to see such a model again. Besides these, the Earl has ridden Lunatic, Manchester, and Harkaway, a very smart Irish horse, but with hardly the power of the other two, Meg (a grey mare), Pedestrian, and The Farmer. The last-named, who always ranked in his noble owner's estimation next to Blood Royal, was purchased from Captain Marriott, of Avon Bank, near Pershore, and was a fifteen-two hunter model, remarkably beautiful in every part except his ears. A powerful, dark-chestnut gelding, Radical, by Polygar, who stood over at the knee from four years old, was the apple of Harry Ayris's eye, and carried him for ten seasons. Among this noted huntsman's other first-class horses were Vizor, by Smuggler; Queen of Diamonds, by the King of Diamonds; Downright, by Bobadil, the very type of a bay hunter, with nothing white about him, but a few odd hairs in his tail; his half-sister Drawing Room, by Maresfield; Michael Wood, by The Sailor out of a hackney mare; and Sapphaddin, by Saracen, who stood in 1856 at Berkeley.

From Gloucestershire we must now cross the country to Staffordshire, where Old King Cole begot a generation of fifteen and a half black-legged bays, rare jumpers, but with high tempers and heavy forehands, and not fit for hunting work much before they were six. Accident, who was by Camel out of Miss Breeze by Phantom, had no great chance, as cart mares and common stock principally attended his levées; still, as a general thing, the produce were big good class bays and browns, with abundance of symmetry and bone, which showed that the old Phantom blood would tell. Parson Harvey used always to swear by Phantom as a hunter sire, and he was very anxious that Will Butler in his younger days should take the horse off his hands, and keep a farm. The parson at a meet was "a caution to see." His hunters were always in the straw-yard, and the sire, Vandyke, did all manner of work. In fact, it was "a season" of some sort or other with him the whole year round. He would send him on to the meet in a curb bridle and an old cloth for a sheet, and then follow with his saddle in his Scotch cart, tilt it up in some field, leaving the cart horse and the groom to graze and ruminate together till he returned. At the meet, too, he was never quiet for an instant, as he always kept his horse stepping round and round in a ring, and pouring forth meanwhile a perfect torrent of conversation over his shoulder. But that dark thin ex-divine must not make us linger or forget Cheshire and its horses, amongst whom, Speculator with his stock, small but stout as steel, Sir Oliver with his slashing and rather leggy browns, and Cheshire Cheese with his thick and stout descendants, take brevet rank. Astbury, who ran that unparalleled trio of four-mile dead heats over the Newcastle-under-Lyme racecourse, was, to use the phrase of his district, "a lost horse," as so few good mares came to his paddocks, but still he left several stout rather leggy and wonderfully game

horses behind him. It would have been enough for his fame to have been the sire of Joe Maiden's celebrated Pevorett, a fine sixteen-hand bay with a short back and fore-ends, always "blowing his nose," as high-couraged horses invariably do, and obliged to be muzzled even after a hard Cheshire day, for fear he should eat his litter. He was bred by Mr. James Pevor, steward to Mr. Wilbraham, of Delamere Forest, and was purchased by Joe Maiden for the hunt at 35*l.* His price had been 80*l.*, but as he was always a clumsy roadster, he fell and broke his knees on the road to Nantwich fair. A few days after his disaster, he jumped out of his paddock when he heard the hounds cub-hunting in Delamere Forest, and ran loose by Joe's side all day, as if inviting a closer acquaintance. This was a Saturday, and he was caught amid the scenes of his future labours on Monday, at Whetnall Wood, and soon found his way to the Cheshire Hunt stables. He never gave Joe a fall during the eight seasons he rode him; and besides his endless bottom, he always seemed able to make a second effort, an invaluable knack in a horse who had to carry a huntsman over the Vale of Chester, where the doubles nearly all measure nine yards. It used to be a saying in the Hunt, as the hounds trotted up, "Ay! look out! here's Maiden on Pevorett!" and there they were certain to be together, year after year, at the Stamford Bridge fixture, which always stood for the day after the Liverpool steeple-chase. The late Lord Delamere thought so highly of the pair that he offered to run them for a thousand guineas a side against any man and horse in England four miles over Cheshire. Still there were men in the Hunt who could go with them, and Joe was fairly collared one day by Mr. Wilbraham Tollemache (who always loved rushing, pulling horses), just at the finish of a very capital run from Combermere Abbey to near Whitchurch. He had slipped all the rest of the field,

and finding that the chestnut mare was catching him for speed, he dashed up a green lane, and jumped five gates along it in succession. "*'Drat you, Joe! you thought to shake me off, did you?*" roared Mr. Tollemache, as they landed almost together in a large grass field, in the middle of which the hounds had earthed their fox; and, "Well, sir, I did; but I'll have no more gates," was the rejoinder, as they trotted up to the hounds, and decided that it was to be a drawn match. Pevorett's day was over when the Cheshire had their tremendous run (of which a map has been published), and Joe rode three horses that day, and finished on a hack. The fox broke from Darley's Gorse at half-past eleven, crossed the Willock Brook three times, and doubled into a ditch near Brereton's Gorse for nearly an hour, Joe being utterly unable to help the hounds, as the farmer and his servants went on guard with pitchforks. However, they went in and made it out for themselves, and a run from point to point of about twenty-five miles ended with a kill by moonlight. This was on November 25th, 1842, and the year previous Pevorett was given to Joe—after having been bought in for 350*l.*, 370*l.*, and 500*l.*, in succession, when Sir Harry Mainwaring, Mr. Jeffery Shakerley, and lastly Mr. Smith Barry gave up the hounds—who sold him for 200 guineas to Sir Richard Sutton. The baronet rode him for two years, and declared that he had seldom been better carried than in one five-and-thirty minutes' burster. Shortly after this he was given up to Solomon, the whip, and he was eventually killed by Henry Cadney, the boiler, who enjoys a pension for his twenty-nine years' Sutton service, and is now on duty at the North Staffordshire kennels. Joe's other great Cheshire horse, Corporal, was a grey by Irish Starch, and faster than Pevorett. One of his odd tricks was to switch his tail perpetually, and his rider was obliged to hold it with his whip while he listened to his hounds

in cover. Racing men will remember that Miss Elis had a trick of this kind when she was running. Coming round the clump in the Goodwood Stakes, some one near Lord George, in the Stand, said—"Look! she's beat; her tail's going like a pump handle!" and his lordship retorted, with his cold smile—"Yes, sir; and it will pump you dry!" Corporal always went along with his tongue hanging out, and as he was a running jumper, he gave his rider a succession of most fearful falls, which would have been no joke to any man, much less to one who had been so crippled by his boiler accident.

Maiden was born within halloo of Barrow Churchyard, in Shropshire, a few years after the King of Whips* was buried there. "Verily," as *Cecil* says, "good sportsmen are indigenous to the soil; no sooner is one run to ground than another comes forth." In one sense of the word, he has one "leg in the grave;" and as that deceased member's successor has become as famous as the late Marquis of Anglesey's, we may be excused dwelling a little on its history. The accident took place at the North Warwickshire kennels in 1829. He was all dressed on that unhappy day to go to Lichfield races, and had walked down before starting to give some directions to his boiler. The latter was not quite up to his work, and on mounting the copper to give some directions, Joe slipped in with both legs. He was out again in an instant, and felt it so little at first, that he quite expected to go on to the races when he had changed his dress. Some injudicious application at the spur of the moment to the left leg, which was most injured, nearly drove him distracted; and when his wife arrived, and the stocking was removed, it literally

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* *Tom Moody.*

seemed as if part of the calf had come away with it and left the bones exposed.

It would be hopeless to try and describe the torments he has endured since then—how he broke the leg once, if not twice—how pieces of bone, nine or ten, came away—how he was twice over-*fired* by the Oldfield-lane Doctor in that quaint old Manchester fleshery, where toes and fingers were nipped off as coolly as if they were sugar nibs; and the patients were set to hold one another, nine out of ten being assured they were "regular bad-plucked uns!" Suffice it to say, that the calf continued to be little more than a bundle of bones and ligaments, strapped together with diachylon plaster; and yet it was under this martyrdom — riding with one stirrup shorter than the other, often hunting six days a week, while not closing his eyes for agony at night, and adding a little to the heel of his boot each year as the knee tendons contracted—that he won his spurs in Cheshire, and served Mr. Davenport for several seasons. However, while exercising the young hounds one dewy morning in Trentham Park, he caught a chill, and on coming home it was found that mortification had commenced in the limb. That was temporarily averted; but things looked so threatening, that it was deemed advisable to take the leg off in the November of 1855. Chloroform was a long time doing its duty; but all was skilfully achieved, and he only awoke at the very fag-end of the operation. He was able to get into another room by Christmas-day, but he was so wasted that his wife could easily carry him about, and all hope of hunting seemed gone for ever and aye. By the day of the second Quorn sale he had furnished himself with two legs, one for walking and the other for riding, and reappeared at Quorn on a crutch, where he was looked upon and hailed by his brother huntsmen as quite a Crimean veteran. Unfortunately his walking leg would not ride, while

his riding leg was a bent one, and did not admit of his walking except with a crutch. Still, with all his ancient pluck, he determined to make one more effort to get a leg which would combine both riding and walking powers, and up to London he again journeyed as "a forlorn hope." His first essay on horseback with the new leg was round the ring at Tattersall's (Mr. Edmund Tattersall having lent him a Steamer hunter for the purpose), on the very day that "Big Ben" sent forth its first thunder-peals, no doubt in honour of his being "once more on the shopboard." An afternoon's ride round by Earl's Court and Brompton, wound up by two strong gallops down Rotten Row, where he seemed as much out of season as a butterfly in a frost, and a lesson in walking from a fellow sufferer, concluded his metropolitan training. This "Patent American Leg" only weighs 3¼lbs. with all its fastenings; and its inventor, Mr. Palmer, unfortunately has to wear one. He lost his leg when he was only a child of ten, during his daily labour in a tanner's bark mill; but he was nearly twenty-two before he succeeded in solving the problem of artificial locomotion. His own story of his "first thoughts" on the subject, as told in *The Scalpel*,* is as follows:—"It was winter, and excessively cold. I was dissatisfied with my Anglesey leg, and requested one of my brothers to bring me a section of a young willow tree, then standing on the farm. He did so, and being no practical mechanic, I went to work on it with a jack-knife and 'a shave,' such as coopers use. After having fashioned it into something like the shape of a leg, I placed it over night in the oven to dry out the sap. In some few days I had so far completed it as to arrange the plan I had conceived for the joints; and at twenty-two

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* May, 1854.

years of age I mounted it, and set off for the National Fair at Washington, held in May, 1846. There I received great encouragement, and was introduced to most of the distinguished men." The great difficulty with which his English licensee (Mr. Edwin Osborne, of Savile-row) had to contend with in Joe's case, was the contraction and stiffness of the knee, which bent the stump quite back, and at first sight seemed to render matters hopeless. By great perseverance, however, the stump has been "got out" considerably, and now, instead of being bent under the knee, it acts bravely in a socket of its own. A lever was applied all night for weeks (a mere trifle after the *firing*), to keep the joint in position, and even the whips have an occasional turn at "rubbing in" and "drawing out" morning and evening. As it still seems "outward bound," two or three months will no doubt see him walking better than he has ever done since his accident; and he showed on his Seighford day (Jan. 19th) how he can still ride to hounds. The foot is fastened to the stirrup by a little bit of elastic, which would snap if there was any fall, and to see him on horseback, it is impossible to detect, except from a slight tendency to lean to the off side, that he has a false leg at all.

But we must not forget the other great coevals of Pevorett and his game rider—Lord Delamere on his chestnut Wynnstay, Sir Richard Brooke on his Irish rat-tailed mare, whom Tom Hewitt, of Liverpool, brought over from Mullingar fair; Mr. Leycester, of Toft, on his Astbury horse; Mr. Rowland Warburton on his fifteen-hand thorough-breds; Captain France on his steeple-chase mare Brenda; and Mr. Gleig, as patient and as certain to be thereabouts at a finish as Sam Chifney, on his Kangaroo. This rare animal was fully 16 hands, with an eye and ear as good as its Australian namesake, and was afterwards to be seen grazing, after his triumphs, in the park at Trentham.

In later times no better pair crossed Cheshire than Mr. John White on his Merry Lad. Although he was upwards of sixteen-one, he had action like a pony, and at timber there was nothing to touch him. He was hired at first from Mr. Tilbury, who furnished fifteen to twenty horses for the season when Mr. White took the Cheshire country, and was afterwards purchased for 200 guineas.

The Cheshire Pack is generally supposed to have been established about two hundred years ago, and nearly all the first hounds were red tan, a colour which is still often to be found in the kennel; while the blue pie, which was first introduced by the Duke of Rutland's Saladin, appears at intervals by breeding. The name of this hound was nearly as dear to the Cheshire huntsmen as Ranger, one of Earl Fitzwilliam's blood, was to the late Tom Carter's father. In fact, when the latter had ridden over for a few days' stay with Lord Scarboro's huntsman, he would put down his glass in an evening, and shout, "*Ranger! hoy! Ranger!*" unceasingly for as long as a short burst. Early in the century the noted Bill Gaff hunted them, and at that time they went one week out of the four, during the season, to the Woore kennels, with a host of scarlets in their train. There was very little bed for Bill that week, but he used to snatch some two or three hours from his pipe and his blue ruin, of which he could drink enough to float a man of war, and turn out with his boots oiled, and himself "all right," at cockcrow. Sir Peter Warburton, of Arley Hall, was then the master; his hounds were large and slashing, and his glass of ale the best in the county. The runs used to be of immense length. One day they gave up so far from home, that Gaff, having a fixture on the Forest early next day, took the freshest horse and went back during the night, leaving the wearied whips and hounds to follow at leisure. Having no other resource, he thrust the

boiler into a red coat, and the pair found a fox with the second pack, and killed him at Bryn-y-pys, after a regular crow-flight of twenty-five miles. Luckily the puppies were out at walk when the madness occurred in the kennel in 1842; and as twenty-five couple were entered the next season, the original blood was kept right. For many weeks, watchers with long leathern gauntlets and badger tongs held their dull sentry, night after night, to drag out each hound to his doom the moment he showed any symptoms. Each of them was then chained in a separate kennel; but the subtle poison crept on and on, and at last sixty couple of working hounds, as clever and bony as any in England, had to be destroyed. The shooting days of a noble racing Earl among his thorough-breds, was nothing to the final slaughter; and the poor victims were replaced by fifty couple of Mr. Codrington's hounds.

But this gradual digression from the bays and the chestnuts into the world of the blue-pies and the red-tans, gives warning that our horse-notes are exhausted for the present. Be this as it may, it was with some distant notion of a chapter on hunting that we were lingering lately near a meet, when a pert young townsman, evidently "out for the day," rode up, and determined at all hazards to make some remark to the huntsman.

"You'll not 'ave got all your dogs out, I fancy, sir?" he began.

"No," was the curt reply of the latter, as he eyed his man; "thirty couple more at home."

"Thirty couple more!" was the rejoinder. "If you 'ad them all out, what an 'owling they'd make!"

The grim disgust of the old huntsman, and the satisfied smirk of the distinguished commentator, formed a never-to-be-forgotten *tableau*. There they sat eyeing each other, the breathing types of the Tom Moody and the "little Tom Noddy" schools;

and it was the strange contrast between the two which first decided us to try whether we could not collect some evidence as to the hounds and huntsmen of the era, when the sport had just ceased to be a mere home-spun drama, interspersed with "Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn," and its jovial Tantivy chorus, crackling logs in the ingle, sparkling Diana Vernons, with an occasional Tony Lumpkin for contrast, and chaplains who could find a hare-form with much greater precision than the lessons for the day.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AULD LANG SYNE.

"Ay, perish the thought!
May the day never come,
When the gorse is uprooted,
The foxhound is dumb!"

EITHER from a desire of instruction, from curiosity, or amusement, every man, whatever his pursuit may be, feels anxious to learn from history the antecedents of those who have been engaged in the same occupation. To a sportsman nothing can be so interesting as the legends of the chase. In early days, some two hundred years ago, the higher orders of society took no interest in, and were wholly ignorant of, the science of hunting; and it was many years before periwigs and satin vests gave way to the green coat and brown tops. The only sportsman was the old rough squire, who had never been far from the purlieus of his mansion. The smart sportsman of the present day, who breakfasts at nine o'clock, and rides his hack twenty miles to covert, will hardly believe the style and habit of those days. Our ancestors used to breakfast in the baronial hall, on well-seasoned hashes and old October; and the huntsman and whippers-in, in the servants' hall, on the same good cheer. Thus fortified against the morning air, they sallied out at early dawn to enjoy the sports of the field. In those days there were no regular coverts. The whole country was a mass of straggling gorse,

heather, or weeds, and it was quite a chance where you could find a fox. The only certainty was getting on a drag and hunting up to him, which was the system invariably pursued. We confess we are at a loss to know from whence the present splendid foxhound originally sprung. The beagle and the bloodhound are the sorts we chiefly have record of. It might have been a cross between the two. The beagle might have been preserved in its original state, and the bloodhound, with the cross of the beagle, might have constituted the foxhound. Be that as it may, before the days of Meynell the world were in a mist as to the science of the chase. He it was who first introduced quick hunting; he found that the only way to kill a good fox was never to let him get ahead of him. His hounds were quick and powerful, and never hung on the line, but got to head before they began to handle the scent. The consequence was that there was always a body fighting for it, and making the most of it, good or bad whichever it might be. He had plenty of line hunters; but when the forward hounds struck the scent, they flew to the head, and did not chatter and tie on it. Instead of hunting each other they were hunting the fox. It was delightful to see them come out of covert, when he was away. They did not all go through the same gap, but be the fence what it might, they generally got together, before the leading hounds were over the first field. Before hard riding (that bane of hunting) became the fashion, it is reported that he bred his hounds with more chase than in later days; but when the system of pressing them began, he was obliged to breed them with more hunt, or they could not have kept the line. It was not from their great speed, but from their everlasting going, and never leaving it, which tired the horse and killed the fox. The Quorn hounds had one great disadvantage to contend against, which was, that they had no woodlands, where they could begin early in the

autumn, on account of the corn. For this reason Meynell stooped them to hare in the spring, to get them handy when they began hunting. So far it had the desired effect, but they never were thoroughly steady. There is a story of their having had a brilliant burst of twenty minutes, and killing a hare in the turnpike road amongst the field; Meynell, without showing anger or surprise, very calmly remarked, as on the occasion alluded to in the last chapter, "Ah, there are days when they will hunt anything." Meynell was the great luminary of the chase, from whom all sporting planets borrowed their light. Still, although one would suppose they must have been conscious of his pre-eminence, it was long before they availed themselves of it.

Lord Monson's were the hounds which approximated nearer to Meynell's than any others of the day; and, indeed, take them for every sort of country, woodland and open, they were of very superior order.

Lord Lonsdale (then Sir James Lowther) was a cotemporary of Meynell, but never would breed from his blood. He persisted in keeping the slow-hunting large hounds, which he had always been accustomed to, and a good fox over the country was above his hands. He pursued the same system till late in life, when it was generally believed that Colonel Lowther had the management. Whether that be the case or not, their character was entirely changed; they were lighter, quicker, and for several years had as good sport as any hounds in the country.

John Warde was another cotemporary of Meynell, but never would cross with him. He was prejudiced in favour of the old heavy slow hound, and affected to hold Meynell cheap. His prejudice was so strong that he once got two of his draft hounds of the meanest description, which he used to show as specimens of the Quorn hounds. He called them Queer'em and

Quornite; but we believe he never entered them, and kept them as a derision on the pack.

Charles and Harry Warde were both fine horsemen and first-rate sportsmen, and whether they ever attempted to influence the old squire to change his style of hound we know not, but be that as it may, he never did. Robert Forfeit hunted them many years, and did as well as any one could with that sort of pack. Talking of sportsmen, Jem Butler was the man, as he probably knew more of hunting, and studied the genius of the hound more than any one of his time. He had a peculiar method of breaking his hounds, which no one before him ever carried to so great excess, or with such perfect success. He did not put a whipper-in before and another behind them to prevent their breaking away; and he never would have them rated till they had committed a fault. "Let them wander where they will," he used to say, "if they run a hare, they cannot run her long, without checking, and that's the time to rate 'em." He was no advocate for the whip. "As long as the old hounds are steady," he said, "I can make the young ones so without flogging." He knew when to let them alone, and when to stir 'em, better than most men. Originally he was whipper-in to Bob Forfeit, till Bob gave it up, and then he succeeded him. In his younger days he lived with Sir Clement Cotterell, in Oxfordshire, and hunted his otter hounds, and after that hunted a pack of beagles; and he had such an eye that he could almost prick a hare in his gallop. One of his invariable rules was never to get their heads up. If he viewed a fox, he would, even if they were at a check, give them a certain time to work it out, and if obliged to lift them, would do it in a trot, and keep their noses down as if trying for it. His opinion was that they never enjoyed it after a lift as if they had done it themselves. His pace in casting was always guided by the scent he was engaged with; but

careful as he was on this point, we have known him cross the line, and come back over the same ground in the slowest walk, hit him, hunt up to him, and kill him. Had he had full scope for his genius, he would have been handed down as the first sportsman that ever graced the annals of the chase.

What may be done by change of system, good judgment, and common sense, is illustrated most strongly in the instance of the late Lord Spencer, then Lord Althorp, when he took the Pytcheley country. He gave 1000 guineas to John Warde for his hounds, and never bred, we believe, but from one dog hound in the pack, who was bred by Mr. Lee Anthony. His name was Charon, and he was the sire of some of the best hounds in after-days, and amongst them of a bitch called Arrogant, who was perhaps the most extraordinary hound that ever hunted a fox. She combined hunting, chasing, nose, and stoutness, in a manner that no hound we ever heard of could equal. Lord Althorp sent his bitches to the best hounds in the kingdom, regardless of any trouble or expense. He began with a pack which with anything like a scent invariably tired to their fox ; and drawing for a second, after even a very moderate run, was a thing quite out of the question. It must be allowed, however, that John Warde's hounds had one quality, which to a man about to form a pack was most invaluable, and that was their extreme steadiness. There were between twenty and thirty couple of old hounds, who would run nothing but fox. As schoolmasters they were beyond all value, and mainly contributed to the great superiority which the pack in future years so strongly evinced. When my lord got what he liked, it was one of the most perfect establishments that ever took the field. They could hunt, they could chase, were stout and steady, and in short could do everything a man could wish. No scent was too good and none too bad for them. They could cut

him up in fifty minutes, or could hunt him for three hours. In a catching, ticklish scent (the most difficult of all), they would show their wonderful prowess. Whatever it was, they would go up to it, and when they could not carry it on, would lean to it, to tell you which way to hold them. Charles King and Jack Wood were brilliants of the first water, and what was of the greatest importance, they were good friends. They used to split them in their cast, and make their circle in half the time that rural sportsmen are wont to do, so that instead of losing time, and dropping to hunting, they killed many a fox, who would otherwise have walked away from them. They were splendidly mounted, and in short the whole thing was perfect. Hunting was Lord Althorp's *forte*, and pity it was that he ever turned his mind away from it.

Lord Spencer's (father of the late lord) was a fine powerful pack, something in the style of Lord Monson's, but they had not the sport they ought to have had. Dick Knight had the whole management of them, both as to breeding and hunting them. He was a fine horseman, and was magnificently mounted, but he had no patience. He thought he knew better than the hounds, and was too fond of lifting them. There was an old story of a run he had with a fox, the skin of whose head was nailed over one of the stable doors at Pytcheley. He found him at Sywell Wood, and recognised him as an old friend, from a peculiar mode of twisting his brush over his back. He had beat him several times, and he was determined if possible to have him by fair means or foul. Knowing the line he had before taken, he did not lay them on the scent, but lifted them beyond Orlingbury, where he viewed him, and where he laid them on close at him ; at the first check he lifted them again beyond Finedon, where he viewed him again ; and at the next check beyond Burton Wold, where he again viewed him ; and thus

either chased him or lifted them to Grafton Park, where they ran into him. The distance was at least ten miles from point to point, and it was supposed the hounds were not four miles on scent the whole way. We mention this story to show the system he pursued. He had neither patience nor perseverance, and was always for finding a fresh fox. Having plenty of horses, he would gallop off miles distant. Half the field thought the hounds were running, and did not discover their mistake till they got to a fresh covert, with their horses half done. Such, we believe, to have been the mode generally adopted by the renowned Dick Knight.

Sir Thomas Mostyn, who hunted Oxfordshire, had a splendid pack—perhaps as powerful a one as ever hunted: they had, however, very little sport, and were the victims of unconquerable prejudice. Sir Thomas seldom saw any hounds except his own, and had a great dread of tongue; the consequence was that they were nearly mute. He had a bitch called Lady, a draft from Lord Lonsdale, from whom sprung most of his pack: she bred them nearly mute, and notwithstanding, he continued to breed from her blood almost entirely. They would go hopping on a scent two or three fields together without speaking, so that a person who was not accustomed to them would hardly know whether they were on scent or not. They could not hold the line, solely from want of tongue; and unless they got away close to him, and had a burning scent, they could never catch him: the moment they came to hunting the game was up. Stephen Goodall, the huntsman, was a clever man, and knew hunting thoroughly. He must have been fully aware of their great defect, but he had nothing to do with the breeding, as Sir Thomas, we believe, managed that department entirely himself. Stephen weighed upwards of twenty stone, and could of course never be there at a critical moment.

Sir Thomas was unlucky in his huntsmen. In early days he had the great Mr. Shawe—a fine horseman, and a cheery one over the country if things went well; but if they could not hunt him, he tried to hunt him himself, and he soon got their heads up. He afterwards had a huntsman named Teesdale, who had been a coachman, and knew better how to handle the ribbons than to handle a scent. Hence he was driven to old Stephen, who, if he could have been reduced ten stone, would have been invaluable; but except as a kennel huntsman, he did him little good. Although Stephen had little sport with Sir Thomas, he had an extraordinary season in Oxfordshire in 1799-1800, with Lord Sefton. They had a pack of hounds, the refuse of every kennel, and tainted with every fault—pushers, skirters, some which had not power to go up to a scent, and some which would go without one. However, it being a wonderful scenting season, they had such a year's sport as was probably never known in Oxfordshire before or since. Stephen went with Lord Sefton into Leicestershire, where he hunted the young pack, and showed the greatest science in breaking them; and he afterwards came to Sir Thomas, where he remained till he gave it up.

The late Mr. Drake was a sportsman of the highest caste, and when he got Sir Thomas's hounds he very soon changed their character. They wanted nothing but tongue, which he soon gave them. He got a hound or two from Lord Yarborough, and sent his bitches whenever he thought he could get a cross to suit him. Every one who hunted with him latterly must allow his hounds to be as good as they could be.

There was another pack in those days the counterpart of Sir Thomas Mostyn's, which were Lord Vernon's. They were many years under the management of Mr. George Talbot, who split on the same

rock as Sir Thomas, namely, his dread of tongue. They were a fine powerful pack, though inclined to be rather upright in the shoulders. With a good scent they could split him up in the best form, but when they got into difficulties the weak points came out. When they were stopped by sheep, or from any other cause, and the chase hounds held themselves on and got on the line, they would not cry the scent, but whimpered like hedge-sparrows, so that the line hunters could not hear them, and they were always slipping one another.

The Grafton hounds in olden times, early in the present century, were managed by old Joe Smith, and were different from any hounds of the present day. They were rather round than deep in their bodies, had good legs and feet, were very stout, but wild as hawks. No fox could live before them if he hung, and they did not change; but over the open, when the morning flash was on them, they could not hold it, and could never pinch him. They ran by ear more than by nose; and when they got to a ride half the pack would leave the cry, hop round to the next ride, cock up their ears till they heard the others bringing it on, and then throw themselves in at his brush. In the latter days of Joe Smith, Tom Rose hunted them, and for many years afterwards had the whole control over them. He bred them much larger, but never altered their character. He was a fine joyous old fellow as ever cheered a hound, and no one knew better what he was about. Being once asked why he bred his hounds so wild—"Why?" says he; "I'll tell you why. Nine days out of ten I am in a wood. Every fox I find I mean to kill, and these hounds are the sort that will have him. An open country and a woodland pack are different things. What you call a good pack will never catch a bad fox, and as I want to hunt *him* instead of his hunting *me*, I think my hounds best calculated for my country." In the after-

noon, when the fly was off them, no hounds would hunt better; but, as we all know, in the afternoon the bloom is off—then men, horses, and hounds have had their first sweat, and the only one of the party who is fresh is the fox. You may hunt him till dark, but if he be good for aught you will never grab him. After the old Duke's death, the late Lord Southampton took them, and Tom Rose continued to hunt them. They were kept much in the same form, and with the same result: in short, he killed his foxes in the woodlands, and they beat him in the open.

His lordship's great delight was to breed them stout, and if ever a hound tired he never took him out again. He had a hound called Dragon, the wildest and the stoutest hound that ever hunted. When he was running for his fox at the end of a long day, you might see him with his head up, waving his stern, and throwing himself into a wood as fresh as if he had just come out. After Lord Southampton's death, the late Duke took them, and old Tom hunted them till he was obliged to give it up. His son hunted them for a short time, and then they fell into the hands of George Carter. George tried, and succeeded in a great degree, in making them an open country pack: he got out of the woods whenever he could, drafted the skylarkers, and, though he never got them steady, he killed his foxes. He could not kill a bad fox, like Tom Rose with his wild-boys, but he was the first man in that country who could ever catch a good one over the open.

In our passing records of the chase we must not forget the redoubtable Jack Musters. Hunting was his study and delight, and no man knew more about it. He was as much alive to the wiles of a fox as he was quick in discovering the sagacity of a hound. When his fox was beat, and began to play tricks, no man was so patient, so quiet, or ever killed more often after a run. He had the knack of keeping their heads down;

as he well knew if once they got them up, by hallooing and lifting, he never could get them down again, which is the cause of being so often beat after a fine run. He was a capital horseman, though rather too heavy for the first flight, but he was always there when wanted, and never upset his horse. As to the condition of his hounds we will not say much. He did not like to let his capital lie dead, and did not lay in a stock of meal, whereby their coats stared, and they were not up to the mark. The best evidence of his knowledge and judgment was that, although he was for ever changing his hounds, he always, after a time, had them good. He had a happy method of making them fond of him, and he made them do what he liked. In short, he was at the very top of his profession—a very senior wrangler in the science.

Talking of wild hounds, perhaps there never was a pack so thoroughly wild as that of the late Lord Fitzwilliam's in 1810 or thereabouts. They never were known to hold a scent for half a mile. They were noisy in the extreme, either with or without scent; they forced and flew, and had every fault which hound ever possessed. Added to this, they were so fat that, had they been as steady as they were the contrary, they could never have killed a good fox. The establishment was splendid in the extreme. The stud was magnificent, being chiefly drafted from the racing stable, and they had everything which money could furnish, except sport: utter want of knowledge in Will Dean, the huntsman, wholly marred it. The greatest praise is due to Lord Althorp and Mr. Drake, as sportsmen, for changing the character of their hounds, but we are not sure that more credit is not to be attached to Tom Sebright than to either of them. The former had a steady pack to begin with, and the latter only wanted tongue; whereas Tom went to sea without a compass, and hav-

ing every fault to contend against without one redeeming virtue. How he got them right, or how long he was about it, we know not, but that he did is an accomplished fact, as for many years he had a pack which the proudest man in the realm might well be proud of. There is a Latin adage, the English of which is, "If a man is not born a poet, you can't make him one." Tom was bred and born a sportsman. His father, old Tom Sebright, knew hunting thoroughly, and hunted the New Forest hounds at the beginning of the present century.

The hunting in that country, in the month of April, is charming beyond description. A bright gaudy day is not generally supposed to be favourable for hunting; but in the New Forest, in the spring, it cannot be too brilliant; in fact, in wet weather they can do nothing. About the year 1802 they hunted thirteen days in April, and perhaps the first or second of May, and killed eleven foxes after a run: not the sort of run you have in Leicestershire, of ten or twelve miles from point to point, but to a man who really likes hunting it is inconceivably beautiful. With good health, youth on your side, pink and leathers in prime trim, and a pleasant nag, nothing could be more enchanting or heart-stirring than the meet in the New Forest on a lovely morning. The bogs in that country, which extend for miles, are as deep as the lake of Avernus; and if you get in, you will never get out again, at least with your horse. Here the foxes delight to lie; and seeing them draw up to him is one of the most delicious sensations imaginable. They go with their heads up, sniffing the breeze, and show you that he is there, though they can't speak to him. At length you hear a tongue, then another and another, till "the sweet melody enraptures the senses, and chases all your cares away." There was no driving 'em over the line, as is now the wont, but the old foresters were all

sportsmen, and knew when they were on the scent and when off it. They had not more than eighteen couple of effective hounds, but they were the cream of the cream. Old Tom knew the Forest well, and showed the hand of a master there. The hounds were mainly descended from a hound bred by Lord Egremont, called Jasper, who was a model of a fox-hound both in shape and work. In those days there was a club at the King's house at Lyndhurst, where there was a jovial party, good cheer, and, to a lover of hunting, the month of April was altogether a month of pleasure without alloy.

There were no hounds more deserving of notice than the Oakley, in days of yore. About the year 1808 or 1809, as well as we recollect, the Duke of Bedford took them under his guidance: he was then a young man, and had no knowledge of hunting. His huntsman, George Wells, had not then had experience to make him sage, and was rather of the wild-boy school. The Duke had no prejudices, went out with other packs, and profited by what he saw. He found he was wrong, both in his theory and practice, and instead of following the wild lifting system, adopted quietness almost to excess, and his pack became in consequence one of the most efficient in the kingdom. George Wells soon discovered that he had been on the wrong tack, that the more he did for them the less they would do for themselves, and from inclination, as well as conviction, willingly acquiesced in the Duke's wishes. Their symmetry was perhaps unrivalled, and they were altogether as good as they were handsome. The fatigue of the chase was too much for his Grace's health, and we believe no man ever gave it up with greater reluctance.

Before we close we must not forget the venerable Mr. Corbet, who for so many years hunted Warwickshire. He did not ride hard, but his huntsman,

Will Barrow, was a fine horseman, and knew what he was about. His hounds, perhaps, had rather too much hunt, but they had altogether inimitable sport. A more popular master of hounds never hunted. In him was combined the high-bred English gentleman with the thorough sportsman, and his memory will be fondly cherished in Warwickshire as long as memory lasts.

## CHAPTER XV.

### DICK CHRISTIAN'S LECTURE.

"The Mayor and Magistrates all said they could not ride; and on some gentlemen present saying Alderman —— could ride, Alderman —— said he had not been on a horse for eighteen years, and he would hold any one responsible who would venture to say he could ride."—REX *v.* PINNEY (Bristol Riots), 5 C. & P., 281.

WHEN I first espied this memorable confession, I fear that I rather despised my fellow-man. A little reflection, however, convinced me that either its utterer or the gentleman who remarked "It's not the big fences I'm afraid of—I never go near them; but it's the little ones I don't like," were just as much qualified as myself to write a chapter on the philosophy of cross-country horsemanship. I may be as fond in my heart of the sport as Lord Elcho's huntsman, who declared it was all he could do to refrain from standing up and giving a "View holloa" when Dr. Chalmers* delivered that stirring passage from the pulpit, in 1791, on "the ancestral dignity and glory of the favourite pastime of joyous old England;" but I fear that my practice might prove like that of the same great divine's, who tried to calculate, from the relative length of intervals between each of his falls, how far a dozen falls would carry him, and exchanged his horse after the tenth for one

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* See "Chalmers' Life," vol. i. p. 223.

of Baxter's works. In this difficulty I bethought myself of copying the example of the Mechanics' Institutes, and engaging a lecturer; and no one seemed so fitted as that great Professor of rough-riding, the veteran Dick Christian,* to tell how horses were tamed and how fields were won. It was on a cold frosty evening, early last January, that I first met the Professor by a comfortable fireside at Melton, and drew forth my trusty steel pen to report his lectures. I had never seen him before, and certainly seventy-eight winters have dealt gently with him. There he sat, the same light-legged sturdy five-foot-six man, with apparently nearly all that muscular breadth of chest and vigour of arm which enabled him in his heyday to lift a horse's fore-quarters as high, if not higher, over a fence, than any man who ever rode to hounds. He seemed to be anxious to jump off at score upon his great Marigold feat, the account of which had just been cut out of an old newspaper and sent him by a friend; but I called him back, and asked him what sort of boy he was, and got him well-away on that theme from the post at last.

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Cottesmore was my native place, when Sir Horace Mann kept his harriers there. Father would have me made a scholar, but I was all for horses: they were still my hobby. In room of going to school, I always slipped down to the head groom, Stevenson (he was the beginning of me, was Stevenson; he was a nice man!), at Sir Horace's riding-school, and rode the horses till the boys came out: then off I slips home to dinner with my books, quite grave. Father never knew of it, and the master *he* never told of me;

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* Chapel-street, Melton.

not *he.* I loved nothing like horses. When I was only six or seven, I used to go out on my pony, bare-back, and jump everything right and left, just like other people. My word! I could set a good many of them then! I'll tell you a story about a bull—a regular good'un. Ecod, how you make me laugh!—I wish I was twenty years younger. It would be about a year and a half before I left Cottesmore—there was a holiday-making, and this ere bull was in a field. Some one said "You daren't ride him, Dick;" so up I gets—off he goes, right away to Cottesmore, and the whole fair after me! You know the brook there? Well, he was so beat that he downs his head when he gets to it, and slithers me right off. Flat on my back I comes: on him again, and blame me if I didn't ride him whiles he was so blown he could run no longer! It's truth, every word I'm telling you. There was quite a hunt after the bull, and the farmer laughed and said nothing: he know'd me, you see, already, and my riding tricks—I was a queer un.

I would be somewhere about twelve and a half when I went to Sir Horace Mann's racing stables: they were at Barham Downs in Kent, but he had only two or three horses. I rode my first race in a blue jacket, on Barham Downs—I think I was second. There wasn't more than four and a half stone of me then. I rode the same mare at Margate, and had a bad accident there: a chaise crossed the course, and nearly broke my knee. That was a two or three year job. I was so lame I went home again, and father sent me to school for a bit. When I got better, I took a mare of Major Chiseldine's, of Somerby, on the Burrow Hills, down to Timms the trainer, at Nottingham. We galloped them on old Sherwood Forest, and took them to water at the Beeston Water-mill—the spot's all covered with factories now. Home again I comes to Cottesmore, and then

I had just a lark. Blame me if I didn't ride twenty races in one week at Burleigh Park. What a week it was, to be sure!—cricketing, horse-racing, pony-racing, hacks—catch-weights—all sorts of fun. Lord Milsington was there (him as married the Duke of Ancaster's daughter), and the gentlemen would match us. I was to ride a pony; so I gets niggling before him at the start, and he called me back, so angry. How the gentlemen did laugh, to be sure! It was only half a mile: away I jumps, and he never catched me—it wouldn't be more than half a length at last. What a deal they made of me! they carried me into the tent, and gave me three glasses of wine and a fine mounted whip. They had a deal more fun than that with me. When I had beat Lord Milsington, the late Lord Winchilsea made a match with Captain Bligh, for me to ride a donkey and he to run afoot half a mile. Such fun you never saw in your life! But my word, I beat him at last, and they gave me my first gold guinea. Captain Bligh, he was a first-rate runner and cricketer.

After this 'ere racing concern, Sir Gilbert Heathcote sent his huntsman, Abbey, for me to go over to Normanton Park. Stevenson went with me, and Sir Gilbert and his lady (she was very kind to me, bless her!) came out to us. My lady quite laughed. "That little thing for a riding groom!" she said; "he can't sit on a horse." "Try him, my lady," said Stevenson (you see, he always spoke up for me); "give him one saddled and one to lead." Up I gets with the two, and off across the park, and galloped them till Sir Gilbert holloas me to stop. Didn't I take it out of them! "He'll do," they said; "he can hold anything." So they gave me six guineas a year, and all my clothes, lots of them, and half a guinea board when they were out. I always rode out with my lady in a blue coat and striped waistcoat. The first race Sir Gilbert ever had a horse in I rode

at Lincoln ; and I won it too. His colour was scarlet and black cap then ; I don't know about this "French grey." There were ten of us ran. He gave all the money away : such a to-do as never was seen. They called her Petite, and I got a 10*l.* note. I might have betted an odd quart of ale, but I had nothing to back her with. Then I got into sad trouble about playing a trick on the billy-goat : what a row there was to be sure ! It was the grooms put me up to it. Sir Gilbert sent me off the next morning. I was at home all Sunday ; then Abbey comes for me, and says as her ladyship was very bad about my going. My blood was up, and I wouldn't go back ; but they coaxed me, so I said I would go if father would leave his farm for a day and come with me. So away we three goes, and into Sir Gilbert's study. I wasn't going to be brought back that way without making some one pay ; so I says to Sir Gilbert (I was always a one for speaking up), "I'll stay if you'll raise my wages, Sir Gilbert, and I want ten guineas." So he said, "Very well," and gives me half a sovereign to make up matters. I wasn't a bit to blame about the billy-goat : I never knew what he'd go and do. So I stayed there fifteen years. Sometimes I rode after my lady, and then they made me second horseman. It was then I first jumped the Whissendine brook ; I couldn't be more than six or seven stone. Sir Gilbert's horse refused, so he gets off, and I rode one horse and led the other at it. What an owdacious young dog I was ! They were Lord Lonsdale's hounds. I got over rarely with the two ; I must have jumped that brook thousands of times ; I jumped it back'ards and for'ards four times in one day. I think I was in every time. Thorough-bred horses are so frightened of water, but they jump better than any when they do take to it. It was often a job for me, when I was at Sir Gilbert's, to go a brook jumping ; there'd be three of us : of course, I'd

be on top of the horse; that wur always my place. One 'ud lead, and the other would keep driving him at it with a great waggon whip — sometimes in, sometimes over; many's the sousing I've had. I mind Sir Gilbert once gave me a sovereign for that work: I had had a regular hydrophobia gentleman to tackle that day. Sir Gilbert took to the Cottesmore hounds for a time, and he made me head groom; then he got me a man to help, and I used to go out and act as whip: Lord Forester would talk of it if he were alive; I must have done it for two seasons. Let me see: I first broke my leg in February, 1799, coming from hunting, on a favourite mare of Sir Gilbert's; they called her Chance; she fell with me on the road about seven o'clock, between Exton and Whitwell; I hopped a quarter of a mile to Whitwell, and Mr. Springthorpe, a good English farmer, caught my mare and hoisted me on her. I rode to Normanton Park in furious pain: the thought of it makes me wince to this day; my word it does; I feel it now, as I sit here.

Then the Prince of Wales, he comes to Normanton, and gives me ten guineas for mounting of him. I put him as often as I could on Buffalo; he was sold at Tattersall's for 500 guineas, and the Prince bought him. He was a strange man for a bit of fun. Old Tot Hinckley, the dealer, was a great man with him. I mind him and the Duke of Clarence coming down the stable-yard, and they says, "Here's Old Tot;" and they shoves him into a blacksmith's shop, and locks him in. They were uncommon fond, I've heard, of locking people in; I don't see no fun in it myself. Mr. Assheton Smith used to be staying with Sir Gilbert; he was the best rider amongst them. Then there was Lord Forester, Mr. Cholmondley, Mr. Lindow, Lord Willoughby, and a lot more. Mr. Smith bought a fine grey horse I rode then, and

hunted him in Leicestershire; he had killed a man or two; I had a fine jump on him; you see I always liked to be forward enough, and it was a tremendous fence, but I got well over. The huntsman daren't go; Sir Gilbert he was frightfully angry; he called to him, "You daren't come, sir! daren't you? You on a 400-guinea horse, and you can't follow little Dick, a lad—I'll discharge you, if you don't;" and, my word, he did discharge him too. We ran from Tilton Wood and killed under Billesdon Coplow. I had pretty nearly all the fun to myself after that fence. Then we had that "Prince of Wales's day;" he was nowhere, bless you; they gave him the brush though, just to please him. We found at Armley Wood, then through Empingham, Cottesmore Wood, straight through Exton Park, across the North Road by Horn Lane toll bar, through Ardwick Wood, where the balloon from Nottingham fell, The Lings, Towthorpe Oaks, Stamford Field-side, Royal Belthorpe, Rasen Gretford; then we came to Langtoft and Deeping—let me see—and Tallerton, and then by Uppington Wood, and killed at Essendine Park—that's it. Six horses died in the field; there they laid heels up'ards. Mr. Charles Manners and Sir Gilbert were up first. There must have been twenty-two miles or more. The crow would have made sixteen or seventeen of it. The late Lord Lonsdale was out, and Lindow, and Germaine, and Vanneck. I would be about twenty-eight then, and somewhere about ten stone. Me and Sir Gilbert, we went on till he gave up hounds; that would be 1809; deary me! it's getting on for fifty years: how time does go! His horses, they were all sold at Tattersall's; thirty on 'em made about 5000*l.* Then, you see, I went into a farm at Luffenham for eight years. I had married before I was twenty; children, indeed! I have had one-and-twenty of 'em, all alive, born and christened; the twentieth's alive now, and little Freddy he's the nine-

teenth of 'em. This small-pox took me when I was close on sixty; it would be just before I jumped into that hole. Well, I'll tell you about that after. I kept my hunter when I was a farmer. I had a little mare for Croxton Park Races; that was the first horse-flesh speculation I ever had. We used to enter at the keeper's house, and I heard Mr. Berkeley Craven say to Lord Forester, "This little black beggar's got a devilish good mare, and thinks to win the Farmers' Plate." So Lord Forester he comes up, and he says, "If your mare wins, Mr. Christian, I'll give you 300 guineas for her before she goes out of the park." But I didn't: they never ketched me till very near home, but she was in season, and she shut up when they collared her. How I did whip her, to be sure! She did just the same next heat; but I got 10 guineas for her being second, and Lord Forester bought her that day for 160 guineas. I had other horses after that. I used to train them at Luffenham, on Barreton Heath. I won lots of races at Leicester and Nottingham; then I gave up the farm, and I comes to Melton.

Sir James Musgrave and Mr. Maxse got me to come. I had been there before. The first night I ever slept there was the night before the first steeple-chase that was ever run in Leicestershire—mind you put that down. Lord Forester, Sir Gilbert, and Mr. Meynell ran. It was for 100 guineas a side, eight miles, from Barkby Holt to Billesdon Coplow and back again; no rules as to gates or roads; each to come as he could. It was a grand race till three-quarters of a mile from home: poor Sir Gilbert! he got jammed in a bullock pen—that threw him last, and Mr. Meynell won. Lord Plymouth was what you'd call my first master; he gave me 20 guineas a season, and 15*s.* a time for each schooling besides. If a strange gentleman asked me, I had my pound. I've rode as many as twenty fresh horses in a week, and

had three out with hounds: they were fixed for me. Lord Plymouth had twenty-three or twenty-four of them at one time; he would arrange for me to ride his horses a quarter of an hour, half an hour, three-quarters, two hours sometimes; he wouldn't buy unless you asked your three or four hundred guineas. Philo and Vespasian, they were grand horses. Then there was Juniper; he was a tremendous horse—I broke him. When he made that Clinker and Clasher steeple-chase match, Captain Ross wanted to buy him in room of Clinker. He bought Smasher, too, of Sir Harry Goodricke, for 1500 guineas—great fine horse that was. Friar of Orders Grey, he was a nice one; my lord rode about 11st., but he was not one of your very forward ones. Vespasian gave me a terrible smash—a devil of a shaking that was. Langar nearly killed me; I didn't know where I was for a long time; —he put his foot and pinned me down by the hair of my head, so they told me. I don't know what he did; I knew nothing for a good bit. I practised the horses at water more than anything; sometimes I had thirty of them all a-teaching at one time. I have made as many as five fifteen shillingses before breakfast. It would be nearly twenty-four years I was at that work in Melton, and then I went to Lord Scarboro's. Lord Plymouth, he must have died very nigh about the same time as poor Sir Harry: they both caught cold on the water, with otter-hunting and yachting.

That King of the Valley you've heard of was Mr. Maxse's horse. Old George Marriott—how I have seen him go, to be sure, in the Ranksboro' country!—showed this 'ere grey to Tilbury when the down mail stopped somewhere: he says, "If you don't buy him, I will;" so Tilbury did buy him. There were seven of us in that great go from Nosely Wood to Billesdon Coplow. Field Nicholson won on Magic, and I was second on this King; I got dreadfully crowded

in, and I had two falls, or I should have beat them. Mr. Haycock was leading on Clinker three fields from home, nearly a hundred yards before Magic. Poor Clinker! he was blind with defeat when his bridle came off. I was 200 yards nearer the Coplow when I fell: they talked a deal about my jumping thirty-three feet that day, but I've done a vast more than that.

Clinker's and Clasher's was a great match; they said it was 1500 guineas a side. They sent for me the night before, did Captain White and Captain Ross, and locked me into their room: then they gave me their orders; they says, "We mean you to wait, Dick." I said, "You'd better let me let the horse go along, gentlemen, and not upset him; he'll take a deal more out of himself by waiting." So I got them persuaded round. Old Driver the groom was outside, and he comes up to me—"What do they *shay?* What do you want to wait for?" So I told him I was to go along, and that pleased him, it did. We thought it was all right then. We weighed at Dalby, the Squire and I—bless me! I never was in such condition—and away we trotted to Gartree Hill. They were walking the horses about, and Captain Ross he says to me, "Clinker looks well." "He looks too well, Captain," I said. Then he lifted me up, and he tells me the orders were changed, and I must wait. "It's giving away a certainty," says I, "and if I get a fall then I am all behind." But it was no manner of use talking. Sir Vincent Cotton and Mr. Gilmour they started us, and Mr. Maher he was umpire. We rode twelve stone apiece: I was in tartan, and the Squire, of course he'd be in green. When we are at the post, he says, "Now, Christian, I know what your orders are—I do ask one thing; don't jump on me if I fall." I said, "I'll give you my word, 'Squire,' I won't." The gentlemen they could hardly keep with us, and some of them had two or three horses fixed.

We were almost touching each other over Sharplands, and just before the road I says, "Squire, you're beat for a 100*l*.," but he never made no answer. Joe Tomlin and Charles Christian they stood close against Twyford Brook: I got well over that. Then we had some rails; such stiff uns! Clasher hits them with all four legs, and chucked The Squire right on to his neck; Clinker took 'em like a bird. We were each in a mess then; The Squire he lands in a bog, and his horse makes a dead stop, it did take a deal out of him; then I jumps right into a dung heap, up to Clinker's knees; we had no manner of idea the things were there. Going up John o' Gaunt's field we were together, but I turns to get some rails in the corner; he was such a good one at rails was Clinker; I thought he was winning, but deary me, down he comes at the last fence, dead beat. Clinker he lays for some minutes, and then he gets up as lively as ever; the horse looked in no manner of form, as round as a hoop for all the world, as if he was going to Horncastle Fair. They held Clasher up, and they flung water in his face, and he won in the last hundred yards from superior training, and that's the honest truth. Many didn't like Clinker, but I never got on so good a steeple-chaser. I'll tell you one though that was better, that's Corringham; I won the Grantham Steeple-chase on him, and Mr. Greene bought him for 200 guineas. How hard "The Squire" did ride that match day to be sure! I went up to call on him one afternoon at St. John's Wood, and he pointed to that picture of the finish, hanging up just opposite the fireplace, and he says to me —"Dick, that Clasher and Clinker day beat me a deal more than the 200 miles." He was at his horse all the way. He gave me a mount on Tom Thumb, that great trotting-horse of his, that week; I rode him round Tattersall's paddock; it's like flying. I felt fit to tumble off; I thought he was going

right away from under me; how he did step out to be sure!

Clinker beat Radical easy; I was pilot that journey, it was all I could do to keep ahead on 'em; Polecat got cast in a ditch, when Pilot ran with her; I was pilot there again. Captain Ross rode Clinker against Radical a great match, it would be from Barkby Holt to Billesdon Coplow;—he didn't know whether to take Clinker or a chestnut mare of General Peel's;—he was to have her for 500 guineas if he liked;—so we had a trial over the ground, five on us;—Captain Ross gets on the mare, and puts me on Clinker;—I gave every one of them 10lbs., each of them had thirteen stone, and I did 'em;—it was a deal more than four miles, and we went it in 11¼ minutes;—going the pace, wasn't it, with all that weight? The Captain he was beat half a mile, and Sir Harry, Mr. Holyoake, and Mr. Wormald, they stopped at Quenby Hall. It wasn't much of a secret though, this trial; Melton soon knowed all about it, and it altered the betting a bit;—I was pilot in nearly all those steeplechases you're reading out of *Bell's* there;—they gave me sixty yards, and I was to let the horses come no nearer me than that, and I never did; I knocked down a precious sight of fences for them, but I was never down myself."

This Marigold, I must tell you about her—I have it all in print here. You see, Mr. Coke—what howdacious men to ride he and Sir James Musgrave were to be sure!—he told me, I must always be with hounds—where they went, I must go, if it killed the horse;—so this Marigold I sent her at a hedge;—when I was in the air, I sees my danger;—Frightened? God bless you! I never was frightened in my life; so I pulls her right back, just as she touched the bank, and shot her hind legs right under her;—we made three landings of it;—it was as steep as a house side;—but you'll read all about it there;

and mind you bring that bit of print back, I wouldn't lose it for a little.*

Mr. Meynell was like a regular little apple dumpling on horseback; Mr. Assheton Smith and Lord Forester, them were the men for me. Lord Jersey, too—my word! he was very good; and Sir Charles Knightley, he was one of Lord Jersey's stamp. He'd be more of a Pytcheley man, though many's the time I've seen him in the Harboro' country, and Lord Lonsdale's: it was precious seldom he'd miss a Tilton or an Owston Wood meet. How he used to go, to be sure!—he *would* be with hounds, to see 'em do their work. Blame me, but I've seen him, at the end of a run, all blood and thorns. Mr. Smith, he

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* To prevent the catastrophe so darkly hinted at by the Professor, we reprint the extract.

DANGEROUS HUNTING EXPLOIT.—The following extraordinary feat was last week inadvertently performed by that celebrated rider and tough veteran, Dick Christian, of Melton Mowbray. He was mounted on Mr. Coke's chestnut mare Marigold, and out with the Quorn hounds near Holwell mouth, when he charged a thick-cut hedge four feet six inches high, which he cleared in good style, the mare alighting on a bank about a yard wide, with all her four feet together; immediately below this bank is a steep declivity into an old quarry or stone-pit called Sot's Hole, about twelve yards deep; the failure of the bank where friend Dick had thus suddenly deposited his whole capital, must have proved fatal: luckily it stood firm, and the generous animal on which he rode bounded boldly forward, reaching the bottom in three springs, the measurement of which we subjoin; much to the amazement of the old stager and several others who witnessed this unprecedented performance. Dick found himself well fixed on his saddle when the gallant mare reached *terra firma*, and both steed and rider perfectly unscathed. Mr. Coke himself was by, and wondered for the moment what had become of his mare. Too much praise cannot be given to our hardy veteran of the field for his excellent nerve, his firm and vigorous hand, and cool presence of mind, in this little affair. In the *Sporting Magazine* for April, 1829, page 373, and Pierce Egan's "Book of Sports," page 221, honourable mention is made of this true "old English fox-hunter," who is now in the 60th year of his age, and still hale and hearty. The following is a correct statement of each leap, the *height* of the hedge not being included:—Over the hedge 1st leap, 18ft. 8in. measured in a right line; 2nd leap, 10ft. 6in.; 3rd, 10ft.; 4th, 14ft. 9 in.; total, 53ft. 3in.

never galloped his horses at fences—he always drew them up. He had little low-priced horses when he first came into this country, but he rode them as no man ever will again; they would do anything: get into bottoms, and jump out of them like nothing. My eyes! he made them handy. Those were different days: you might find at Melton Spinney, and run to Billesdon Coplow, and not cross a ploughed field. People will hardly believe me when I tell them: they say, "Come, none of your nonsense, Dick!"

I once did a tremendous day's work with a four-year old; I'll tell you all about it. The Duke of Grafton, he bought a mare from me; he was uncommon pleased with her, to be sure; then he wrote me if I had another horse of my own breaking, to meet him at Northampton. I was well paid for my trouble, but we did not deal. Next morning, "The Squire" met at Clipston; I starts at half-past eight. We had two good runs of more than an hour each, and left off at Sibbertoft; that would be thirty miles from Melton, and I got home that night, both of us as well and as fresh as could be. I sold that horse to Thomas, the London dealer, for 250*l.* Lord Southampton, he once bought a rare thirteen-hand pony of me for 30 guineas, when I broke his horses at Quorn;—Dick Burton used to get on him to draw covers.

The gentlemen used to make a regular fox of me, when they came home from hunting, but I never was ketched. Mr. Gilmour very nearly did it once, though, but I just jumped the fence into the Melton Turnpike before him. Lord Molyneux, he was precious near having me: it seems like yesterday. Lord Plymouth was uncommonly fond of that game; he used to say, as they rode home from hunting, "Better let Christian be a fox for you—he's not had much to do to-day; it will do my young horse good." I had lots of tumbles when I was a fox, but they gave me good law; it was

grand fun for them. Lord Molyneux once gave me a rare tying up: it was a capital lark, that was. They started me below Corby, and up to the Bull at Witham Common; he was only twenty yards off me, was his lordship, when I got to the Bull. "I'd like to have had you, Dick," he says. They gave me some brandy and water, and a bit of bread and butter, and set me off for another lark to Melton, but they see me no more till next day; I regularly did them that time.

I once had a grand go at Lord Cardigan—he'd be Lord Brudenell then—on Dandy, with Lord Lonsdale's hounds: they had come right up from Oakham Pastures, and I was on a grey roan-muzzled one, of Sir James Musgrave's—Perfection they called him. One of the gentlemen he says to me, "I'll give you five pounds, Dick, if you'll go and lick Lord Brudenell up to Overton Park; he's licked every one of us." My horse was very fresh, and I thought I'd match him. "We'll give you anything if you'll have a go at him," two or three more of them says; so I over some high post-and-rails. "That's capital," they shouts, and at him I goes; and I caught him just at the last fence before the wood where they killed.

I never had a row with any gentleman but once. He gives me one of the savagest brutes to ride that ever came to Melton; they had to go to the other side of the stall to feed him, and they couldn't get him out of the stable-yard till I came; so I spoke to him, and coaxed him, and he went as quiet as a dog. Away I rides to Melton Spinney, and Mr. —— says to me, "Stand you, Dick, at the gate; the fox is certain to come through that way, and let no one come." Well, I sent a good many back; they know'd my horse, and I told them he'd worry them to death, so back they went. Then three scarlets comes up, and go through they would, wildy-nildy. The fox did come that way, and sure enough they did head

him back. I got pretty well called for that: that put my blood up a bit. Then away we went to Scalford Brook, but the hounds didn't cross it: up comes my gentleman, and says, quite angrily, "Why didn't you jump the brook?" I told him, because the hounds didn't cross; he said they did, and I said they didn't. I got as savage as blazes, and I told him, before all the gentlemen, that if I didn't know his horse would kill some one, I'd get off and turn him loose, and that I'd never ride another horse for him as long as I lived. He asked the groom, when he got to his stable, if I'd left any message; and he says, "Yes, sir; he tells me he won't ride another horse for you."—"The deuce he did!" I kept my word for a twelvemonth, and then we made it up: he was always very kind to me but that time. A man can't be put on when he's gone every yard with hounds.

It would be in '41 when I left Melton. I lived at Lord Scarboro's in the house at Rufford, every year from October to May, for fifteen years: I was to have gone again this year, but Lord Scarboro' died. It's been hard lines with me since that. I broke all his young horses for my lord; they would have cantered the figure of 8 in this room. He was a very particular man was Lord Scarboro', with his horses; if he ever saw a horse walking with the wrong leg first, he'd always call to the groom to make him change. I had a mint of troubles there. Captain Williams and I jumped a lock; it looked as deep as a coal-pit. "Dick," says he when we killed, "what did you think of that lock jump?" "I thought nothing of it, sir," I said. "Well, I did, Dick, for I shut my eyes going over." He enjoyed that, did the Captain: he was only on a four-year-old mare:—she's gone to Voltigeur this spring.

Talk of tumbles! I have had eleven in one day down there, when I was above seventy: I'll never see seventy-eight again, but I can take a good allowance

of them still. It was a horse of Mr. Foljambe's that gave me those eleven, but he never hurt me. He gave 250 guineas to Sir Tatton for him before he was broke. My foot got twisted in the stirrup over his neck at one jump, and away he went with me right down a long stubble before I could get righted.

Lord Scarboro' often lent me to Mr. Foljambe when I was at Rufford. What a fine horseman he was! and there's no better judge of a horse now. It 'ull be three years since we were out with The Rufford; he says to me, "What are you mounted on to-day, Christian?" I said, "She's thorough-bred, sir, and she's by Ithuriel out of a Langar mare, and that's all I've heard of her." So he says, "Come here, and I'll handle her." When he came to her legs, he says, "Why, Christian, she's wonderful here; at least eight inches below the knee." That was the fact; I had measured her that very morning, and she was just 8¼ inches there. When he's about to purchase a horse, he'll have him trotted up and down a road, and the least inequality of action he can detect quicker than those who see them. He went purposely to Tattersall's to handle and buy that horse Rataplan.

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You jumped on me quite sudden last night; I didn't see just what you were driving at; but, my word, I am ready for you now. I laid awake, studying, a good bit of the night. That 'ere bull I told you about; I remember another break I had when I was with Sir Gilbert. It was near Glaston, and Mr. Pochin, the parson, fell just before me, and I jumped clean over him. He laid as close as a hare, and Abbey, the huntsman, shouted, "You can lie where you are, Mr. Pochin; you'll not be wanted till Sunday." How Sir Gilbert did laugh, to be sure!

What a fine rider Sir David Baird was! When he first comes to Melton we found at Ranksboro' Gorse,

and crossed over between Rocart and Whissendine. Only four of us got over the brook that day; I was first, and I just looks back and I says, "Now, gentlemen, take up your heel taps; here's a bumper." That pleased them uncommon; they all got over. It was full of water, and that seemed to spring us out. Captain Berkeley was third over, and then little Mat Milton, the dealer's son, he got into the water more than any of us, and, blame me, if he didn't begin to cry. The fox was headed at Buckminster, and came back, and the people met us at Woodell Head.

I had a deal queerer go than that one day, when we found at Cream Gorse. I was on one of Lord Plymouth's young horses, and he dropped in the ditch on the other side of a bullfinch: he jumped high enough, but he didn't spread himself. It was a grey he bought of Bill Wright, of Lyssonby. He must have come back on me if I had pulled him; so I slips off, and let him go, and he ran to Brooksby with them. The whole field, 150 on 'em, were behind me: and I snuggled in against the side of the hedge, and over they goes. I could see the shoes, 600 on 'em, glittering right above and beside me, and not one of them made a mistake: they'd have killed me if they had. I wasn't frightened—not I. Just as each of 'em passed over my head, I gives a bit of a shout and a chuckle to 'em for encouragement like. They were all at me next day. First one comes up, and then another, and says, "What the devil, Dick, did you keep hollering at us for, yesterday, at that fence? We heard you, but we couldn't see you." "You'd have made a noise too," I told 'em, "to see you gentlemen come over me like that."

The biggest fence I ever took was on one of Sir James Musgrave's 400-guinea gentlemen: he gave Sir James such a purl near Shankton Holt—turned right over with him. I got off and went to him, but

he says, "You go on, Dick." I looks round, and I see him fall down again; so I went back, and I says "Sir James, I shan't leave you." He was laid up good six weeks, and he sends for me. "You must ride that horse of mine, Dick: if you kill him I shan't blame you; but if you stop at anything, you shall ride for me no more. I'll send people to keep their eye on you." "Well," says I, "Sir James, if you're not afraid of your horse, I'm not afraid of my neck." We met at the Punchbowl, and I knew there were two or three to look out; and, blame me, I did ride just! One field from Dalby, my word! I did send him with some powder at a bullfinch. I thought the horse was a long time in the air. They measured the jump, nearest foot from taking off to nearest on landing, right through the hedge; and what d'ye think it was?—35½ feet! It's truth, I'll warrant it: there are gentlemen living who know it. I'm not given to bragging—there's a deal too much of that now-a-days. There were lots of wagers laid about it, and the men who measured it brought the string to Melton: it just went from the Half Moon to the opposite door. They told Sir James about it, and he sent for each of the men and gave them half-a-sovereign. It was on level ground—the very field as comes to the road that leads to Great and Little Dalby. Two farmers saw it: I forget their names: one was a little fattish man. It's the real truth, and nothing but the truth. I've jumped ten yards frequent; and that pond near Billesdon Coplow would be good eleven. I had another great jump on that identical same horse, near Burrow Hills; it was down a hill, and he scarcely was on his forelegs for two hundred yards.

A quick and safe jumper always goes from hind-legs to hind legs. I never rode a steeple-chase yet but I steadied my horse on to his hind legs twenty yards from his fence, and I was always over and away

again before the rushers. If a horse can't light on his hind legs, he soon beats himself: good rumps and good hind legs, them's the sort! A man should get his horse collected. Modern gentlemen are so quick at their fences, their horses don't get up, and don't spread themselves. Their front legs should be higher than their hind ones when they come down, but not bucking—I don't mean that. Lots of these young riders, they know no more than nothing at all: they think horses can jump anything if they can only drive them at it fast enough. They'd never get hurt if they'd collect their horses: they force them too much at their fences. If you don't feel your horse's mouth you can tell nothing about him. If you hold him he'll make a second effort; if you drop him he won't. (Here the Professor rose from his chair, placed his hands in attitude, and went at a fence in the spirit). I've seen Mr. Holyoake go like distraction for fifteen minutes, but Mr. Smith, and Mr. Greene, and Mr. Gilmour, and Lord Wilton, they're the men to go when others are leaving off. Lord Rancliffe, he was a very sweet rider. This Captain Lloyd, too, he's a fizzer. Those young men they're always pulling at their horses with both hands. I never do that: it's no use. Pull with your right and bear with your left; keep putting of it down gradual, and a horse must stop. (We are bound to say that in this passage we consider the Professor obscure; but he could, no doubt, have illustrated the operation to our riding readers, as he did to us.) Horses have a bad mouth on the near side, because they're always ridden with one hand: a horse should have his mouth light on the left; his quarters should be out, and his head to the left when he's walking. You may see ten horses walk past this window, and nine of them, I'll be bound, will have the wrong leg first. I hardly ever used spurs; if young horses wanted them, I used one on my left leg. A leaping bar should never be above

two feet ; if it's higher, they often go right back'ards, such a crack ; they should go close up to it. They talk about a horse wanting some falls : if a young horse gets a very bad fall, it frightens him ; a couple of falls with low fences are well enough, but not if you hurt him ; let him scramble in a ditch a bit, but not get cast. I like the Empingham country best for young horses ; fences not too high, and they wont break. When I begin a young horse with water, I walk him to it, and let him look at it ; I don't let him go away : never lick him, and, bless you, he soon takes a delight in it.

Grimaldi, he was a charming horse ; he never would look at water at first. Mr. Osbaldeston, he comes to me in Day's shop here, and he says, "I want you, Dick, to go to Brixworth directly : I've made a match with Colonel Charritie's Napoleon for 500 guineas, over the Dunchurch country : there's a brook, and Grimaldi's lost me two races already that way." So I said I'd like to go to Croxton races, and I'd be at Brixworth by two in the morning ; and so I was there, sure enough, and I got him over some water the first time, after he had smelt at it a bit, and made him quite handy. The Squire and me we went over the ground ; and the Squire, he says, "Grimaldi will never jump this water, Dick." I says, "I'll bet you a guinea he will, Squire." I went and fathomed it, and found a place ; so I told him—"when you're running I'll stand there, and put my hat on the top of my whip ; come right to me, and keep him going." Bless you ! he jumped it like nothing at all, and won. Becher was on Napoleon ; he was stronger, I think, than Oliver ; Jem Mason's not so hard as them two.

The Clown, that won here the other day, reminded me for all the world of Vyvian when he was coming to the brook. Vyvian was quite as big, a great slamming horse ; no trouble to ride ; he went sailing along in a

snaffle, and Becher just niggling at him a bit. I rode against him and Becher at Dunchurch, and gave them such a tying up. Lord Waterford and Lord Macdonald were in that race. I was on Warwick, one of Sir Edward Mostyn's horses. They laid twenty to one against me. He was a little horse, very hot; my eyes, such a jumper! I didn't keep long with them, but took a line by myself. Vyvian got first round to the flag, and then the Marquis, and then I. The Marquis was going wide, and shouts I, "My lord, where *are* you going to?" I slipped right up to Vyvian, and hang me if I'd leave him; didn't Becher just go on at me! Every fence it was, "Dick, you'll be on the top of me; pray Dick, do keep off." That was it all the way back; I wouldn't have it; I says, "This is my line, and here I'll stick;" and I did too. I'd got my horse as fast as wax, and I thought win I must. We were in the air together over the last fence; then Becher he sets at his horse, and he just shoves his head afore me. "Now," I says, "I'll see what I've got," and blame me if my horse didn't stop dead as if he was shot. I called to them to turn his head to the wind, or he would be down; I never got him past the post; he went back'ards, he was so beat; he never got above two miles before or since that day; he was a bad-hearted one, but very brilliant; that's as nice a ride as ever I had; how he did jump, to be sure! When Becher got back to the weighing tent, he spoke up, "Gentlemen, if I had Christian's nerve, I'd give all I have in the world."

I've had lots of accidents, I've had my shoulder out, this here leg broke, and two of my ribs; I never broke my collar bone, I am so precious thick set there, they can't get at it. Horses, bless you! I've known 'em get out of a ditch, and put their fore-feet on each of my shoulders; my coat's been all split up by them. I broke two ribs from a dog-cart when I

was seventy-six I thought I wur done that time; it brought on erysipelas; I must be as hard as nails; both wheels were on my legs; it was done in Bingham Town; some old woman saw it. I take a deal of breaking up; I never see no fear, not even now, and I just see at a distance as well as ever I did, when I'm with hounds.

What runs I have seen in Leicestershire to be sure! I mind we had two clippers with Tom Sebright; no huntsman ever went so well over Leicestershire, except it be Will Goodall. I never saw such a pack of hounds as the Duke's is now, all so much alike. The Squire's were the best I ever saw at Quorn. Of all men for condition of hounds and pleasantness, I never see Goodall beat; but I was telling you about Tom Sebright's run. We met at Prestwold early on in the season; I mind we were talking about who would be the master of the Quorn; it proved Sir Bellingham Graham, he only held them that season. The first covert to try was a plantation near the garden wall; the hounds wouldn't be in a minute when one of the garden men gives a shout, and a fox goes right along the wall and away; Tom gives his view halloo, when the hounds came quickly and crossed the field where we met. My word, we went a clinker to Walton Thorns, by Six Hills—then over the Foss, nearly to Thrussington Wolds—down to the left by Dalby Wood into the vale, leaving Holwell Mouth, Clawson, and Statherne on the right, and killed him under the Belvoir Plantations; one hour and thirty-five minutes, about sixteen miles straight from the cover we found at. Nearly all the gentlemen, when the fox was halloaed, made a point round the Hall for Stanton Park, where Mr. Dashwood had covers; foxes, you see, often ran that line. They all got thrown out, and Tom and his two whips and Captain Anson, they would be the only ones up. Tom gave us another rare thing the day after the Squire broke his leg

We met at Segrave; there was a fox which lay about there, and had been hunted for two seasons by The Squire; somehow they never could touch him; the Melton gentlemen christened him Perpetual Motion, for one reason—he used to tire all their nags, time after time, on the Segrave meet. It was a great trial for Tom; he drew Segrave Gorse without finding; the next for drawing was Shoby Scholes, a favourite spot of this Perpetual Motion. Tom cautioned his whippers-in, and got such a start with him from the Reed pond that proved his death-blow. He was as anxious as the hounds was Tom, and when he saw my gentleman fly out of the Reeds, his spurs was very sharply in his horse's side and over a flight of large rails, with his hounds close at his heels, and close to his brush he laid them on too. The pace was as quick as the hounds could run, and as much as the horses could do to live in sight of the Melton Spinney; thirty minutes, without the slightest check; there was very few with the hounds up to the Spinney; nearly all of 'em shied the rails; after hunting their fox out of Melton Spinney, which stopped 'em a bit, up came a few gents with Sir James Musgrave, their nags puffing and sweating; the hounds, you see, marked his line through the horses, over the plough. Tom lost no time in making his cast, which proved successful, for he had no other to make;—Egad! the old boy wouldn't be beat out of his regular line;—right through the next fence, close by an old man at work, who never saw him;—from Melton Spinney he took a direct line to Garthorpe, and the hounds killed him on the grounds called the Lings—one hour and twenty minutes, about 14 miles. The finish was an uncommon cheery one; the fox was cut into so many pieces, the hounds had but a small share; Tommy Henton, he had his share of him mounted for a tooth-picker with silver; it is no doubt in the family now.

What a fine old rider Lord Lonsdale was! and Lambert's voice, it beat every one's I ever heard, but Mr. Maher's. Count Sandor, he was an odd un, he was; he said, "He did come to von little place, called Meltone." Then they sent him to the tailor as lived at South Croxton, to get his breeches made; it was on a Sunday too, after church; but off he would go. When he comes back, he said, "When I did leave the town I did come to a door; de horse, he would not open de door, so I make him jump over de door, and as I come back, I did jump all de doors." He was very fond of hunting me, he was. The bog ground once broke and let me in. "I brought vun Christian to de ground"—if he didn't begin that way with his groom before he got off his horse at night. The name pleased him, you see.

A regular good un Lord Rancliffe was across country; many's the horse I've bought for him, poor man! Captain White, too, he's a splendid horseman, but he'd not go through such a hard day as Sir James Musgrave. Sir James, he'd make a point, but he'd never persevere to catch hounds; if ever he meant going, no one beat him. Such tackle! horses like peas; old-fashioned ones, with short bang-tails. No one ever saw Sir James with a small-hipped horse; horses will always jump with great hips and rumps, and hocks a little in. Then there's Sir Thomas Whichcote: there have been precious few finer riders than him in Leicestershire; and such a clipping stud of horses! My word, I broke in the first hunter he ever had; that 'ud be when he was at Glaston.

The savagest horse I ever saw was that Euxton of Captain White's, and Manchester next to him. The Captain was a great friend to me. I mind when he sent for me to Euxton, he says, "Dick, if he falls with you, mind you sit him, or he'll worry you." The bridle got off his ears, to begin with, but I got that

put right; then he bolts up Adcock Lane, and kicks my hat off my head. What work we had with him to be sure! Then we two tried him a lark across the country to Belvoir; at first he wouldn't face a bulfinch a bit; then he jumped through them just like a balloon. How pleased the Captain was, to be sure!

There was no finer man than Colonel Wyndham; few of the best of them could catch him for a mile, for all his twenty stone. When they come to a gate locked, he used to say, "I'll get my horse across it, I'll smash it;" and, my word, he did just. I've seen them come to some tremendous great fence, and the gentlemen would look about and say, "We're stopped; where's Wyndham?" Up he'd come, and smash it for them. What power he had! he'd lift a horse right up and over such places. And what a clever man he was, too!

I mind Mr. Tomlin and me had to decide a fifty-sovereign match, whether Lord Cardigan or Lord Gardner was the best man in a run. It was from Tilton Wood, and they were together over Burrow Hills and Gartree Hill; then they crossed a dirty lane at top of Burton Lordship; Lord Cardigan jumped into a haystack place, and had to come back into the lane; Lord Gardner gained 200 yards there, and never lost it. The hounds ran to Cream Gorse; Mr. Moore was umpire; he first asked me, and then Tomlin, what we thought, separate, and then he said, "Well, Gardner, they're both in your favour." What a pity it was Lord Cardigan got into that haystack place! The hounds didn't kill for six miles after that, but neither of them made a mistake.

I walk twelve stone—I always did—but I've ridden many a steeple-chase at twelve stone. I once rode one here in a four-pound saddle, but I didn't try that game twice. I'm a good un to waste; you

wouldn't think it, though, to look at me, I'm so thick across, and there's not much to come off my legs. That picture of me is a regular caricature; the weight's for all the world just in the wrong place. Such a hat, too, they've put on me. Well, I was telling you: I once got off twelve pounds in about as many hours; I was at it, one way or another, from half-past four one afternoon till six next morning. I was at Birmingham, and Captain Fendall he wanted me to ride 12st. on his grey horse at Alcester next day; and he had to be there at eight o'clock to enter him. So he would have me go into a vapour bath. I went in usual time, twenty minutes, and a man comes—"How do you feel?" "I feel very well," I says; "I'll be in a bit longer." Then he comes back with a tray, and he begins—"Gentlemen sometimes has coffee when they're in the bath." So I puts my head out of the little hole (I was all tied in, you see), and I says, "Hang your coffee! I'm hot enough, outside and in—take it away." In five minutes he comes again, and I says, "I'm doing uncommon nicely, just you wait;"—It was pouring off me then! Well, when that five minutes was over, he didn't ask me what I'd do, but he whips the curtains away, wraps me in a blanket, and had me off across the passage to another room, under a regular pile of blankets, for half-an-hour. My heart, how it did bump to be sure! I'd just been and overdone it. Then the Captain, he'd been and got the physic, and a precious stiff dose they'd mixed for me! They dressed me, and the Captain and I went off in a chaise. When I was two miles off Alcester I got out and walked, and the Captain he went on to get me a bedroom ready. When I got to the inn, Mason and Becher and Powell were all there in the coffee-room: they'd come down to ride. When I went in, they says, "*How are you, old cock!*" and then the Captain, he comes in with his "Well, Dick,

how are you after your boiling ?" At six next morning he knocks at my bedroom, and up I gets. I went into a grocer's shop, and asked them to weigh me. I said, "Put in eleven stone." The Captain, he says, "Nonsense, Dick; you'll be six pounds more than that." I said, "I know I'm right:" and it's as true as I sit here alive, I could scarcely pull the eleven stone down—the weights had the best of me. The Captain, he wanted me to have some breakfast, but I said "No; a very little will fetch me up:" so I had a cup of coffee, and a bit of broiled bacon, and a shaving of bread-and-butter, and just two glasses of sherry: that made me eleven stone four—it's a ticklish thing is weight—but I rode the race and won it, and went back to Birmingham that night with Green of Grantham. The stiffest course I ever rode was at Ross, in Herefordshire—there were seventy fences. I wasn't very lucky; there was some sludge on the bank, my horse got his fore-feet in, and there we stuck for a bit.

The Marquis of Hastings was one of my pupils. It was a sad job for foxhunting when he died; he was just one of my sort. I was two months at his place before he come of age. He sent for me to Donnington, and I broke all his horses: I had never seen him before. He had seven rare nice horses, and very handy I got them. The first meet I went out with him was Wartnaby Stone Pits. I rode by his side, and I says, "My lord, we'll save a bit of distance if we take this fence." So he looked at me, and he laughed, and says, "Why, Christian, I was never over a fence in my life." "God bless me! my lord, you don't say so!" and I seemed quite took aback at hearing him say it. "It's true enough, Christian; I really mean it." "Well, my lord," says I; "you're on a beautiful fencer; he'll walk up to it and jump it. Now I'll go over the fence first." "Well, if I fall off you won't laugh at me." "That I won't, my lord;

put your hands well down on his withers, and let him come." It was a bit of a low staked hedge and a ditch; he got over as nice as possible, and he gave quite a hurrah-like, and he says, "There, I'm over my first fence — that's a blessing." Then I got him over a great many little places, and he quite took to it, and went on uncommon well. He comes to Six Hills the day before Clinker and Clasher ran their match, and he hailed me— "Here's my old tutor; I was never over a fence till he showed me how:" and then he told the gentlemen all about it. Whenever I saw him he always joked me about it: he was a nice gentleman to teach: he'd just do anything you told him—that's the way to get on.

The oddest hurdle races I ever had was with a black horse of Lord Euston's. I'll tell you all about him. Mr. Gilmour bought him afterwards. I was to ride him at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. When I got on to the ground I met Mr. John Story. "Dick," he says, "you ride the black horse to-day: do you see that Stand?—he'll run you right against it, and kill you: he always runs away when they're exercising him." Well, we mounted, and Becher canters up— "Dick, that's a fine horse you've got; they say he's a runaway devil, but we'll stop him." So when we got to the post, I says, "You'd better let me have the middle of the course, or I'll be on the top of some of you." So I let him go, and devil a soul comes near him to the distance: then True Blue goes by me easy. I kept in the middle of the course all the way, so I couldn't run against the Stand. I told Mr. Story he'd better keep out of it, he was so positive I should come there. The second heat I puts on my spurs and takes off the martingale. He went a bit placider that time; but, blame me, True Blue catches me just at the same place again: I was second twice. Then I went to Nottingham to ride

him the next week. The hurdles were four-feet-ten there—that was the height on them; tied together; pegged together; eighteen inches in the ground, and tied with hay-bands. This 'ere True Blue was entered again, and he'd still got all the better of the weights; so I says to Barker, "You and I must stand in 5*l.*; one of us must win, bar accidents; my horse can't wait, he must go; you keep back, and I'll run 'em all out but you." I don't know what took the man, but he jumped the first set of hurdles before me, and down he comes all of a heap. I almost threw myself off to get clear of him, and I just missed his head. He fell exactly plump before me. There was a grey horse of Spriggs's in the race; he went too fast for me. I tackled him pretty well, though, the second heat, and he only beat me half a head that time: he was a queer horse, this black. It would be some time after this, Captain Euston—he'll be Lord Euston now—sent me a message that I was to come to him. "I can't manage the black," he says, "and my men can't; you must come and try." Well, I tried to make him back; two men helped me, one on each side. Why! you might just as well pull at a chimney-piece. So I told them to get a stick and tap his knees, and he began to move then. I could ride him afterwards with one hand. Then he comes to Melton for sale, and Mr. Gilmour bought him. What fun I've had with horses in my day! I could fairly live in the air on top of a fence. All these things I don't care who they go before, no one can say they ain't true. Lord Plymouth bought Assheton off Mr. Osbaldeston; you must go up in the morning and see that picture of him at Mr. Ferneley's: he was one of the hardest-going little horses I ever saw—nothing tired him. Mr. Haycock, he was the hardest rider of his day; no fence ever turned him: he over-did it.

Now there's Lord Scarboro', Mr. Lumley that was.

Dash me! what a go I once saw with him! We was out with the Belvoir hounds, Sir James Musgrave and me at the tail of the hounds, going for Langar, before we got to the Smite. We were in the middle field that goes down to the Smite. I says, "Sir James, here's the Smite, will you have it?" "We must have it," he says. Mr. Lumley he comes up between us, and at it he goes. He jumped the water, but he couldn't get through the bulfinch on the other side: backards he comes. I couldn't see him or the horse. Sir James shouts, "He'll be drowned, Dick," when up he comes again. I catched his horse, and out he wades, as wet and as black as my hat. Well he gets on to his horse as plucky as ever, just as he was; off he gets, runs back again; I didn't know for my life what he was at. Blame me, if he didn't dive in, head foremost, to find his right stirrup; he fishes it out of five-feet water, buckles it on, and over he goes again. He got through the bulfinch that time, and they killed the fox at Colston Bassett. Well, some of the gentlemen gave him their flask, and they persuaded him to gallop back to Belvoir and change. That'ull be nigh twenty years since: I met him some four years after, when Mr. Foljambe's hounds met at Grove, and I says, "Do you recollect the Smite, sir?" "That I do; I should like such a ducking again." So I told all the gentlemen about it: how amused they were! I never saw such a thing in my born days. Well, I can't beat that, so I must go now; they'll be waiting up for me. If I think of anything more, I'll send and tell you. — And with these words the Professor and I parted.

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And so our history of horn and hound, the racer and the starting-post, and their countless devotees of every shade and hue, has come to an end at last. A

moral would have been out of place, and hence we felt that we could not wind up better than by the above characteristic combination of precept and anecdote, and trust that our rare old Centaur of a lecturer will not be forgotten in his old age by the foxhunters of England.

THE END.

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